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THE RUBA'IYAT OF OMAR KHAYYĀM

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THE RUBA'IYAT OF OMAR KHAYYĀM

A FACSIMILE OF THE MS IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

EDWARD HERON ALLEN

LONDON.

H.S. NICHOLS, LTD.

1898

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THE RUBA'IYAT

OF

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A Facsimile of the Manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a Transcript into modern Persian Characters,

TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY,

BY

EDWARD HERON-ALLEN

بپوش گر بخطاي رمي و طعنه مزن
که هيچ نفس بشر خالي از خطا نبود

حافظ

LONDON

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INTRODUCTION

WITH a pathetic insistence, equalled only by that with which King Charles's head intruded upon the memorial of Mr. Dick, a few biographical details concerning the Life of Ghiās ud-dīn Abul Fath 'Omar bin Ibrahīm Al Khayyām[1] (as recorded in the Testament of Nizām ul Mulk, and cited thence in Mirkhond's History of the Assassins,[2] in Khondemir's Habīb us-Siyar,[3] and in the Dabistān[4]) have intruded upon the

1. The European forms of our author's name vary in accordance with his translators' and historians' nationalities and tastes in transliteration. In English works and catalogues alone we get the variations Omar Khayyām, Omar-i-Khayyām, and Omar al Khayyām. Mons. Nicolas, in his note on p. 2, says: "His real name was Omar, but being constrained to follow the oriental custom which requires every poet to assume a surname (takhallus), he preserved the name which indicated the profession of his father, and his own, *i.e.*, Khayyām—'tent maker' (*vide* note 1 to q. 22, *post; vide* also p. xl.). The Persians say that it was the extreme modesty of Omar that prevented his taking a more brilliant surname, like that of Firdausī (= the Celestial); Sa'dī (= the Happy); Anwarī (= the Luminous); Hāfiz (= the Preserver)." Prof. Cowell favours me with the following observations: "The Atash Kadah calls him 'Khayyām,' adding (and Persian authors generally do so) 'and they call him 'Omar' (و هو عمر گویند). Still, the Persian preface of the Calcutta MS. has 'Omar Khayyām' like us Europeans. . . . Sprenger in his Catalogue calls him 'Omar Khayyām,' and so does Dr. Rieu in his British Museum Catalogue. 'Omar Khayyām' has therefore (as you see) plenty of authority for it. 'Omar al Khayyām,' as far as I can see, has none."

2. Muhammad ibn Khāvand Shah Mir Khwand. "History of the Early Kings of Persia," translated by D. Shea. London, 1832. (Oriental Translation Fund.)

3. Ghiās ud-dīn Khwānd Amir's Habib us Siyar. It was translated by F. Gladwin under the title "An Account of the Philosophers from the Khulāsat al Akhbar of . . . Khandamir." London, 1785.

4. The Dabistān is a collection of historical memoirs, the author of which is not named, but which is supposed to have been written by one Mulla Mubad. A translation by D. Shea and A. Troyer was issued in 1843 by the Oriental Translation Fund.

prefatory excursions of almost every author, poet, or translator that has published any book or article having these quatrains for theme. Broadly speaking, these may be said to include the story of the tripartite agreement for their mutual advantage of Omar Khayyām with Nizām ul Mulk and Hasan ibn Sabah; his reform of the calendar; the critical exordium of Shāhrastāni; the story of his apparition to his mother; and the one about his tomb related by his pupil, Nizāmī of Samarcand. In like manner, since the death of Mr. Fitzgerald, we may apply the same observation to the biographical details of his life, which have been sifted from his own charming letters, or strained from the mass of magazine literature that has appeared during the intervening periods, to appear as integral portions of introductions, ever increasing in bulk and weight.

As it is improbable that this work will reach the hands of, or at any rate be seriously studied by, anyone who has not read Edward Fitzgerald's own preface to his poem, and as it is unlikely that any student will read this volume unless his interest in that poem has been sufficient to have caused him to read the "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald," I will allow myself to preserve a discreet silence upon these points, and will not burden my introduction with stories that are already wearisomely familiar to my readers. I would refer those who desire to study the magazine literature of the subject to the articles of Mr. Gosse (*Fortnightly Review*, July, 1889), Mr. Groome (*Blackwood's Magazine*, November, 1889), Mr. Clodd (*English Illustrated Magazine*, February, 1894), and Mr. Schütz-Wilson (*Contemporary Review*, March, 1876). For the rest, the enquirer is referred to the Bibliographical Appendix and to Poole's Index of Periodical Literature.

There remains at our disposal the story of how the first edition of Fitzgerald's poem fell from grace to the penny box, and rose thence to seven guineas per copy—and an honoured anecdotage. For the details of this progression the reader is

referred to the introduction to Mr. J. H. McCarthy's prose version, which is, as far as my studies have taken me, the most scholarly, the most enthusiastic, and the most graceful essay upon these more than triturated themes that has yet seen the light. Of critical essays upon Fitzgerald's poem, probably the best is that of Mr. Keene (*Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1887), though it will presently be seen that I disagree with the views he has expressed; and of essays *ex cathedrâ*—that is to say, written by oriental scholars, since the fundamental essay of Professor Cowell (*Calcutta Review*, March, 1858) nothing has surpassed that of Professor Pickering (*National Review*, December, 1890).

Apart, however, from the anecdotal history of this collection of quatrains, and of the matchless poem which they inspired, there is a chapter of history worthy our careful consideration—the chapter containing the history of the period extending from about A.D. 1050-60, within which limits the birth of Omar Khayyām has by consent of his historiographers been fixed, until the year 1123 (A.H. 517), when his death is recorded upon more or less contemporaneous authority. Within this period our poet-mathematician lived, and from the events of that period—events which were stirring Islam to the foundation of its faith—came influences which may have tinged the philosophy preached by the singer. The internal evidence of the collection negatives the idea that the quatrains were written at one time as components of a consecutive whole, and suggests that they were written at intervals extending over the whole period of Omar's life, and collected, generally into the consecutive-alphabetical, or familiar dīwān form, at the end of his life, or, as is more probable, after his death. In point of fact, I think it not unlikely that most of his quatrains were transmitted as traditional epigrams, and collected at the instance of later poets such as Hāfiz or Jāmī, or his pupil Nizāmī, many of whose recollections of Omar's quatrains, strongly imbued with

the proclivities of their recorders, have passed into currency as the *ipsissima verba* of Omar, among the voluminous collections of quatrains which, during five centuries, have been brought together and issued from time to time as his work.

It is reasonable to assume that passing events had little or no influence upon Omar and his work until, at earliest, A.D. 1076, when the conquest of Jerusalem by the Turks led to that protracted convulsion of the Muhammadan world whose opening phase was the First Crusade.[1] The Sultan Toghrul had been succeeded in 1063 by Alp Arslan, who conquered Mahmoud the Great, Khalif of Baghdad, extended his dominion from the Mediterranean Sea to the Great Wall of China, and being assassinated on Christmas Day, 1072, was succeeded by his son Malik Shah, the patron and protector of Omar Khayyām. No more perfect history of the era of Omar can be found than that contained in the Makāmāt (or "Assemblies") of El Hariri the silk merchant, who, born in Bussorah in 1054, and dying in 1122, wrote the book of which Professor Chenery (Professor of Arabic at Oxford) has left us a masterly translation.[2] The origin of this book was, we are told, his accidental meeting with one of the few survivors of the massacre of Serūj, when that city was attacked and destroyed by Baldwin, brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, in the year 1098, during the period when he ruled the Christian Principality of Edessa.[3] In 1084 the conquest of Asia Minor may be said to have been completed by the Turks, in 1088 began the series of persecutions of Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem which led to the Crusades, and, in 1092, Malik Shah died, having, in addition to his territorial conquests, reformed the calendar by means of the labours of

1. For a simplified account, see "The Crusades" in the "Story of the Nations" series, by T. A. Archer and C. L. Kingsford. London and New York, 1894.

2. "The Assemblies of Al Hariri." London, 1867.

3. According to some authorities, the conquests of Syria and Palestine and the Empire of the far East were accomplished by Malik Shah (*c.* 1074-5), but this does not concern us in this place.

eight learned men, of whom Omar was one, and inaugurated, by the correction of all errors of reckoning, either past or future, the Jalāli era, a computation of time which, says Gibbon, surpassed the Julian, and approached the accuracy of the Gregorian style. It is difficult to resist the temptation to touch upon some of the leading episodes of the First Crusade, as recorded in the Chronicle of William of Malmesbury;—the sieges of Antioch (1098) and of Jerusalem (1099) under Godfrey of Bouillon, Baldwin's famous brother, and the fall of Ascalon; the death of Godfrey and succession of Baldwin to the kingdom of Jerusalem in 1100; the check given to the Crusade by the Seljukian King, Kilij Arslan in 1102, and the victory of Baldwin at Acra (Ptolemais) in 1104; the revival of the prestige of the Holy Roman Empire in Armenia under John II. (Commenus), the son of Alexius Commenus, who had died in 1118, and the period of comparative tranquillity which supervened, during which Omar died[1] (1123) in retirement and philosophical repose at Naishapur, his declining years softened by the companions, the roses, and the wine whose Canticle he sang to such lasting purpose, within sight of the still beautiful and fertile valley of Meshed in Khorasān, that nursery of Persian song, which boasted itself the birthplace in turn of Firdausī, of Essedī, of Ferid ud-dīn 'Attār, of Jalāl-ud-dīn Rūmī, of Jāmī, of Hatīfī, and many others, and which may justly be named the Persian Parnassus.

In the West a sharp line of demarcation is apt to be drawn between men of thought and men of action. The names of a few soldier-poets and artisan-philosophers surge in the mind as one writes this, but these are few and far between. It has not been so in the East. Omar the tent-maker, Attār the druggist occur to one's mind *par nobile fratrum*, and what

1. A. Houtum-Schindler, in a letter to the *Academy* (24th January, 1885), states that Omar died in A.D. 1124, *over one hundred years old;* but he does not give his authority for this information.

better examples could be cited than Omar the Mūgherī (who has been confused ere now with our Omar), "the nobleman, the warrior, the libertine, but above all the poet—the Don Juan of Mecca, the Ovid of Arabia and the East—Omar the Mūgherī, the grandson of Abu-Rabi'ah,"[1] and above all, Husain Ibn Sina, known to the western world as Avicenna, the Philosopher, Doctor, Metaphysician, Poet, and Mystic, whose works, varied as they are almost *ad infinitum* in manner and matter, engaged the printing-presses of Europe (as may be appreciated by a glance at the Bibliographies) at the end of the 15th, through the 16th, and to the beginning of the 17th centuries, almost to the exclusion of contemporary poets and scientists. He was born in A.D. 980 at Bokhara, son of a Persian tax-collector, and died in 1036, and his comparatively recent fame may well have spurred the ambition of the youthful Omar; but his fame presents this contrast to that of Omar: his science lived, and lives eternal, whilst his poetry is relegated to the Walhalla of pre-historic verse, whereas the science of Omar is disregarded, existing only for the curious in the "Algébre d'Omar al Khayyami, traduite et accompagnée d'extraits de MSS. inedits" (Paris, 1851, Woepcke), whilst his "Ruba'iyat" have assumed the purple among classic poems. Professor Pickering (*loc. cit.*) has ably dealt with this side of Omar's fame.

It is not for me to enter upon a discourse concerning the fundamental principles of his religion and philosophy; this is a field that has been ploughed (and harrowed) by eminent students of philosophical history and problems; Professor Cowell, Professor Pickering, and Mr. Schütz-Wilson, in the articles above referred to, have argued and expounded the matter from their various standpoints. Mr. Whinfield has given us in his "Introduction" a masterly *résumé* of the

1. W. G. Palgrave in *Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1871, "Arabiana." The curious are referred to "'Umar ibn Abi Rebi'a, ein arabischer Dichter der Umajjadenzeit," by P. Schwarz. Leipzig, 1890. This Omar was born in the year A.D. 644.

subject. I think that every student of Omar reads into this poet's quatrains his own pet philosophy, and interprets him according to his own religious views. For me, Omar was at once a transcendental agnostic and an ornamental pessimist, not always supported (as was natural, considering the era of religious hysteria in which he lived) by the courage of his own opinions—in which respect, I think, Shāhrastāni appreciated his peculiar attitude—but profoundly imbued with the possible beauty of the present world, apart from all ulterior speculations, and the everlasting and unendable search after the absolute knowledge of truth.[1] This trait in his individuality led him often into amazing obscurity of metaphor, an obscurity, however, that a modern translator resents the less when he reflects that it was in most instances the object and intention of the poet. His attitude reminds us, as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1870, has observed, of the saying of the French philosopher, Royer-Collard, to the effect that philosophy is the art of tracing back human ignorance to its fountain-head.[2]

A point which strikes one more forcibly than any other after studying many hundreds of quatrains composed by, or attributed to, him, is, that though the sensuous imagery inseparable from Persian *belles-lettres* is abundantly present in his work, it is singularly free from that coarseness—that wealth of ignoble illustration and licentious anecdote which render practically all Persian poems and romances unsuitable for ears polite in an unexpurgated form. "We find in his verses," says Professor Cowell, "a totally different character to that which we should naturally have expected from the prevailing habit of thought in which he lived. . . . Every other poet of

1. Mr. W. L. Phelps, in an able article in *The New Englander* (New Haven, Conn.), vol. xlix., 1888, draws a scholarly parallel between Omar and Schopenhauer.

2. *Vide* "Académie de Paris. Faculté des Lettres. Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne. Première léçon de la troisième année." P. P Royer-Collard.

Persia has written too much—even her noblest sons of genius weary with their prolixity. The language has a fatal facility of rhyme, which makes it easier to write in verse than in prose, and every author heaps volumes on volumes, until he buries himself and his reader beneath their weight. Our mathematician is the one solitary exception. He has left fewer lines than Gray." Were it not that one instinctively recoils from instituting even a passing comparison between Omar and the late Mr. Tupper, one would be inclined to write him down the Sultan of proverbial philosophers, an attribute which is generally enhanced by the want of sequence of idea inseparable from the dīwān form of poetic arrangement, in which the quatrains follow one another strictly according to the alphabetical sequence of their rhyme-endings and without regard to the series of thoughts expressed, or to the pictures evolved.

A primary difficulty which confronts the student of Omar Khayyām is the great difficulty and doubt which exists as to which of the ruba'iyat have reached us in a form most nearly approaching that in which they left the master's hand. Diligent search in the older cities of Central Asia, where Persian is the language, or at least the elegant study of the more cultured classes, may bring to light some MS. that may fairly be regarded as a "Codex," and serve as the point of departure for the student. At present the oldest MS. available for the student is that of the year A.H. 865 (A.D. 1460), in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which is reproduced by photography, transcribed, and translated in the present volume. It was discovered among an uncatalogued mass of Oriental MSS., forming the Ouseley collection in 1856 by Professor Cowell, who made a transcript of it, which transcript lies before me, and has been of the greatest assistance to me in deciphering the MS. The original MS. is probably one of the most beautiful Persian MSS. of its age[1] in existence, and is written upon

1. It is written, according to the Catalogue, in Nasta'ĥk; but I should be inclined to describe it as written in a hand midway between Nasta'lik and

thick yellow paper in purple-black ink, profusely powdered with gold. These gold spots have frequently confused the workman who made the line-blocks which accompany my translation, a further element of difficulty being introduced by the fact that the points are often merged into the borders, and therefore invisible in the line-blocks. My publishers, however, have with great liberality had executed for me, in addition, a set of half-tone blocks, which the student will fully appreciate, as in them all the faint indications of the original are reproduced with exact fidelity. The permanence of the ink is extraordinary, the only places where it has faded being here and there on the borders, and in the formal heading و ایضاً ("and the same") which appears above each quatrain. Internal evidence seems to point to the fact that the borders and headings were added afterwards in a different ink, which would account for this. The scribe has been exceptionally careful in his work, even for a Persian (than which praise could hardly go higher[1]), but, even so, the

Shikasta—Nīm-Shikasta. There are three predominant classes or types of handwriting under which it is customary to class oriental MSS.: Naskh, Nasta'lik, and Shikasta. Naskh is the equivalent of perfect modern printed characters, Nasta'lik is small and cursive, but beautifully fine in execution, answering to our "copper-plate" writing, whilst Shikasta (*i.e.* "broken") is the current hand in which ordinary commercial writing and correspondence is carried on. A far-reaching knowledge of the language and all its idioms and inflections is required to decipher it. The three types are excellently illustrated in Sir William Jones's Grammar.

1. In no country has the art of caligraphy been carried to so high a point, and been so highly honoured as in Persia. Their MSS. are ornamented with marvellous miniatures, the paper is powdered with silver and gold, and frequently perfumed with the most costly essences. (*Cf.* Fitzgerald's "youth's sweet-scented manuscript.") Sir William Jones recorded his opinion that the MS. of Yūsūf and Zuleika at Oxford (No. 1 of the Greaves' collection) is the most beautiful MS. in the world. Since he wrote, however, many MSS. of equally marvellous beauty have come to light, and copies of the Qur'ān are to be found in eastern mosques of surpassing workmanship. The learned Fakr-ud-dīn Rasī, speaking of the Khalif Mustassim Billah, can find no higher eulogy than "He knew the Qur'ān by heart, and his handwriting was very beautiful." Some of the finest specimens of Persian MSS. in existence are to be found in the library of the Asiatic Society in London, and in the British Museum, where some chosen specimens are generally on view in the King's Library.

diacritical points are omitted here and there; these I have supplied in the transcript.[1]

Next in order of age among the MSS. come those in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, which I have made a point of carefully examining before committing these sheets to the press. There are three principal MSS., one, No. 349 of the "Ancien Fonds," and two, Nos. 823 and 826 of the Supplément Persan. The first, which is dated A.H. 920 (A.D. 1514), is beautifully written in Nasta'lik between blue and gold lines and an ornamental heading in red, blue, and gold. It contains 213 ruba'iyat. The second MS. forms part of a large collection of poems transcribed by the same hand, the terminal leaf of which bears the following inscription: "The copying of these quatrains was finished by the aid of God and by the excellence of his assistance, the fifteenth day of the month of Jumādā, the second of the year 934" (*i.e.*, 16th February, 1528).

This MS. is written in Nasta'lik between blue ruled borders, and presents, like the first cited MS., the peculiarity that the ruba'iyat are not in alphabetical or dīwān order. The third MS. also forms part of a collection of poems, dated A.H. 937 (A.D. 1530), written in a neat Nasta'lik, in a Turkish hand which is extremely difficult to read. Another MS. in this library has been cited, but Mons. Omont, the keeper of the Oriental MSS., informs me that it has been missing for many years. In addition, there are eight ruba'iyat written in a handwriting of the late ninth or early tenth century, A.H., upon the blank leaves of a dīwān of Emad which is dated A.H. 920; six in an eleventh-century handwriting in a collection of poems, undated; and thirty-one in a fine MS. of the Atash Kadah of Azr dated A.H. 1217 (A.D. 1802), in the colophon of which Azr is described as *afsah ál mu'āsirīn*, "the most eloquent of contemporaries," indicating that he was then alive. It will be observed, therefore, that the Bodleian MS. is not only the earliest MS. known, but is the only one which is complete in

1. As for instance in qq. 20, 30, 99, 112, 130, and elsewhere.

itself, and does not form part of a collection in a *bāyāz* or commonplace book. It is also the only MS. I have seen in which the ruba'iyat are set out with the four lines of each quatrain underneath one another, and not reading across the page in two lines, containing each a *bait*. There are a considerable number of later MSS. in various public libraries, in which the number of the quatrains is swelled by the addition of a vast number which are for the most part either variants of those in the earlier MSS., or frank repetitions of one another,[1] until we arrive at the comparatively modern Cambridge MS., in which the ruba'iyat reach the alarming total of 801. Of these the most valuable and interesting is, I think, the MS. No. 1548 in the Bengal Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta, and it is especially interesting to English students as having been the principal other authority consulted by Professor Cowell when writing his article in the *Calcutta Review*, and used by Edward Fitzgerald in the construction of his poem. Professor Cowell has kindly placed his copy of this MS. at my disposal for the purposes of this work; it was made by an Indian scribe, and in many places shows signs of carelessness, weariness, and hurry in the transcription. Professor Cowell himself says in a letter to me (under date 31st December, 1896): "I will lend you my copy of the Calcutta MS. It is badly written, as I had not found a good scribe in those early days—the same man made copies for Fitzgerald and for me."

Scarcely less important than the MSS. are the lithographed editions of Teheran, Calcutta, Lucknow, Bombay, and Tabriz, from the first of which Mons. Nicolas made his printed text,[2] and from the last of which Professor

1. I have found quatrains repeated even in the Paris MS. of A.H. 934 (*e.g.*, qq. 154 and 172).

2. It would ill-beseem me to criticise adversely so valuable and in many respects scholarly a work as that of Mons. Nicolas, but it must be admitted that the accuracy of his translation, in many places, leaves much to be desired. Where the meaning is more than ordinarily obscure, he generally shirks the

Zchuchovsky, of St. Petersburg, made his lithographed edition.[1] These will be found duly noted in the Bibliographical References (p. 115), and in the Bibliography (p. 281). For the European student the text and translation of Mons. Nicolas is probably the best, though as a *text* alone, that of Mr. Whinfield, issued by Messrs. Trübner in 1883, is unsurpassed. This text Mr. Whinfield framed from a comparison of the Bodleian, the Calcutta, and the two India Office MSS., the Calcutta and Lucknow lithographs, and the printed editions of MM. Blochmann and Nicolas. It may seem churlish to look so valuable a text in the footnotes (so to speak), but regard being had to the very great diversities existing in the various texts, it is a great pity that Mr. Whinfield did not pursue a system of numbering the quatrains in his authorities, and so save the conscientious student a world of troublesome labour.[2] A very interesting collection of quatrains attributed to Omar is included in that pantheon of Persian poetry, the Atash Kadah of Hajji Lutf Ali Beg of Isfahan, known as Azr, a collection numbering

translation and merely gives the intention of the original, and the assistance that Mr. McCarthy would seem, from internal evidence, to have derived from Mons. Nicolas's translation, has caused the same observation to be applicable to his prose rendering. Mons. Nicolas was essentially a Sufi, and dragged in Sufistic interpretations wherever he could, attributing a mystic or divine interpretation to Omar's most obviously materialistic passages, by way of apology for the "sensualité quelquefois revoltante," which has passed into a proverb among students of Omar. Edward Fitzgerald dealt at length with this amiable weakness (if one may so call it) in the preface to his second and subsequent editions. The reader is referred to Nicolas's note 5 on p. 105, note 5 on p. 143, note 1 on p. 170, note 4 on p. 171, and note 2 on p. 183 of his translation, to quote only five out of a great number of such notes. The two last refer to qq. 128 and 137 of the Bodleian quatrains.

1. كتاب رباعيّات حكيم خيّام ـ در سنة ١٣٠٦ هجري
سطابق سنة ١٨٨٨ مسيحي در شهر پطرسبورغ با تمام رسيد

2. It must be borne in mind that in the MSS. and lithographs the ruba'iyat are never numbered, and when in the course of this volume I refer to them by numbers, it must be understood that I am referring to numbers I have myself affixed in my copies to simplify the work of reference. Thus, therefore, if Mr. Whinfield had numbered his Lucknow lithograph (for instance) his numbers would differ from mine, as I have used a later edition, containing more ruba'iyat than his.

thirty-one quatrains, of which ten are represented in the Bodleian MS.[1] and twenty-one are of different, and probably later, origin. The Paris MSS. of this work have already been referred to. Azr was not born until A.D. 1722, and his "new" quatrains are as a whole very inferior to those in this MS. Everything, therefore, seems to point to the fact that the quatrains have been multiplied in every succeeding MS. by unscrupulous scribes, who boldly repeated quatrains, with or without slight variations, in view of the fact that they were probably paid "by the piece"; by religious objectors, who either altered quatrains to suit their own views, or added new ones to answer quatrains to which they especially objected; and by editors who have sought to give their work the importance of mere bulk.

Thus Mr. Whinfield's copy of the Lucknow lithograph, printed in 1868, contains 716 quatrains, the edition of 1878 contains 763, and my own copy, a re-issue lithographed in 1894, contains 770. Mrs. Jessie E. Cadell, who made the quatrains of Omar Khayyām a principal study of her regrettably short life, and published the results of her labours in *Fraser's Magazine* (May, 1879), collated all the authorities to be found in public libraries in Europe, and found over twelve hundred distinct quatrains attributed to him. I have attempted a catalogue of authorities available to the student in the Bibliographical Appendix. *Passons outre.*

A history of this poem in its most widely accepted European dress must necessarily partake largely of the nature of a Bibliographical Essay, which would take us beyond the purpose of an Introduction. A few words on the subject are, however, permissible in this place. The first Persian scholar to introduce Omar Khayyām to European readers was

1. These are Nos. 9, 47, 77, 62, 1, 103, 102, 109, 136, and 155. For fear of overburdening my work with variant readings I have not compared these with the Bodleian MS. quatrains in the following pages.

Dr. Thomas Hyde, Regius Professor of Hebrew and Arabic at Oxford, who, in his "Veterum Persarum et Parthorum, et Medorum religionis historia" (Oxford, 1700, 2nd edition, 1760), recounts the story of the apparition of Omar, after his death, to his mother, and his recital of the well-known quatrain to her (*vide post*, note to q. 1). The first to make an extended study of the quatrains was Von Hammer-Purgstall, who, in his "Geschichte der schönen Redekünste Persiens" (Vienna, 1818), gave verse-translations of twenty-five quatrains, but does not state from what MS. he translated. Friedrich Rückert, who died in 1866, included two quatrains in his "Grammatik, Poetik und Rhetorik der Perser" (published at Gotha in 1874), and Sir Gore Ouseley, gave the same number in his "Biographical Notices of Persian Poets" (London, 1846), one of which was q. 89, *post*. Save for the pamphlet in which Garcin de Tassy, in 1857, forestalled Fitzgerald, from materials derived from him, this brings us to the time when Omar was taken in hand by Professor Cowell and Edward Fitzgerald.

It will not, I think, be uninteresting to gather from the letters written by Edward Fitzgerald to his friends, and recently published by Messrs. Macmillan,[1] his own account of the Persian studies that culminated in the production of the poem by which, it may fairly be said, the Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyām became known to European readers.[2] In 1845 it is clear that he had no leaning towards oriental subjects; indeed, in a letter to Frederick Tennyson (6th February, 1845) he says:

1. "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald" (edited by W. Aldis Wright). London (Macmillan), 1894. 2 vols. Extracted from L. R.

2. I wish, in this place, to record my sincere thanks to Professor Aldis Wright and Messrs. Macmillan for their permission, readily granted me, to reprint the following voluminous extracts from their publication. Their edition of Fitzgerald's works, referred to throughout this work as "L. R.," is indispensable to the student of the poem, for all Fitzgerald's work was more or less tinged by his studies of Omar Khayyām

> Eliot Warburton has written an Oriental book.[1] Ye Gods! In Shakespeare's day the nuisance was the Monsieur Travellers who had "swum in a gundello," but now the bores are those who have smoked *Tschibouques* with a *Peshaw!*

Early in 1846, however, we find him writing to his friend E. B. Cowell (now Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Cambridge):

> Your Hāfiz is fine;[2] and his tavern world is a sad and just idea. . . . It would be a good work to give us some of the good things of Hāfiz and the Persians; of bulbuls and ghuls we have had enough.

Two years later he writes to Cowell (25th January, 1848):

> Ten years ago I might have been vext to see you striding along in Sanskrit and Persian so fast; reading so much; remembering all; writing about it so well. But now I am glad to see any man do anything well, and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait and know within myself whether it *is* well done.

In answer to some queries about Fitzgerald's early Persian studies, Professor Cowell writes me as follows (21st October, 1896):

> Edward Fitzgerald began to read Persian with me in 1853; he read Jones's Grammar,[3] which exactly suited him, as its examples of the values are always beautiful lines of poetry from Hāfiz, Sādi, &c.

Fitzgerald himself records the matter in his Letters, thus, to Cowell (25th October, 1853):

> I have ordered Eastwick's Gulistān;[4] for I believe I shall potter out so much Persian. The weak Apologue goes on,[5] for I have not had time for much here,[6] and I find it difficult enough even with Jones's Translation.

1. "The Crescent and the Cross, or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel." London, 1845, 2 vols. 12mo.

2. This refers to an article upon Hāfiz written by E. B. Cowell and printed in *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1845.

3. "A Grammar of the Persian Language," by Sir William Jones. London, 1771. 7th edition, London, 1809.

4. An early edition of the translation cited in the Bibliographical References (p. 115).

5. "The Gardener and the Nightingale" in Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar.

6. Richmond, Surrey.

Later (27th December, 1853) he writes to F. Tennyson:

> I also amuse myself with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate me with; I go on with it because it is a point in common with him and enables us to study a little together.

After mastering the rudiments, Fitzgerald first addressed himself seriously to Jāmī's poem of Salāmān and Absāl; Professor Cowell tells me (*loc. cit.*):

> I read Jāmī's Salāmān and Absāl with him at Oxford in 1854 and '55, which he translated and published in 1856. J. W. Parker and Son were the publishers.[1] The Life of Jāmī appeared in that volume.

Accordingly, we find Fitzgerald writing to Cowell in 1855, in reply to a letter concerning Hāfiz:

> Any such translation of such a writer as Hāfiz by you into pure, sweet and partially measured prose must be better than what I am doing for Jāmī, whose ingenuous prattle I am stilting into too Miltonic verse. This I am very sure of. But it is done.

In the earliest days of 1856 the translation of Salāmān and Absāl was for practical purposes complete, and Fitzgerald writes to Cowell:

> I send you a sketch of Jāmī's Life, which cut, correct and annotate as you like. Where there was so little to tell, I have brought in all the fine names and extra bits I could to give it a little sparkle. There is very little after all; I have spread it over paper to give you room to note upon it. Only take care not to lose either these or yesterday's papers, for my terror at going over the ground.
>
> You must put in the corrected Notice about the Sultan Hussein, both in the Memoir and in the Note to the Poem. The latter will have room for at least four (I think five) lines of note type, which you must fill, and not overflow: "Strong without rage," etc.
>
> I feel guilty at taking up your time and thoughts, and also at dressing myself so in your plumes. But I mean to say a word about this, φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν, in my Preliminary Notice; and would gladly dedicate the little book to you by name, with due acknowledgment, did I think the world would take it for a compliment to you. But though I like the version, and you like it, we know very

1. "Salāmān and Absāl, an Allegory." Translated from the Persian of Jāmī. London, 1856.

well the world—even the very little world, I mean, who will see it—may not; and might laugh at us both for any such compliment. They cannot laugh at your scholarship; but they might laugh at the use I put it to, and at my dedicating a cobweb (as Carlyle called Maud the other night) to you.

Fitzgerald was evidently desirous of seeing his first oriental translation in print, for a few days later (10th February, 1856) he writes further to Cowell, as follows:

I sent you a string of questions about Salāmān last week, all of which I did not want you to answer at once, but wishing at least to hear if you had leisure and inclination to meddle with them. There is no reason in the world you should, unless you really have time and liking. If you have, I will send you the proofs of the little book which Mr. Childs is even now putting in hand. Pray let me know as soon as you can what, and how much, of this will be agreeable to you.

You don't tell me how Hāfiz gets on. There is one thing which I think I find in Salāmān which may be worth your consideration (not needing much) in Hāfiz: namely, in Translation to retain the original Persian names as much as possible—"Shah" for "King," for instance, "Yúsuf and Suleyman" for "Joseph and Solomon," etc. The Persian is not only more musical, but removes such words and names further from Europe and European prejudices and associations. So also I think best to talk of "a moon" rather than "a month," and perhaps "sennight" is better than "week."

This is a little matter, but it is well to rub off as little Oriental colour as possible.

As to a notice of Jāmī's Life, you need not trouble yourself to draw it up unless you like, since I can make an extract of Ouseley's,[1] and send you for any addition or correction you like.

This is the notice of Jāmī's life referred to by Professor Cowell in his letter to me. It was immediately after the publication of the Salāmān and Absāl in 1856 that Mr. Cowell was appointed Professor of History at the Presidency College in Calcutta, whither he went in August, 1856. In a letter written to him (22nd January, 1857) Fitzgerald says:

I have read really little except Persian since you went; and yet, from want of eyes, not very much of that. I have gone carefully over two-thirds of Hāfiz again with Dictionary and Von

1. Sir Gore Ouseley. "Bibliographical Notices of the Persian Poets." London, 1846. P. 131, No. 9, "Jāmī."

Hammer;[1] and gone on with Jāmī and Nizāmī. But my great performance all lies in the last five weeks since I have been alone here; when I wrote to Napoleon Newton[2] to ask him to lend me his MS. of Attár's Mantic ut tair; and, with the help of Garcin de Tassy, have nearly made out about two-thirds of it. For it has greatly interested me, though I confess it is always an old story.

On the 12th March, 1857, Fitzgerald writes to Cowell:

To-day I have been writing twenty pages of a metrical sketch of the Mantic, for such uses as I told you of. It is an amusement to me to take what liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shape them. I don't speak of Jeláleddin,[3] whom I know so little of (enough to show me that he is no great artist, however), nor of Hāfiz, whose best is untranslatable, because he is the best musician of words. Old Johnson said the poets were the best preservers of a language; for people must go to the original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to you is true: that Hāfiz is the most Eastern—or, he should have said most Persian—of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sākī and Wine be real or mystical. Their religion and philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me cuckooed over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure their Roses and Nightingales are repeated enough; but Hāfiz and old Omar Khayyām ring like true metal The philosophy of the latter is, alas! one that never fails in the world. "To-day is ours," etc.

While I think of it, why is the sea (in that Apologue of Attár once quoted by Falconer) supposed to have lost God? Did the Persians agree with something I remember in Plato about the sea and all in it being an inferior nature? in spite of Homer's "Divine Ocean," etc.

This idea appears to have struck Fitzgerald so much that he introduced it into the 33rd stanza of his Omar. Professor Cowell, writing on the subject to Mr. Aldis Wright, says:

1. Joseph von Hammer, "Der Diwan von Mohammed Schemsed-dīn Hafis" . . . übersetzt von J. von H. Stuttgart, 1812, 2 vols. 12mo.

2. *Vide* note 1, p. xxvi., *post*. The influence which this study of the Mantik ut tair had upon Fitzgerald's paraphrase of the ruba'iyat will be seen in the notes to the translation *post*.

3. More than one critic has called attention to the fact that so careful a scholar as Fitzgerald should have given this mistransliteration of the name of Jalāl-ud-dīn Rūmī.

> I well remember showing it to Fitzgerald, and reading it with him in his early Persian days at Oxford in 1855. I laughed at the quaintness; but the idea seized his imagination from the first, and like Virgil with Ennius's rough jewels, his genius detected gold where I had only seen tinsel. He has made two grand lines out of it.[1]

Fitzgerald's correspondence with Garcin de Tassy would appear to have commenced about this period, and on the 29th March, 1857, he writes to Cowell, in a letter referring to other oriental translations:

> Well; and I have had a note from Garcin de Tassy, whom I had asked if he knew of any copy of Omar Khayyām in all the Paris libraries; he writes: "I have made by means of a friend," etc. But I shall enclose his note to amuse you. Now what I mean to do is, in return for his politeness to me, to copy out as well as I can the Tetrastichs as you copied them for me, and send them as a present to De Tassy. Perhaps he will edit them. I should not wish him to do so if there were any chance of your ever doing it; but I don't think you will help on the old Pantheist, and De Tassy really, after what he is doing for the Mantic, deserves to make the acquaintance of this remarkable little fellow. Indeed, I think you will be pleased that I should do this. Now for some more Æschylus.
>
> *Friday, April 17th.*—I have been for the last five days with my brother at Twickenham; during which time I really copied out Omar Khayyām, in a way! and shall to-day post it as a "cadeau" to Garcin de Tassy in return for his courtesy to me. I am afraid a bad return; for my MS. is but badly written, and it would perhaps more plague than profit an English "savant" to have such a present made him. But a Frenchman gets over all this very lightly. Garcin de Tassy tells me he has printed four thousand lines of the Mantic.

And in a letter enclosed in this one for Mrs. Cowell, he says:

> You may give him (*i.e.* E. B. C.) the enclosed instead of a former letter from the same G. de T. For is it not odd he should not have time to read a dozen of those 150 tetrastichs? I pointed out such a dozen to him of the best, and told him if he liked them, I would try and get the rest better written for him than I could write. I had also told him that the whole thing came from E. B C., and I now write to tell him I have no sort of intention of

1 The first two lines of F. v. 33.

writing a paper in the *Journal Asiatique*,[1] nor I suppose E. B. C. neither; G. de Tassy is very civil to me, however.

Wednesday, April 22nd.—Now this morning comes a second letter from Garcin de Tassy, saying that his first note about Omar Khayyām was "in haste," that he had read some of the tetrastichs, which he finds not very difficult—some difficulties which are probably errors of the "copist"; and he proposes his writing an article in the *Journal Asiatique* on it, in which he will "honourably mention" E. B. C. and E. F. G. I now write to deprecate all this, putting it on the ground (and a fair one) that we do not yet know enough of the matter; that I do not wish E. B. C. to be made answerable for errors which E. F. G. (the "copist") may have made; and that E. F. G. neither merits nor desires any honourable mention as a Persian scholar, being none.[2]

In the following month (7th May, 1857) he writes to Cowell:

To-day I have a note from the great De Tassy, which announces: "My dear Sir,—Definitively I have written a little paper upon Omar, with some quotations taken here and there at random, avoiding only the too badly-sounding Rubaiyat. I have read that paper before the Persian Ambassador and suite, at a meeting of the Oriental Society, of which I am Vice-President, the Duc de Dondeauville being President. The Ambassador has been much pleased with my quotations." So you see I have done the part of an ill subject in helping France to ingratiate herself with Persia when England might have had the start. I suppose it probable Ferukh Khan himself had never read or perhaps heard of Omar. I think I told you in my last that I had desired De Tassy to say nothing about you in any paper he should write; since I cannot have you answerable for any blunders I may have made in my copy, nor may you care to be named with Omar at all. I hope the Frenchman will attend to my desire; and I dare say he will, as he will then have all credit to himself. He says he cannot make out the metre of the Rubaiyat at all, never could, though "I am enough skilful in scanning the Persian verses, as you have seen" (Qy.) "in my Prosody of the Languages of Mussulman Countries," etc. So much for De Tassy.

And in a continuation of the above letter, dated June 5th, Fitzgerald says:

1. The Journal of the (London) Asiatic Society is here referred to; not the *Journal Asiatique* of the Paris Society, in which De Tassy's "Note" was subsequently published. *Vide* the Bibliographical References (p. 115).

2. Accordingly, in G. de Tassy's pamphlet and article (*vide* Bibliography) there is no mention of E. B. C. or E. F. G., the discovery of the Rubā'iyat in the Bodleian appearing to be De Tassy's own.

When in Bedfordshire, I put away almost all books, except Omar Khayyām, which I could not help looking over in a paddock covered with buttercups and brushed by a delicious breeze, while a dainty racing filly of W. Browne's came startling up to wonder and sniff about me. "Tempus est quo Orientis, Aura mundus renovatur, Quo de fonte pluviali, dulcis Imber reseratur; *Musimanus* undecumque ramos insuper splendescit, *Jesu-spiritusque* salutaris terram pervagatur,"[1] which is to be read as Monkish Latin, like "Dies Irae," etc., retaining the Italian value of the vowels, not the classical. You will think me a perfectly Aristophanic old man when I tell you how many of Omar I could not help running into such bad Latin.[2] I should not confide such follies but to you, who won't think them so, and who will be pleased at least with my still harping on our old studies. You would be sorry, too, to think that Omar breathes a sort of consolation to me! Poor fellow; I think of him and Oliver Basselin[3] and Anacreon; lighter shadows among the shades, perhaps, over which Lucretius presides so grimly.

Thursday, June 11th.—Your letter of April is come to hand, very welcome; and I am expecting the MS. Omar, which I have written about to London.[4] And now with respect to your proposed Fraser Paper on Omar. You see, a few lines back, I talk of some lazy Latin versions of his Tetrastichs, giving one clumsy example. Now I shall rub up a few more of those I have sketched in the same manner, in order to see if you approve.

The letter breaks off abruptly at this point, but is continued on the 23rd of June:

June 23rd.—I begin another letter because I am looking into the Omar MS. you have sent me, and shall perhaps make some notes and enquiries as I go on. I had not intended to do so till I had looked all over and tried to make out what I could of it; since it is both pleasant to oneself to find out for oneself if possible, and also saves trouble to one's friends. But yet it will keep me talking with you as I go along; and if I find I say silly things or clear up difficulties for myself before I close my letter (which has a month

1. *Vide* Rubá'i No. 13, *post.*

2. Mr. Herbert W. Greene, of Magdalen College, Oxford, has completed this task, and turned Fitzgerald's Omar into a most elegant and charming volume of elegiacs, privately printed for him.—*Vide* the Bibliography (No. 94).

3. An apt illustration of the extent and breadth of Fitzgerald's reading. Many of Omar's quatrains must have reminded him of Olivier Basselin's line (Vaux de Vire, xvii.), "Les morts ne boivent plus dedans la sépulture."

4. The copy of the MS. in the Bengal Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta to which I have referred above.

to be open in!), why, I can cancel or amend, so as you will see the whole process of blunder. I think this MS. furnishes some opportunities for one's critical faculties, and so is a good exercise for them, if one wanted such! . . . I must also tell you that Borrow[1] is greatly delighted with your MS. of Omar, which I showed him; delighted at the terseness, so unusual in Oriental verse. But his eyes are apt to cloud; and his wife has been obliged, he tells me, to carry off even the little Omar out of reach of them for a while.

On July 1st he adds:

July 1st.—June over! A thing I think of with Omar like sorrow. And the roses here are blowing—and going—as abundantly as even in Persia. I am still at Geldestone, and still looking at Omar by an open window, which gives over a greener landscape than yours

His letters to Cowell at this period largely partake of the nature of journals. On July 13th, 1857, he writes:

By to-morrow I shall have finished my first Physiognomy of Omar, whom I decidedly prefer to any Persian I have yet seen, unless perhaps Salāmān.

Tuesday, July 14th.—Here is the anniversary of our Adieu at Rushmere. And I have been (rather hastily) getting to an end of my first survey of the Calcutta Omar by way of counterpart to our joint survey of the Ouseley MS. then (on the 14th July). I must repeat, I am sure this Calcutta Omar is, in the same proportion with the Ouseley, by as good a hand as the Ouseley; by as good a hand, if not Omar's; which I think you seemed to doubt if it was in one of your letters.

Have I previously asked you to observe 486? of which I send a poor Sir W. Jones' sort of Parody, which came into my mind walking in the garden here, where the rose is blowing as in Persia. And with this poor little envoy my letter shall end. I will not stop to make the verse better.

I long for wine! oh Sáki of my soul.
Prepare thy song and fill the morning bowl.
For this first summer month that brings the rose,
Takes many a Sultan with it as it goes.[2]

1. I do not know that George Borrow ever published any translations from the Persian beyond three odes in the "Targum," pp. 5-6. He printed privately 150 copies of a literal translation of the Jokes of the Khwaja Nasr ed dīn Efendi, under the title "The Turkish Jester, or the Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr ed din Effendi, translated from the Turkish by George Borrow." Ipswich, 1884. W. Webber.

2. Suggested by ruba'iyat which are Nos. 118 and 135 in the Bodleian MS. The Calcutta MS. contains ruba'iyat much closer to E. F. G.'s verse, which became No. 8 in Fitzgerald's first edition, F. v. 9.

During the summer and autumn of 1857, Fitzgerald would appear to have finished the first draft of his translation, and in a letter, written to Cowell on the 8th December, 1857, he says:

> I have left with Borrow the copy of the Mantic De Tassy gave me; so some days ago I bought another copy of Norgate. For you must know I had again taken up my rough sketch of a translation which, such as it is, might easily be finished. But it is in truth no translation, but only the paraphrase of a syllabus of the poem;[1] quite unlike the original in style, too. But it would give, I think, a fair proportionate account of the scheme of the poem. If ever I finish it, I will send it you. Well, then, in turning this over, I also turned over volume i. of Sprenger's Catalogue,[2] which I bought by itself for 6s. a year ago. As it contains all the Persian MSS., I supposed that would be enough for me. I have been looking at his list of Attar's Poems. What a number! All, almost, much made up of *Apologues*, in which Attar excels, I think. His stories are better than Jāmī's; to be sure, he gives more to pick out of. An interesting thing in the Mantic is the stories about Mahmúd, and these are the best in the book. I find I have got seven or eight in my brief extract. I see Sprenger says Attar was born in 513, four years before poor Omar Khayyam died! He mentions one of Attar's books, "The Book of Union," Waslat namah, which seems to be on the very subject of the *Apologue* to the Peacock's Brag in the Mantic, line 814 in De Tassy. I suppose this is no more the orthodox Mussulman version than it is ours. Sprenger also mentions as one separate book what is part of the Mantic, and main part, the Haftwady. Sprenger says (p. 350) how the MSS. of Attar differ from one another.
>
> And now about old Omar. You talked of sending a paper about him to *Fraser*, and I told you, if you did, I would stop it till I had made my comments. I suppose you have not had time to do what you proposed; or are you overcome with the flood of bad Latin I poured upon you? Well, don't be surprised (vexed you won't be) if I solicit *Fraser* for room for a few quatrains in English verse, however, with only such an introduction as you and Sprenger give me—very short—so as to leave you to say all that is scholarly, if you will. I hope this is not very cavalier of me. But, in truth, I take old Omar rather more as my property than yours; he and I are more akin, are we not? You see all [his] Beauty, but you don't feel with him in some respects as I do. I think you would almost feel obliged to leave out the part of

1. This is as terse a description as could well be given of his poem, the Ruba'iyat of Omar.

2. *Vide post*, Bibliographical References (p. 115), *sub* S.

Hamlet in representing him to your audience, for fear of mischief. Now I do not wish to show Hamlet at his maddest; but mad he must be shown, or he is no Hamlet at all. G. de Tassy eluded all that was dangerous, and all that was characteristic. I think these free opinions are less dangerous in an old Mahometan or an old Roman (like Lucretius) than when they are returned to by those who have lived on happier food. I don't know what you will say to all this. However, I dare say it won't matter whether I do the paper or not, for I don't believe they'll put it in.[1] . . .

I must, however, while I think of it, again notice to you about those first Introductory Quatrains to Omar in both the copies you have seen, taken out of their alphabetical place, if they be Omar's own, evidently by way of putting a good leg foremost—or perhaps not his at all. So that which Sprenger says begins the Oude MS. is, manifestly, not any Apology of Omar's own, but a Denunciation of him by someone else; and is a sort of parody (in form at least) of Omar's own quatrain 445,[2] with its indignant reply by the Sultan.[3]

In January he sent the manuscript to his publisher, and later again to Parker, and on the 3rd September, 1858, he says to Cowell:

I have not turned to Persian since the spring, but shall one day look back to it, and renew my attack on the "Seven Castles," if that be the name.[4] I found the Jāmī MS. at Rushmere; and there left it for the present, as the other poem will be enough for me for my first onslaught. I believe I will do a little a day, so as not to lose what little knowledge I had. As to my Omar, I gave it to Parker in January, I think; he saying Fraser was agreeable to take it. Since then I have heard no more; so as, I suppose, they don't care about it; and may be quite right. Had I thought that they would be so long, however, I would have copied it out and sent it to you; and I will still do so from a rough and imperfect copy I have (though not now at hand), in case they show no signs of printing me. My translation will interest you from its form, and also in many respects in its detail, very unliteral as it is. Many quatrains are mashed together and something lost, I doubt, of Omar's simplicity, which is so much a virtue in him.[5] But there

1. This anticipation, as will presently be seen, was realised.
2. In the Calcutta MS.
3. These are the two quatrains Nos. 316 and 317 of Nicolas's text.
4. The seven castles of Zal, the father of Rustum.
5. Professor Cowell, writing to me under date 31st December, 1896, says: "*You* will be able to decide whether his first translation was made from the Oxford MS. *only*, by seeing whether that will account for all the tetrastichs. He altered and added, but he never, I fancy, invented an entire tetrastich of his own.'

it is, such as it is. I purposely said in the very short notice I prefixed to the poem that it was so short because better information might be furnished in another paper which I thought you would undertake. So it rests.

And on the 2nd November he writes again to Cowell:

As to Omar, I hear and see nothing of it in *Fraser* yet; and so I suppose they don't want it. I told Parker he might find it rather dangerous among his Divines; he took it, however, and keeps it. I really think I shall take it back; add some stanzas, which I kept out for fear of being too strong; print fifty copies and give away; one to you, who won't like it neither. Yet it is most ingeniously tesselated into a sort of Epicurean eclogue in a Persian garden.

On the 13th January, 1859, he writes to Cowell:

I am almost ashamed to write to you, so much have I forsaken Persian, and even all good books of late. There is no one now to "prick the sides of my intent"; vaulting ambition having long failed to do so! I took my Omar from Fraser [? Parker], as I saw he didn't care for it; and also I want to enlarge it to near as much again of such matter as he would not dare to put in *Fraser*. If I print it, I shall do the impudence of quoting your account of Omar, and your apology for his freethinking; it is not wholly my apology, but you introduced him to me, and your excuse extends to that which you have not ventured to quote, and I do. I like your apology extremely also, allowing its point of view. I doubt you will repent of ever having showed me the book. I should like well to have the lithograph copy of Omar which you tell of in your note.[1] My translation has its merit, but it misses a main one in Omar, which I will leave you to find out. The Latin versions, if they were corrected into decent Latin, would be very much better. . . . I have forgotten to write out for you a little quatrain which Binning found written in Persepolis; the Persian tourists having the same propensity as English to write their names and sentiments on their national monuments. This is the quatrain:

> The palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
> And kings the forehead on his threshold drew—
> I saw the solitary ring-dove there,
> And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried, and "Coo, coo, coo."[2]

And on the 27th of April, having printed his Quatrains, he wrote to Cowell:

1. The Calcutta edition of 1836.

2. *Vide* Robert B. M. Binning, "A Journal of Two Years' Travel in Persia, Ceylon, etc." London, 1857, vol. ii., p. 20.

> I sent you poor old Omar, who has his kind of consolation for all these things. I doubt you will regret you ever introduced him to me. And yet you would have me print the original, with many worse things than I have translated. The Bird Epic might be finished at once;[1] but *cui bono?* No one cares for such things, and there are doubtless so many better things to care about. I hardly know why I print any of these things, which nobody buys; and I scarce now see the few I give them to. But when one has done one's best, and is sure that that best is better than so many will take pains to do, though far from the best that might be done, one likes to make an end of the matter by print. I suppose very few people have ever taken such pains in translation as I have, though certainly not to be literal. But at all cost, a thing must live, with a transfusion of one's own worse life if one can't retain the originals better. Better a live sparrow than a stuffed eagle. I shall be very well pleased to see the new MS. of Omar.

He evidently did not look upon this as the last word to be said on the subject of Omar, for on the 7th December, 1861, we find him writing to Cowell:

> I shall look directly for the passages in Omar and Hāfiz which you refer to and clear up, though I scarce ever see the Persian character now. I suppose you would think it a dangerous thing to edit Omar; else, who so proper? Nay, are you not the only man to do it? And he certainly is worth good re-editing. I thought him from the first the most remarkable of the Persian poets, and you keep finding out in him evidences of logical fancy

1. This was never printed in Fitzgerald's lifetime. It occupies pp. 433-482 of vol. ii. of the "Letters and Literary Remains." The following note by Professor Cowell is prefixed to it: "Fitzgerald was first interested in 'Attar's Mantik-ut-tair' by the extracts given in De Sacy's notes to his edition of that poet's Pand-nāmah, and in 1856 he began to read the original in a MS. lent to him by Mr. Newton of Hertford. In 1857, Garcin de Tassy published his edition of the Persian text, of which he had previously given an analysis in his 'La Poésie philosophique et religieuse chez les Persans'; and Fitzgerald at once threw himself into the study of it with all his characteristic enthusiasm. De Tassy subsequently published, in 1863, a French prose translation of the poem; but the previous analysis was, I believe, Fitzgerald's only help in mastering the difficulties of the original. He often wrote to me in India, describing the pleasure he found in his new discovery, and he used to mention how the more striking apologues were gradually shaping themselves into verse, as he thought them over in his lonely walks. At last, in 1862, he sent me the following translation, intending at first to offer it for publication in the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society*, but he soon felt that it was too free a version for the pages of a scientific journal. He then talked of publishing it by itself, but the project never assumed a definite shape, though I often urged him to print the 'Bird Parliament' as a sequel to the 'Salāman.'"

which I had not dreamed of. I dare say these logical riddles are not his best, but they are yet evidences of a strength of mind which our Persian friends rarely exhibit, I think. I always said about Cowley, Donne, etc., whom Johnson calls the metaphysical poets, that their very quibbles of fancy showed a power of logic which could follow fancy through such remote analogies. This is the case with Calderon's conceits also.[1] I doubt I have given but a very one-sided version of Omar; but what I do only comes up as a bubble to the surface and breaks; whereas you, with exact scholarship, might make a lasting impression of such an author.

And writing to Prof. W. H. Thompson, who subsequently became Master of Trinity, he says:

As to my own peccadilloes in verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of Rubaiyat. I have translated them partly for Cowell; young Parker asked me some years ago for something for *Fraser*, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using; and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious man; nor have I given any other copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other day, to whom I was showing a passage in another book which brought my old Omar up.

Omar drops out of his correspondence from this point until the 28th December, 1867, when he writes to Cowell:

I don't think I told you about Garcin de Tassy. He sent me (as no doubt he sent you) his annual Oration.[2] I wrote to thank him; and said I had been lately busy with another countryman of his, Mons. Nicolas, with his Omar Khayyām. On which De Tassy writes back by return of post to ask "Where I got my copy of Nicolas? He had not been able to get one in all Paris!" So I wrote to Quaritch, who told me the book was to be had of Maisonneuve, or any Oriental bookseller in Paris; but

1. Fitzgerald's first translations from Calderon were published in 1853, under the title "Six Dramas from Calderon." They were badly received by the Press; the *Athenæum*, in particular, attacked the work so violently that he withdrew them from circulation, and destroyed the whole edition. They are reprinted *in extenso* in vol. ii. of the "Letters and Literary Remains."

2. As Professor of Oriental Languages in the Institut de France. There is a Recueil Factice of these in the British Museum containing his annual orations from 1853 to 1869.

that probably the shopman did not understand when "Les Rubaiyat d'Omar," etc., were asked for, that it meant "Les Quatrains," etc. This (which I doubt not is the solution of the mystery) I wrote to Garcin, at the same time offering one of my two copies. By return of post comes a frank acceptance of one of the copies, and his own translation of Attár's Birds by way of equivalent. . . . At p. 256, Translation (v. 4620), I read, "Lorsque Nizâm ul-Mulk fut à l'agonie, il dit: 'O mon Dieu! je m'en vais entre les mains du vent.'" Here is our Omar in his friend's mouth, is it not?[1]

In September, 1863, Mr. Ruskin addressed a letter to "The Translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar," which he entrusted to Mrs. Burne Jones, who, after an interval of nearly ten years, handed it to Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of the History of Fine Art in Harvard University.[2] By him it was transmitted to Carlyle, who sent it to Fitzgerald, with the letter which follows, of which the signature alone is in his own handwriting:

CHELSEA, 14*th April*, 1873.

DEAR FITZGERALD,—Mr. Norton, the writer of that note, is a distinguished American (co-Editor for a long time of the *North American Review*), an extremely amiable, intelligent and worthy man, with whom I had some pleasant walks, dialogues and other communications of late months, in the course of which he brought to my knowledge, for the first time, your notable Omar Khayyam, and insisted on giving me a copy from the third edition, which I now possess, and duly prize. From him, too, by careful cross-questioning, I identified beyond dispute the hidden "Fitzgerald," the translator; and, indeed, found that his complete silence and unique modesty in regard to said meritorious and successful performance was simply a feature of my own Edward F.! The translation is excellent; the book itself a kind of a jewel in its way. I do Norton's mission without the least delay, as you perceive. Ruskin's message to you passes through my hands sealed. I am ever your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

At the same time Carlyle wrote to Prof. Norton:

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
18*th April*, 1873.

DEAR NORTON,—It is possible Fitzgerald may have written to you; but whether or not, I will send you his letter to myself, as a

1. *Vide* note 2 to Ruba'i No. 121, *post*.
2. *Vide* the Bibliography, No. 71.

slight emblem and memorial of the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man, and his innocent *far niente* life, and the connection (were there nothing more) of Omar, the Mahometan Blackguard, and Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan, discharging you completely, at the same time, from ever returning me this letter, or taking any notice of it, except a small silent one.

The following was enclosed:

15th April, 1873.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,—Thank you for enclosing Mr. Norton's letter, and will you thank him for his enclosure of Mr. Ruskin's? It is lucky for both R. and me that you did not read his note; a sudden fit of fancy, I suppose, which he is subject to. But as it was kindly meant on his part, I have written to thank him. Rather late in the day, for his letter (which Mr. Norton thinks may have lain a year or two in his friend's desk) is dated September, 1863. . . .

P.S.—Perhaps I had better write a word of thanks to Mr. Norton myself, which I will do. I suppose he may be found at the address he gives.

Accordingly, he wrote to Prof. Norton:

WOODBRIDGE, *17th April*, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Two days ago Mr. Carlyle sent me your note, enclosing one from Mr. Ruskin "to the Translator of Omar Khayyam." You will be a little surprised to hear that Mr. Ruskin's note is dated September, 1863; all but ten years ago! I dare say he has forgotten all about it long before this. However, I write him a note of thanks for the good, too good, messages he sent me; better late than never; supposing that he will not be startled, and bored by my acknowledgments of a forgotten favour rather than gratified. It is really a funny little episode in the ten years' dream. I had asked Carlyle to thank you also for such trouble as you have taken in the matter. But as your note to him carries your address, I think I may as well thank you for myself. I am very glad to gather from your note that Carlyle is well, and able to walk, as well as talk, with a congenial companion. Indeed, he speaks of such agreeable conversation with you in the message he appends to your letter. For which, thanking you once more, allow me to write myself, yours sincerely,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

After this we hear nothing further of Omar from Fitzgerald until the 1st March, 1882, when he writes to Mr. Shütz Wilson[1] the following letter:

1. *Vide* the Bibliography, No. 75.

1st March, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must thank you sincerely for your thoughts about Salāmān, in which I recognise a good will towards the Translator as well as liking for his work.

Of course, your praise could not but help that on; but I scarce think that it is of a kind to profit so far by any review as to make it worth the expense of time and talent you might bestow upon it. In Omar's case it was different; he sang in an acceptable way, it seems, of what all men feel in their hearts, but had not had exprest in verse before. Jāmī tells of what everybody knows, under cover of a not very skilful allegory. I have undoubtedly improved the whole by boiling it down to about a quarter of its original size, and there are many pretty things in it, though the blank verse is too Miltonic for Oriental style.

All this considered, why did I ever meddle with it? Why, it was the first Persian poem I read, with my friend Edward Cowell, near on forty years ago; and I was so well pleased with it then (and now think it almost the best of the Persian poems I have read or heard about), that I published my version of it in 1856 (I think) with Parker, of the Strand. When Parker disappeared, my unsold copies, many more than of the sold, were returned to me; some of which, if not all, I gave to little Quaritch, who, I believe, trumpeted them off to some little profit, and I thought no more of them.

But some six or seven years ago that Sheikh of mine, Edward Cowell, who liked the version better than anyone else, wished it to be reprinted. So I took it in hand, boiled it down to three-fourths of what it originally was, and (as you see) clapt it on the back of Omar, where I still believed it would hang somewhat of a dead weight; but that was Quaritch's look out, not mine. I have never heard of any notice taken of it, but just now from you; and I believe that, say what you would, people would rather have the old sinner alone. Therefore it is that I write all this to you. I doubt not that any of your editors would accept an article from you on the subject, but I believe also they would much prefer one on many another subject; and so probably with the public whom you write for.

Thus "liberavi animam meam" for your behoof, as I am rightly bound to do in return for your goodwill to me.

As to the publication of my name, I believe I could well dispense with it, were it other and better than it is. But I have some unpleasant associations with it; not the least of them being that it was borne, Christian and surname, by a man who left college just when I went there. . . . What has become of him I know not; but he, among other causes, has made me dislike my name, and made me sign myself (half in fun, of course) to my friends, as now I do to you, sincerely yours,

(The Laird of) LITTLEGRANGE,

where I date from.

The Fitzgerald referred to in this letter was Edward Marlborough Fitzgerald, who, I am informed, achieved some notoriety in unenviable directions. To this correspondence with Mr. Shütz Wilson the year before his death he refers in two of his letters to Fanny Kemble[1] in the terms following:

February, 1882.

Mr. Shütz Wilson, a *littérateur en général*, I believe, wrote up Omar Khayyām some years ago, and I dare say somewhat hastened another (and so far as I am concerned) final edition.

March, 1882.

Not content with having formerly appraised that Omar in a way that, I dare say, advanced him to another edition, he (S. W.) now writes me that he feels moved to write in favour of another Persian who now accompanies Omar in his last Avatar. I have told him plainly that he had better not employ time and talent on what I do not think he will ever persuade the public to care about, but he thinks he will. He may very likely cool upon it; but in the meanwhile such are his good intentions, not only to the little poem, but, I believe, to myself also—personally unknown as we are to one another.

Such is the history, as recorded by its author, of the Poem which of late years has become in a manner the gospel of a cult.

So many eminent scholars, poets and essayists have given to the world critical essays and appreciations, having for their theme this poem of Edward Fitzgerald's, that were I to add a further discourse on the subject I should be adding an item of little or no value to the mass of analytical criticism. One aspect of the poem I may, however, be allowed to consider, on the ground that I have an intimate acquaintance with the original in general and with Fitzgerald's sources of inspiration in particular; and that is its claim to consideration as a translation. A translation pure and simple it is *not*, but a translation in the most classic sense of the term it undoubtedly is. In considering this question it is necessary to bear in mind

1. "Letter of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble, 1871-1883," edited by William Aldis Wright. London (Bentley), 1895.

the first and the second editions of the poem, for these were written under the direct inspiration of the original Persian.[1] The first edition was written from the Bodleian MS. and the transcript of the Calcutta MS.; the second—but it will profit us to read Fitzgerald's own words from the preface to the second (1868) edition: "While the present edition of Omar was preparing, Mons. Nicolas, French Consul at Rescht, published a very careful and a very good edition of the text, from a lithograph copy at Teheran, comprising 464 ruba'iyat, with translation and notes of his own. Mons. Nicolas's edition has reminded me of several things, and instructed me in others. . . ." In this second edition Fitzgerald expanded his original seventy-five quatrains to one hundred and ten, nine of which were suppressed in the third and subsequent editions. The method of construction adopted by Fitzgerald must be borne in mind. I assumed at one time that he had made a more or less literal prose translation of his originals, and, after steeping himself in these, wrote his poem; and I suggested this theory to Professor Cowell. He writes me under date 8th July, 1897: "I am quite sure that Mr. Fitzgerald did not make a literal prose version first; he was too fond of getting the strong, vivid impression of the original as a whole. He pondered this over and over afterwards, and altered it in his lonely walks, sometimes approximating nearer

1. Dr. Talcott Williams, the eminent Arabic scholar, writing to Mr. Nathan H. Dole (vol. i. of N. H. Dole's edition, p. 123), observes: "In my judgment Omar owes more to Fitzgerald than he does to himself, as far as English readers are concerned. I do *not* mean by this that Omar's thought differs with the utterances of Fitzgerald's translation, but the utterance owes so much in our language to the form in which Fitzgerald has cast it, that I have always felt, in the few quatrains which I have laboriously translated, that pretty much everything had evaporated when the thought was taken out of Fitzgerald's setting. The truth is, in literature, form is everything. Everybody has the same ideas, I fancy, and it is only the capacity for expression which makes literature. . . . I really cannot exaggerate the difference between native and European knowledge of an oriental language. We generally know their formal grammar, history and derivatives of their tongues especially, a hundredfold better than they do; but when it comes to the meaning of a particular passage, we are simply nowhere. It is a simple and soul-humbling truth that the first translation or two of almost any Oriental work is full of the wildest shot."

to the original, and often diverging further. He was always aiming at some strong and worthy equivalent; verbal accuracy he disregarded." Professor Cowell has honoured me with a good deal of information on this matter of Fitzgerald's methods, supplementing the information contained in Fitzgerald's own letters reproduced above. I will quote some of this information at once:

> *21st October*, 1896.—In 1856 I found the MS. of 'Omar Khayyām in the Bodleian and made a copy for him, which I sent him just before I went to India in August of that year. He sent a transcript of that copy to Garcin de Tassy. . . . I reviewed Omar Khayyām in the *Calcutta Review* in 1858. . . . I made a French edition of one of Khayyām's *mathematical* works my 'text.' Fitzgerald alludes to my article in his preface. . . . He read the "Parliament of Birds" in a MS. directly I left England, and sent me his account of it, and subsequently his verse translation. Garcin de Tassy published his text and translation in 1858 and '59, and this Fitzgerald used for his revised translation, published after his death.[1] . . .
>
> *23rd October*, 1896.—The MS. in the Ouseley collection was the only MS. I then (1856) knew—all the MSS. were then uncatalogued. My copy is dated "May 31st, 1856. Bodleian Library." I had never seen a MS. of the quatrains, so it was a real "find!" . . .
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> *29th October*, 1896.—I have the copy of the Oxford MS. which I sent to E. F. G., but it is too sacred a legacy to be lent to anyone[2]—it is filled with his notes as well as with letters of mine to him from Calcutta. . . .
>
> *31st December*, 1896.—I got a copy made for him from the one MS. in the Bengal Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta soon after I arrived in November, 1856. It reached Fitzgerald, June 14th, 1857, as I learn by a note in his writing. Some time after this I sent him a copy of that rare Calcutta printed edition,[3] which I got from my Munshi. I had just got it when I wrote my article in the *Calcutta Review*, which was mainly compiled from the two texts of the Calcutta and Oxford *manuscripts*. . . . *You* will be able to decide whether his first translation was made from the Oxford MS. *only*, by seeing whether that will account for all the tetrastichs. He altered and added, but he never, I fancy, invented an entire tetrastich of his own. . . . I feel persuaded

1. *Vide* note 1, p. xxvi.
2. I had asked Professor Cowell to lend me this.
3. The Calcutta lithograph of 1836.

> that his first translation was compiled from the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. combined. You will find tetrastichs from the latter represented in his translation which have no parallel in the brief Oxford MS. . . . I have no MS. copy of his translation. That was all done after I had left England. He used to send me questions by letter. . . .

I desire to record in this place my profound gratitude to Professor Cowell for all this most interesting information, which he alone is competent to give *ex cathedrâ*. To return, in the light of these extracts, to the question of how far Edward Fitzgerald may be called the *translator* of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyām, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, in the *North American Review* (October, 1869), says: "He is to be called 'translator' only in default of a better word, one which should express the poetic transfusion of a poetic spirit from one language to another, and the re-representation of the ideas and images of the original in a form not altogether diverse from their own, but perfectly adapted to the new conditions of time, place, custom, and habit of mind in which they reappear. It has all the merit of a remarkable original production, and its excellence is the highest testimony that could be given to the essential impressiveness and worth of the Persian poet. It is the work of a poet inspired by the work of a poet; not a copy, but a reproduction; not a translation, but the re-delivery of a poetic inspiration . . . in its English dress it reads like the latest and freshest expression of the perplexity and of the doubt of the generation to which we ourselves belong."

The opposition in the debate, if I may so call it, is supported by Mr. H. G. Keene in an article written for *Macmillan's Magazine* (November, 1887). Reviewing Fitzgerald's paraphrase, he says: "This unique and beautiful poem does not in truth show the real Khayyām. Unquestionably among the fine things in modern English verse, these quatrains give no accurate representation of the original in any of their versions; as indeed the variations of successive editions do themselves

tend to show. . . . In Fitzgerald . . . of the flighty Persian freethinker, eclectic and unsystematic, we see little or nothing." The want of system here described as lacking in Fitzgerald's poem is explained for the orientalist by the exigencies of the dīwān form in which Omar's quatrains have for the most part been preserved and published. It is beyond the function of criticism from the standpoint of accurate rendering to brand Fitzgerald's compulsory marshalling and re-organisation of his material with the stigma of inaccuracy. After presenting us with some renderings of the original into English verse—renderings, by-the-way, far above the average of such achievements, both as to manner and translation—Mr. Keene says: "It is difficult to explain by isolated specimens Fitzgerald's deviations from his original, because his variation is general and total. The difference between him and Khayyām is the same as that between a group of epigrams and a long satire." The essayist then illustrates by quoting two out of the four quatrains (F. v. 78-81), in which Fitzgerald has summed up the philosophy of the whole poem, and appends a literal prose translation of two out of the twenty or thirty quatrains of the original that contain the inspiration of those four verses. It is unfair to make this juxtaposition and to imply that Fitzgerald intended his two verses as translations of the two originals given. During the twelve years that I have been working at the subject, it has interested me to note wherever I found a line in the Bodleian or in the Calcutta MSS. that could be distinctly pointed out as "the original" of a line of Fitzgerald. A very few emendations were taken by him, as he himself says, for his second and subsequent editions, from the text of Nicolas, and at some future time I propose to print an edition of Fitzgerald's quatrains, giving the original, or inspiration, of every quatrain, if not of every individual line. The reader of the following pages will be able to judge for himself how close to the originals whole quatrains of Fitzgerald's poem really are.

Whilst these pages have been passing through the press I have been following up the clue afforded by Professor Cowell's observations (*vide* p. xviii. and xix.) as to the origin of the distich beginning "Earth could not answer, nor the seas that mourn," and Fitzgerald's own quotation of the dying utterances of Nizām ul Mulk from the Mantik ut tair of Ferīd ud dīn Attār, and I have made the discovery that most, if not all of Fitzgerald's lines which have baffled students of the ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyām, are taken from that poem, which Fitzgerald had deeply studied immediately before he addressed himself to his Omar. These parallels I propose to set forth in another place; for the present, suffice it to say that I have found in the Mantik ut tair the originals of the quatrain beginning "Oh Thou! who man of baser earth didst make," and that beginning, "Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled desire," and many other quatrains and isolated lines. A number of these parallels are indicated in the notes accompanying the text (*vide post*).

The faults, if faults they be, which Mr. Keene attributes to Fitzgerald, are necessarily inseparable from any verse translation, the exigencies of rhyme and metre compelling a distortion of the translated lines. These faults are abundantly manifest in the verse translations of Mr. Keene himself. Mr. Whinfield has observed: "Omar is a poet who can hardly be translated satisfactorily otherwise than in verse. . . . The successor of a translator like Mr. Fitzgerald, who ventures to write verse, and especially verse of the metre which he has handled with such success, cannot help feeling at almost every step that he is provoking comparisons very much to his own disadvantage. But I do not think this consideration ought to deter him from using the vehicle which everything else indicates as the proper one." Even admitting this contention, one cannot help regretting that Mr. Whinfield did not also give us the literal prose translation he may be assumed to have made in the first instance; a comparison of the literal

translations comprised in the present volume with his verse renderings of the same quatrains, will, I think, abundantly justify this regret, from the point of view of the mere student. It is next door to impossible to imitate in English the prevailing metre of the ruba'iyat: Mr. Michael Kerney, the anonymous editor of the American reprint of Fitzgerald's collected works (Boston, 1887), has attempted it in his notes to the quatrains, with a result which must be seen to be believed. One enthusiastic student of the ruba'iyat, however, has handled the metre of the original with grace and felicity, and that is Mr. Nathan H. Dole, editor of the Boston Variorum Edition of 1896, in his own introductory "ruba'iyat"; these contain the true lilt of the original without resorting to verbal quirks that jar upon the occidental ear. Of verse *translations*, the best I have seen are those of Professor C. J. Pickering, in the *National Review* for December, 1890.[1]

A few words in conclusion, by way of apology for my own work. It does not aim at being an edition of the Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyām in general, but it is an attempt to place before English readers a literal translation of the oldest known MS. of the quatrains, and an exposition of the most important section of the material used by Fitzgerald in the construction of his poem. In the case of the majority of the quatrains the task is not an especially difficult one, but in the case of the residual minority, the obscurity of the original has made the work one of the greatest doubt and anxiety. Such, for instance, are qq. 14, 19, 30, 50, 55, 57, 98, 104, 106, 113, 142—quatrains in which the correct rendering of almost every individual line is highly debateable.[2]

Later scribes and editors have made bold emendations, and these I have diligently marshalled, with the result that I have decided to supplement and, where possible, elucidate the readings of the Bodleian MS. by reference to the following texts:

1. The reader or critic who feels curious to know to what extent a translation can be abused is referred to the *Spectator*, vol. lxiii., p. 215 (Aug. 17, 1889

2. *Vide* note 1, p. xxxii.

1. The MS. No. 1458 in the Bengal Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta. It is a 12mo containing 49 leaves. It has 9 ruba'iyat on each leaf, and 87 further ruba'iyat are written upon the margins. Page *b* of leaf 1 contains a prose preface ending with the anecdote of Omar's apparition to his mother, which leads to the opening ruba'i of the MS. quoted in the note to q. 1, *post*.

2. The Lucknow lithographed edition. My copy, referred to as L. in the notes to this text, is one of the edition of A.H. 1312 (A.D. 1894), containing 770 quatrains.

3. The text printed opposite to his prose translation by Mons. Nicolas. Taken from the edition lithographed in Teheran in A.H. 1278 (A.D. 1861).[1]

4. The text lithographed in St. Petersburg in 1888, taken from the Tabriz edition of A.H. 1285 (A.D. 1868). It is identical with the text of Mons. Nicolas, excepting that it contains one ruba'i (No. 48) not in Nicolas, and does not contain the Nos. 35, 190, 316, 317, 365, 390, 439, and the concluding five ruba'iyat, which are out of their dīwān order at the end of that text.

5. The Paris MS. before referred to, containing 346 ruba'iyat, and dated A.H. 934 (A.D. 1538).[2]

6. The Bombay lithographed edition of A.H. 1297 (A.D. 1880), containing 756 ruba'iyat.

7. The text printed by Mr. Whinfield, described elsewhere.

I have also consulted, for the elucidation of obscure

1. Dr. Rieu, in his Catalogue of the Persian MSS. in the British Museum, states that Nicolas's text is that of Sanjar Mirza, lithographed at Teheran in A.H. 1278, with a few additional ruba'iyat from other sources.

2. The copy of the Paris MS. of A.H. 934 which I have had made for me only reached me when these sheets were almost ready for the printer. This volume was, in fact, kept back in order that the information to be found in so important a MS. might be included. My copy was unfortunately made by hand instead of by photography, and contains clerical errors; still, it is clear that nearly all the Bodleian ruba'iyat are to be found in it, and that where this is the case the readings are in the majority of cases identical. The haste in which I compared this Paris MS. with this and the other texts may have caused me to overlook some few references that might have been added, had it been in my hands during the years that these notes have been in course of preparation

readings, but have not collated all through, or given cross-references to, the following:

8. The MS. in the British Museum, Or. 330.

9. The MS. in the British Museum, Add. 27,318.

10. The Calcutta lithographed edition of 1836.

11. A collection of ruba'iyat by Omar Khayyām, Bābā Tāhri, and Attār, lithographed at Teheran in 1857.

12. The 31 quatrains contained in the Atash Kadah of Azr, described elsewhere.

13. The Paris MS. of A.H. 920 (A.D. 1514).

14. The Paris MS. of A.H. 937 (A.D. 1530).

I have also noted, where necessary, the translations of Nicolas, Whinfield, Cowell, and Garcin de Tassy. I have, however, made a point of *not* reading the translations before making my own, for fear of being prejudiced in favour of some reading not suggested to me purely by the original Persian.

It will therefore be observed that when it would appear from the notes to my text that a ruba'i is "only to be found in the Bodleian MS.," it must be borne in mind that I have *actually searched* for it only among the 3,811 ruba'iyat comprised in the first seven of the texts above referred to.

The exigences of time, space, my reader's patience, and my publisher's pocket have made me, with some regret I own, but, I think, with advantage to my book, omit a vast mass of references to other ruba'iyat, not identical with, but more or less closely corresponding to, ruba'iyat that are contained in this MS. The inclusion of these would have swelled my notes far beyond the dimensions of the whole work as it stands. The curious who care to see what they have been spared may make the following comparisons between this text and that of Mons. Nicolas *alone*. They are picked at random from several hundred references:

Compare Bodleian MS. q. 21 with Nicolas's text, q. 117

" " 29 " " 177

" " 34 " " 168-9

Compare Bodleian MS.		q. 85	with Nicolas's text,		q. 191
,,	,,	116	,,	,,	115
,,	,,	127	,,	,,	64
,,	,,	129	,,	,,	72
,,	,,	139	,,	,,	61

In like manner, when referring to parallel passages from other authors, I have only given the originals (in the Persian notes) in the cases where there exist printed or lithographed texts available for reference and easily obtainable. It seems a grievous thing to refer the student to an isolated MS. in the British Museum or elsewhere, and I have avoided doing so, but it may be observed that my quotations from the Beharistān are taken from the British Museum MSS., Add. 18,579 and 7,775. I do not think that the most exacting critic will blame me for transposing the order of the pages of the original MS.; to have arranged them to read backwards, according to oriental custom, would have savoured of pedantry.

Most translators of oriental works have given elaborate explanations of the system they have adopted in transliterating Persian words. It is pitiable that no universal system has been established, for the diversities to be found in all transliterations are confusing in the extreme. One finds this even in the name Khayyām, which will be found transliterated in the Bibliography (p. 281) Khaiam, Khaïyam, Chiam, Chajjam, etc., etc. I have adopted the expedient of noting only strong vowel sounds represented in the original by *Alif*, *Waw*, and *Ye*, giving always a supplementary note of the actual Persian where I have been compelled to transliterate. Edward Fitzgerald crystallized (so to speak) for all time the transliteration "ruba'iyat," a transliteration which I would fain see fall into disuse and thence into oblivion. The word ruba'i is common to more than one oriental language, and is correctly translated "quatrain." Between the letters of the first part of the word "ruba" and the terminal *-i*, or *-y*, occurs the purely oriental letter ع = soft *gh*, as in our word

"high," as opposed to the غ = hard *gh*, as in our word "ghost," the terminal *-at* being an artificial form of Persian plural borrowed from the Arabic, in which language it is the regular plural termination of feminine nouns. If, therefore, it be desired to retain this Persian word in the title of an English translation (a pedantry which would be deemed inexcusable were it to occur in such a title as, for instance, "The Gedichte of Henry Heine"), it seems a pity that the transliteration "ruba*gh*yat," which conveys an idea of the rich sonority of the original, رباعیات should not be adopted in place of the spiritless and thin rendering "ruba'iyat," even with the *gh* indicated as is usual by a comma. I have, however, taken counsel with Professor Cowell, Mr. Whinfield and Dr. Ross, and they warn me earnestly against disturbing an accepted rendering, and point out that my suggestion would involve similarly transliterating the غ which commences the name "Omar" (or, as some purists have it, 'Umar), and reading it "*Gh*omar," which would offend widely spread susceptibilities. It is also difficult to pronounce this *gh* without giving it the value of the thick (*grasséyé*) continental *r*. I have, therefore, avoided attempting this innovation.

Finally, let me acknowledge the sympathetic assistance that I have received in preparing these sheets for the press from Professor Cowell, who placed his MSS. at my disposal, and thereby greatly lightened my labours; from Mr. Whinfield, who has favoured me with his valuable opinion upon some of the most obscurely-worded quatrains; and from Professor E. Denison Ross, who has taken a keen interest in my work, even to the point of going through the whole with me line by line and note by note, and without whose help I should even now have hesitated to give the result of my labours to the world.

As regards the actual translation of the quatrains, it has been my endeavour to give a literal rendering of the original line for line, either in the translation proper or in the accompanying notes, and in this I have been very greatly assisted by

Mr. Barry Pain, who has gone through it with me and helped me to turn the intricate Persian construction of the lines into English, a task for which one is entirely unfitted after being steeped for two years in the involved phrasing of the original. The arrangement of the quatrains upon the pages of the MS., a bait, a ruba'i, and another bait on each, being very awkward for the English reader, and the translation being much confused by note-references, I have inserted between this Introduction and the text accompanied by the translation and the facsimiles, etc., a clean copy of the English only, for the convenience of readers who wish to gather a general impression of the whole poem, without going into the minutiæ dealt with in the notes. It must, however, be borne in mind by those who read this English translation, that the nature of the original is such that in many places it is quite incomprehensible without reference to the notes which accompany the text. In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote the concluding distich of the edition from which the Kama Shastra Society's translation of the Gulistān was made:

Gratitude is due that this book is ended
Before my life has reached its termination.[1]

LONDON, *October*, 1897.

1. The originals of these lines will be found on p. 287. They are taken from a text of the Gulistān lithographed in Bombay in 1875. The Editor remarks, in a marginal note, that he has never seen them in any MS. other than that from which his text was taken, and Mr. Ellis consulted a quantity of MSS. and texts of the Gulistān at the British Museum before he found them for me in the 1875 lithograph.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

(OUSELY MS., 140, BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD)

NOTE.—*Words printed in italics are not, properly speaking, represented in the Persian text, but are inserted for the purpose of converting Oriental into Occidental forms of phraseology.*

1.

IF I have never threaded the pearl of Thy service,
I have, *at least*, never wiped the dust of sin from my face;
this being so, I am not hopeless of Thy mercy,
for the reason that I have never said that One was Two.

2.

If I tell Thee my secret thoughts in a tavern,
it is better than if I make my devotions before the Mihrab
without Thee.
O Thou, the first and last of all created beings!
burn me an Thou wilt, *or* cherish me an Thou wilt.

3.

So far as in thee lies, reproach not drunkards,
lay thou aside pretence and imposture;
if, henceforth, thou desirest rest from this life of thine,
do not for a moment shun humble folk.

4.

So far as in thee lies, cause no pain to anyone,
nor cause anyone to suffer from thy wrath;
if thou hast a desire for eternal peace,
fret *thyself* always and harass no one.

5.

Since no one will guarantee thee a to-morrow,
make thou happy now this love-sick heart *of thine;*
drink wine in the moonlight, O Moon, for the moon
shall seek us long and shall not find us.

6.

The Qur'ān, which men call the Supreme Word,
they read at intervals but not continually,
but on the lines upon the goblet a text is engraved
which they read at all times and in all places.

7.

We are; and the wine is, and the drinking bench; and our drunken bodies are;
careless of hopes of mercy, and of fears of punishment;
our souls, and our hearts, and our goblets, and our garments full of the lees of wine,
independent of earth and air, and fire and water.

8.

In this life it is best that thou shouldst make but few friends;
distant intercourse with one's fellow men is good;
that person upon whom thou leanest entirely,
when thou examinest him closely, he is thine enemy.

9.

This jug was once a plaintive lover as I am,
and was in pursuit of *one of* comely face;
this handle that thou seest upon its neck
is an arm that once lay around the neck of a friend.

10.

Ah, woe to that heart in which there is no passion,
which is not spell-bound by heart-cheering love!
the day that thou spendest without love,
there is no day more useless to thee than that day.

11.

To-day being the season of my youth,
I desire wine, for thence comes my happiness;
reproach me not, even though acrid it is pleasant;
it is acrid *only* in that it represents my life.

12.

Thou hast no power to-day over the morrow,
and anxiety about the morrow is useless to thee;
waste not thou this moment if thy heart be not mad,
for the value of the remainder of this life is not manifest.

13.

Now that there is a possibility of happiness for the world,
every living heart has yearnings towards the desert,
upon every bough is the appearance of Moses' hand,
in every breeze is the sigh of Jesus' breath.

14.

For him for whom the fruit of the branch of truth has not grown,
the reason is that he is not firm in the Road.
Every one *who* has shaken with his hand the unstable bough *of knowledge*
knows that to-day is like yesterday, and that to-morrow is like the First Day *of Creation.*

15.

Already on the Day of Creation beyond the heavens my soul
searched for the Tablet and Pen and for heaven and hell;
at last the Teacher said to me with His enlightened judgment,
"Tablet and Pen, and heaven and hell, are within thyself."

16.

Arise and give *me* wine—what time is this for words?
for to-night thy little mouth fills all my needs;
give me wine, rose-coloured as thy cheeks,
for this penitence of mine is as full of tangles as thy curls.

17.

The spring breeze blows sweetly upon the face of the rose,
in the shade of the garden plot a darling's face is sweet;
nothing thou canst say of yesterday that is past, is sweet,
be happy and do not speak of yesterday, for to-day is sweet.

18.

How long shall I throw bricks upon the surface of the sea?
I am disgusted with the idol-worshippers of the pagoda.
Khayyām! who can say that he will be a denizen of hell,
who ever went to hell, and who ever came from heaven?

19.

The elements of a cup which he has made, to contain wine,
a drinker will not permit to be scattered abroad;
all these heads and delicate feet—with his finger-tips,
for love of whom did he make them?—for hate of whom should
he break them?

20.

Like water in a great river and like wind in the desert,
another day passes out of the period of my existence;
grief has never lingered in my mind—concerning two days,
the day that has not yet come and the day that is past.

21.

Seeing that my coming was not for me the Day of Creation,
and *that* my undesired departure *hence* is a purpose fixed *for me*,
get up and gird well thy loins, O nimble Cup-bearer,
for I will wash down the misery of the world in wine.

22.

Khayyām, who stitched at the tents of wisdom,
fell into the furnace of sorrow and was suddenly burnt;
the shears of doom cut the tent-rope of his existence,
and the broker of hope sold him for a mere song.

23.

Khayyām, why mourn thus for *thy* sins?
from grieving thus what advantage, more or less, dost thou gain?
Mercy was never for him who sins not,
mercy is granted for sins—why then grieve?

24.

In cell, and college, and monastery, and synagogue
are those who fear hell and those who seek after heaven;
he who has knowledge of the secrets of God
sows none of such seed in his heart of hearts.

25.

If in the season of spring a being, houri-shaped,
gives me on the green bank of a field a goblet full of wine,
(though to everyone this saying may seem uncouth)
a dog is better than I am if thenceforth I pronounce the name
of heaven.

26.

Know this—that from thy soul thou shalt be separated,
thou shalt pass behind the curtain of the secrets of God.
Be happy—thou knowest not whence thou hast come:
drink wine—thou knowest not whither thou shalt go.

27.

I fell asleep, *and* wisdom said to me:—
"Never from sleep has the rose of happiness blossomed for
anyone;
why do a thing that is the mate of death?
Drink wine, for thou must sleep for ages."

28.

My heart said to me:—"I have a longing for inspired knowledge;
teach me if thou art able."
I said the Alif. My heart said:—"Say no more.
If One is in the house, one letter is enough."

29.

No one can pass behind the curtain *that veils* the secret,
the mind of no one is *cognizant* of what is there;
save in the heart of earth we have no haven.
Drink wine, for to such talk there is no end.

30.

The mystery must be kept hidden from all the ignoble,
and the secrets must be withheld from fools.
Consider thine actions towards *thy fellow* men:
our hopes must be concealed from all mankind.

31.

From the beginning was written what shall be;
unhaltingly the Pen *writes, and* is heedless of good and bad;
on the First Day He appointed everything that must be—
our grief and our efforts are vain.

32.

In the spring, on the bank of the river and on the bank of the field,
with a few companions and a playmate houri-shaped,
bring forth the cup, for those that drink the morning draught
are independent of the mosque and free from the synagogue.

33.

The heavenly vault is the girdle of my weary body,
Jihun is a water-course worn by my filtered tears,
hell is a spark from my useless worries,
Paradise is a moment of time when I am tranquil.

34.

They say that the garden of Eden is pleasant to the houris:
I say that the juice of the grape is pleasant.
Hold fast this cash and let that credit go,
for the noise of drums, brother, is pleasant from afar.

35.

Drink wine, for thou wilt sleep long beneath the clay
without an intimate, a friend, a comrade, or wife;
take care that thou tell'st not this hidden secret to anyone:—
The tulips that are withered will never bloom again.

36.

Drink wine, for this is life eternal,
this is thy gain from the days of thy youth;
a season of roses, and wine, and drunken companions—
be happy for a moment for THIS is life!

37.

Give me wine which is a salve for my wounded heart,
it is the boon companion of those who have trafficked in love;
to my mind the dregs of a single draught are better
than the vault of heaven which is the hollow of the world's skull.

38.

I drink wine, and *my* enemies from left and right
say:—"Do not drink wine, for it is the foe of religion."
When I knew that wine was the foe of religion,
I said:—"By Allah! let me drink the foe's blood, for *that* is lawful."

39.

Wine is a melted ruby and the cup is the mine thereof;
the cup is a body and its wine is the soul thereof;
that crystal cup that is bubbling over with wine
is a tear in which the heart's blood is hidden.

40.

I know not whether he who fashioned me
appointed me to dwell in heaven or in dreadful hell,
but some food, and an adored one, and wine, upon the green bank of a field—
all these three are cash to me: thine be the credit-heaven!

41.

The good and the bad that are in man's nature,
the happiness and misery that are predestined for us—
do not impute *them* to the heavens, for in the way of Wisdom
those heavens are a thousandfold more helpless than thou art.

42.

Whosoever has engrafted the leaf of love upon his heart,
not one day of his life has been wasted;
either he strives to meet with God's approbation,
or he chooses bodily comfort and raises the wine-cup.

43.

Everywhere that there has been a rose or tulip-bed,
there has been *spilled* the crimson blood of a king;
every violet shoot that grows from the earth
is a mole that was *once* upon the cheek of a beauty.

44.

Be prudent, for the means of life are uncertain;
take heed, for the sword of destiny is keen.
If fortune place almond-sweets in thy very mouth,
beware! swallow them not, for poison is mingled therein.

45.

One jar of wine and a lover's lips, on the bank of the sown field—
these have robbed me of cash, and thee of the credit.
The whole human race is pledged to heaven or hell,
but who ever went to hell, and who ever came from heaven?

46.

O thou, whose cheek is moulded upon the model of the wild rose,
whose face is cast in the mould of Chinese idols,
yesterday thy amorous glance gave to the Shah of Babylon
the moves of the Knight, the Castle, the Bishop, the Pawn, and the Queen.

47.

Since life passes; what is Baghdad and what is Balkh?
When the cup is full, what matter if it be sweet or bitter?
Drink wine, for often, after thee and me, this moon
will pass on from the last day of the month to the first, and
from the first to the last.

48.

Of those who draw the pure date wine
and those who spend the night in prayer,
not one is on the dry land, all are in the water.
One is awake: the others are asleep.

49.

This intellect that haunts the path of happiness
keeps saying to thee a hundred times a day:—
"Understand in this single moment of thine existence, that
thou art not
like those herbs which when they gather them spring up again."

50.

Those who are the slaves of intellect and hair-splitting,
have perished in bickerings about existence and non-existence;
go, thou ignorant one, and choose *rather* grape-juice,
for the ignorant from *eating* dry raisins have become *like* unripe
grapes *themselves*.

51.

My coming was of no profit to the heavenly sphere,
and by my departure naught will be added to its beauty and
dignity;
neither from anyone have my two ears heard
what is the object of this my coming and going.

52.

We must be effaced in the way of love,
we must be destroyed in the talons of destiny;
O sweet-faced Cup-bearer, sit thou not idle,
give to me water, for dust I must become.

53.

Now that nothing but the mere name of our happiness remains,
the only old friend that remains is new wine;
withhold not the merry hand from the wine-cup
to-day that nothing but the cup remains within our reach.

54.

What the Pen has written never changes,
and grieving only results in deep affliction;
even though, all thy life, thou sufferest anguish,
not one drop becomes increased beyond what it is.

55.

O heart, for a while seek not the company of the frail ones;
cease for a while to be engrossed with the commerce of love.
Frequent the thresholds of the darvīshes—
perhaps thou mayest be accepted for awhile by the accepted people.

56.

Those who adorn the Heavens for a fragment of time,
come, and go, and come again as time goes on;
in the skirt of Heaven, and in the pocket of earth,
are creatures who, while God dies not, will yet be born.

57.

Those whose beliefs are founded upon hypocrisy,
come and draw a distinction between the body and the soul;
I will put the wine jar on my head, if, when I have done so,
they place a comb upon my head, as if I were a cock.

58.

The bodies which people this heavenly vault,
puzzled the learned.
Beware lest thou losest the end of the string of wisdom,
for *even* the controllers themselves become giddy.

59.

I am not the man to dread my non-existence,
for that half seems pleasanter to me than this half;
this is a life which God has lent me,
I will surrender it when the time of surrender comes.

60.

This caravan of life passes by mysteriously;
mayest thou seize the moment that passes happily!
Cup-bearer, why grieve about the to-morrow of thy patrons?
give us a cup of wine, for the night wanes.

61.

Being old, my love for thee led my head into a snare;
if not, how comes it that my hand *holds* the cup of date-wine?
My sweetheart has destroyed the penitence born of reason,
and the passing seasons have torn the garment that patience sewed.

62.

Although wine has rent my veil,
so long as I have a soul I will not be separated from wine;
I am in perplexity concerning vintners, for they—
what will they buy *that is* better than what they sell?

63.

So much generosity and kindness at the beginning, why was it?
and that maintenance of me with delights and blandishments, why was it?
Now Thine only endeavour is to afflict my heart;
after all, what wrong have I done—once more, why was it?

64.

In my mind may there be desire for idols houri-like,
in my hand may there be, all the year round, the juice of the grape;
they say to me, "May God give thee repentance!"
He himself will not give it; I will none of it; let it be far off!

65.

In the tavern thou canst not perform the Ablution save with wine,
and thou canst not purify a tarnished reputation;
be happy, for this veil of temperance of ours
is so torn that it cannot be repaired.

66.

I saw upon the terrace of a house a man, alone,
who trampled upon the clay, holding it in contempt;
that clay said to him in mystic language:—
"Be still, for like me thou wilt be much trampled upon."

67.

It is a pleasant day, and the weather is neither hot nor cold;
the rain has washed the dust from the faces of the roses;
the nightingale in the Pehlevi tongue to the yellow rose
cries ever:—"Thou must drink wine!"

68.

Ere that *fate* makes assault upon thy head,
give orders that they bring thee rose-coloured wine;
thou art not treasure, O heedless dunce, that thee
they hide in the earth and then dig up again.

69.

Take heed to stay me with the wine-cup,
and make this amber face like a ruby;
when I die, wash me with wine,
and out of the wood of the vine make the planks of my coffin.

70.

O Shah! thy destiny appointed thee to sovereignty,
and saddled for thee the horse of empire;
when thy golden-hoofed charger moved,
setting foot upon the clay, the earth became gilded.

71.

A love that is insincere has no value;
like a fire half-dead, it gives no heat.
A *true* lover, throughout the month, and year, and night, and day,
takes neither rest, nor peace, nor food, nor sleep.

72.

No one has solved the tangled secrets of eternity,
no one has set foot beyond the orbit,
since, so far as I can see, from tyro to teacher,
impotent are the hands of all men born of woman.

73.

Set limits to thy desire for worldly things and live content,
sever the bonds of thy dependence upon the good and bad of life,
take wine in hand and *play with* the curls of a loved one; for quickly
all passeth away—and how many of these days remain?

74.

The heavens rain down blossoms from the clouds,
thou mayest say that they shed blossoms into the garden;
in a lily-like cup I pour rosy wine,
as the violet clouds pour down jessamine.

75.

I drink wine, and every one drinks who like me is worthy of it;
my wine-drinking is but a small thing to Him;
God knew, on the Day of Creation, that I should drink wine;
if I do not drink wine, God's knowledge was ignorance.

76.

Do not allow sorrow to embrace thee,
nor an idle grief to occupy thy days;
forsake not the book, and the lover's lips, and the green bank of the field,
ere that the earth enfold thee in its bosom.

77.

Drink wine, that will banish thy abundant woes,
and will banish thought of the Seventy-two Sects;
avoid not the alchemist, for, from him,
thou takest one draught, and he banishes a thousand calamities.

78.

Even though wine is forbidden, for all that *it depends upon* who drinks it,
and then in what quantity, and also with whom he drinks it;
these three conditions being as they should be; say!
who drinks wine if a wise man does not do so?

79.

Drink wine, for thy body becomes atoms in the earth,
thine earth, after that, becomes goblets and jars;
be thou heedless of hell and heaven,
why should a wise man be deceived about such things?

80.

Now is the time when by the spring-breezes the world is adorned,
and in hope of rain it opens its eyes,
the hands of Moses appear like froth upon the bough,
the breath of Jesus comes forth from the earth.

81.

Every draught that the Cup-bearer scatters upon the earth
quenches the fire of anguish in some afflicted eye.
Praise be to God! thou realizest that wine
is a juice that frees thy heart from a hundred pains.

82.

Every morning the dew bedecks the faces of the tulips,
the crests of the violets in the garden are bent downwards;
verily, most pleasing to me is the rosebud
which gathers its skirts close around itself.

83.

Friends, when ye hold a meeting together,
it behoves ye warmly to remember your friend;
when ye drink wholesome wine together,
and my turn comes, turn *a goblet* upside down.

84.

Friends, when with consent ye make a tryst together,
and take delight in one another's charms,
when the Cup-bearer takes *round* in his hand the Mugh wine,
remember a certain helpless one in your benediction.

85.

One cup of wine is worth a hundred hearts and religions,
one draught of wine is worth the empire of China,
saving ruby wine there is not, on the face of earth,
any acrid thing that is worth a thousand sweet souls.

86.

If thou desirest Him, be separated from wife and children,
bravely move thine abode from thy relations and friends;
whatever *is*, is an hindrance on the road for thee,
how canst thou journey with these hindrances?—remove them!

87.

Bring *me* that ruby in a clear glass,
bring *me* that companion and intimate of all excellent people;
since thou knowest that the duration of this earthly world
is a wind that quickly passes by,—bring *me* wine.

88.

Arise! bring physic to this oppressed heart,
bring that musk-scented and rose-coloured wine;
if thou desirest the elements of sorrow's antidote,
bring ruby wine and the silk *stringed* lute.

89.

I saw a potter in the bazaar yesterday,
he was violently pounding the fresh clay,
and that clay said to him, in mystic language,
"I was once like thee—so treat me well."

90.

Drink of that wine that is eternal life,
it is the stock-in-trade of youthful pleasure, drink!
it burns like fire, but sorrows
it makes like the water of life—drink!

91.

Follow not the Traditions, and leave alone the Commands,
withhold not from anyone the morsel that thou possessest:
neither slander, nor afflict the heart of anyone,
I guarantee you the world beyond—bring wine!

92.

Wine is rose-red, and the cup is *filled with* the water of roses,
—maybe,
in the crystal casket is a pure ruby,—maybe,
a melted ruby is in the water,—maybe,
moonlight is the veil of the sun,—maybe.

93.

Every vow we make, we break again,
we shut once more upon ourselves the door of fame and
fair repute;
blame me not if I act as a fool,
for once more am I drunken with the wine of love.

94.

To speak plain language, and not in parables,
we are the pieces and heaven plays the game,
we are played together in a baby-game upon the chessboard
of existence,
and one by one we return to the box of non-existence.

95.

Oh, heart! since in this world truth itself is hyperbole,
why art thou so disquieted with this trouble and abasement?
resign thy body to destiny, and adapt thyself to the times,
for, what the Pen has written, it will not re-write for thy sake.

96.

On the face of the rose there is still a cloud-shadow,
in my nature and heart there is still a desire for wine;
sleep not, what right hast thou to sleep yet?
give me wine, sweetheart, for it is still daylight.

97.

Go! throw dust upon the face of the heavens,
drink wine, and consort with the fair of face;
what time is this for worship? and what time is this for supplication?
since, of all those that have departed, not one has returned?

98.

Fill the cup! for the day breaks white like snow,
learn colour from the wine that is ruby;
take two fragrant aloe logs, and brighten the assembly,
make one into a lute, and burn the other.

99.

We have returned to our wonted debauch,
we have renounced—the Five Prayers!
wherever the goblet is, there thou mayst see us,
our necks stretched out like that of the bottle.

100.

In great desire I pressed my lips to the lip of the jar,
to enquire from it how long life might be attained;
it joined its lip to mine and whispered:—
"Drink wine, for, to this world, thou returnest not."

101.

I will give thee counsel if thou wilt give ear to me,
for the sake of God do not wear the garment of hypocrisy,
the hereafter will fill all hours, and the world is but a moment,
do not sell the kingdom of eternity for the sake of one moment.

102.

Khayyām, if thou art drunk with wine, be happy,
if thou reposest with one tulip-cheeked, be happy,
since the end of all things is that thou wilt be naught;
whilst thou art, imagine that thou art not,—be happy!

103.

I went last night into the workshop of a potter,
I saw two thousand pots, *some* speaking, and *some* silent;
suddenly one of the pots cried out aggressively:—
"Where are the pot maker, and the pot buyer, and the pot seller?"

104.

Of this spirit, that they call pure wine,
they say:—"It is a remedy for a ruined heart";
set quickly before me two or three heavily filled cups,
why do they call a good water "wicked water"?

105.

Regard my virtues one by one, and forgive my crimes ten by ten,
pardon every crime that is past, its reckoning is with God!
let not the wind and air fan the flame of thy rancour,
by Muhammad's tomb! forgive me.

106.

Verily wine in the goblet is a delicate spirit,
in the body of the jar, a delicate soul reposes,
nothing heavy is worthy to be the friend of wine
save the wine-cup, for that is, at the same time, heavy and delicate.

107.

Where is the limit to eternity to come, and where to eternity past?
now is the time of joy, there is no substitute for wine:
both theory and practice have passed beyond my ken,
but wine unties the knot of every difficulty.

108.

This vault of heaven, beneath which we stand bewildered,
we know to be a sort of magic-lantern:
know thou that the sun is the lamp-flame and the universe is the lamp,
we are like figures that revolve in it.

109.

I do not always prevail over my nature,—*but* what can I do?
and I suffer for my actions,—*but* what can I do?
I verily believe that Thou wilt generously pardon me
on account of my shame that Thou hast seen what I have done,—*but* what can I do?

110.

Let me arise and seek pure wine,
make thou the colour of my cheek like that of the jujube fruit,
as for this meddling intellect, a fist-full of wine
will I throw in its face, to make *it* sleep.

111.

How long shall we continue slaves to every-day problems?
what matter whether we live one year, or one day, in this world?
pour out a cup of wine, before that we
become pots in the workshop of the potters.

112.

Since our abode in this monastery is not permanent
without the Cup-bearer and the beloved, it is painful to support life;
how long of ancient creeds or new, O philosopher?
when I have left *it* what matter if the world be old or new?

113.

In loving Thee I incur reproaches for a hundred sins,
and if I fail in this obligation I pay a penalty:
if *my* life remain faithful to Thy cruelty,
please God, I shall have less than that to bear till the Judgment Day.

114.

The world being fleeting, I practise naught but artifice,
I hold only with cheerfulness and sparkling wine;
they say to me:—"May God grant thee penitence."
He himself does not give it, and if He gives it, I will none of it.

115.

Although I have come with an air of supplication to the mosque,
by Allah! I have not come to pray;
I came one day and stole a prayer-mat—
that sin wears out, and I come again and again.

116.

When I am abased beneath the foot of destiny
and am rooted up from the hope of life,
take heed that thou makest nothing but a goblet of my clay,
haply when it is full of wine I may revive.

117.

My heart does not distinguish between the bait and the trap,
one counsel urges it towards the mosque, another towards the cup;
nevertheless the wine-cup, and the loved one, and I continually *together*,
are better, cooked, in a tavern, than raw, in a monastery.

118.

It is morning: let us for a moment inhale rose-coloured wine,
and shatter against a stone this vessel of reputation and honour;
let us cease to strive after what has long been our hope,
and play with long ringlets and the handle of the lute.

119.

We have preferred a corner and two loaves to the world,
and we have put away greed of its estate and magnificence;
we have bought poverty with our heart and soul—
in poverty we have discerned great riches.

120.

I know the outwardness of existence and of non-existence,
I know the inwardness of all that is high and low;
nevertheless let me be modest about my own knowledge
if I recognise any degree higher than drunkenness.

121.

For a while, when young, we frequented a teacher,
for a while we were contented with our proficiency;
behold the foundation of the discourse:—what happened to us?
we came in like water and we depart like wind.

122.

To him who understands the mysteries of the world,
the joy and sorrow of the world is all the same;
since the good and the bad of the world will come to an end;
what matter, since it must end? an thou wilt, be all pain, or,
an thou wilt, all remedy.

123.

So far as in thee lies, follow the example of the profligate,
destroy the foundations of prayer and fasting:
hear thou the Word of Truth from Omar Khayyām,
"Drink wine, rob on the highway, and be benevolent."

124.

Since the harvest for the human race, in this wilderness,
is naught but to suffer affliction or to give up the ghost,
light-hearted is he who passes quickly from this world,
and he who never came into the world is at rest.

125.

Darvīsh! rend from thy body the figured veil,
rather than sacrifice thy body for the sake of that veil;
go and throw upon thy shoulders the old rug of poverty—
beneath that rug thou art equal to a sultan.

126.

Behold the evil conduct of this vault of heaven,
behold the world—empty by the passing away of friends;
as far as thou art able live for thyself for one moment,
look not for to-morrow, seek not yesterday, behold the present!

127.

To drink wine and consort with a company of the beautiful
is better than practising the hypocrisy of the zealot;
if the lover and the drunkard are doomed to hell,
then no one will see the face of heaven.

128.

One cannot consume one's happy heart with sorrow,
nor consume the pleasure of one's life upon the touchstone;
no one is to be found who knows what is to be;
wine, and a loved one, and to repose according to one's desire,—
these things are necessary.

129.

This heavenly vault, for the sake of my destruction and thine,
wages war upon my pure soul and thine;
sit upon the green sward, O my Idol! for it will not be long
ere that green sward shall grow from my dust and thine.

130.

What profits it, our coming and going?
and where is the woof for the warp of the stuff of our life?
How many delicate bodies the world
burns away to dust! and where is the smoke of them?

131.

Flee from the study of all sciences—'tis better thus,
and twine thy fingers in the curly locks of a loved one—'tis better thus,
ere that fate shall spill thy blood;
pour thou the blood of the bottle into the cup—'tis better thus.

132.

Ah! I have brushed the tavern doorway with my moustaches,
I have bidden farewell to the good and evil of both worlds;
though both the worlds should fall like balls in my street,
seek me,—ye will find me sleeping like a drunkard.

133.

From everything save wine abstinence is best,
and *that wine* is best *when* served by drunken beauties in a pavilion,
drinking, and Kalendarism, and erring, are best,
one draught of wine from Mah to Mahi is best.

134.

This heavenly vault is like a bowl, fallen upside down,
under which all the wise have fallen captive,
choose thou the manner of friendship of the goblet and the jar,
they are lip to lip, and blood has fallen between them.

135.

See, the skirt of the rose has been torn by the breeze,
the nightingale rejoices in the beauty of the rose;
sit in the shade of the rose, for, by the wind, many roses
have been scattered to earth and have become dust.

136.

How long shall I grieve about what I have or *have* not,
and *whether* I shall pass this life light-heartedly or not?
Fill up the wine-cup, for I do not know
that I shall breathe out this breath that I am drawing in.

137.

Submit not to the sorrow of this iniquitous world,
remind us not of sorrow for those who have passed away,
give thine heart only to one jasmine-bosomed and fairy-born,
be not without wine, and cast not thy life to the winds.

138.

Though thy life pass sixty years, do not give up;
wherever thou directest thy steps, walk not save *when* drunk;
before they make the hollow of thy skull into a jar,
lower not the jar from thy shoulder, neither relinquish the cup.

139.

One draught of old wine is better than a new kingdom,
avoid any way save that of wine—'tis better so;
the cup is a hundred times better than the kingdom of Feridun,
the tile that covers the jar is better than the crown of Kai Khosrū.

140.

Those, O Saki, who have gone before us,
have fallen asleep, O Saki, in the dust of self-esteem;
go thou and drink wine, and hear the truth from me,
whatever they have said, O Saki, is *but* wind.

141.

Rabbi, thou hast broken my jug of wine;
Rabbi, thou hast shut upon me the door of happiness;
thou hast spilled my pure wine upon the earth;
may I perish! *but* thou art strange, O Rabbi!

142.

O heaven! thou givest something to every base creature,
thou suppliest baths, and millstreams, and canals;
the pure man plays hazard for his night's provisions:
wouldst thou give a fig for such a heaven?

143.

O heart! at the mysterious secret thou arrivest not,
at the conceits of the ingenious philosophers thou arrivest not;
make thyself a heaven here with wine and cup,
for at that place where heaven is, thou mayst arrive, or mayst not.

144.

Thou eatest always smoke from the kitchen of the world;
how long wilt thou suffer miseries concerning what is or is not?
thou desirest not a stock in trade, for its source weakens,
and who will consume the capital, seeing that thou consumest
all the profit?

145.

O soul! if thou canst purify thyself from the dust of the body,
thou, naked spirit, canst soar in the heavens,
the Empyrean is thy sphere,—let it be thy shame,
that thou comest and art a dweller within the confines of earth.

146.

I smote the glass wine-cup upon a stone last night,
my head was turned that I did so base a thing;
the cup said to me in mystic language,
"I was like thee, and thou also wilt be like me."

147.

Grasp the wine-cup and the flagon, O heart's desire!
pleasantly, pleasantly, and cheerfully, wander in the garden
by the river brink;
many *are* the excellent folk whom malicious heaven
has made a hundred times into cups, and a hundred times into
flagons.

148.

In a thousand places on the road I walk, Thou placest snares,
Thou sayest, "I will catch thee if thou placest step *in them*";
in no smallest thing is the world independent of Thee,
Thou orderest all things, and callest me rebellious.

149.

I desire a little ruby wine and a book of verses,
just enough to keep me alive and half a loaf is needful;
and then, that I and thou, should sit in a desolate place
is better than the kingdom of a sultan.

150.

Do not give way so much to vain grief,—live happily,
and, in the way of injustice, set thou an example of justice,
since the final end of this world is nothingness;
suppose thyself to be nothing, and be free.

151.

Gaze as I may on all sides,
in the garden flows *a stream* from the river Kausar,
the desert becomes like heaven, thou mayst say hell has disappeared,
sit thou *then* in heaven with one heavenly-faced.

152.

Be happy! they settled thy reward yesterday,
and beyond the reach of all thy longings is yesterday;
live happily, for without any importunity on thy part yesterday,
they appointed with certainty what thou wilt do to-morrow,—yesterday!

153.

Pour out the red wine of pure tulip colour,
draw the pure blood from the throat of the jar,
for to-day, beside the wine-cup, there is not, for me,
one friend who possesses a pure heart.

154.

To the ear of my heart Heaven whispered secretly:—
"The commands that are decreed thou mayst learn from me:
had I a hand in my own revolutions,
wine would have saved me from giddiness."

155.

If a loaf of wheaten-bread be forthcoming,
a gourd of wine, *and* a thigh-bone of mutton,
and then, *if* thou and I *be* sitting in the wilderness,—
that would be a joy to which no sultan can set bounds.

156.

If henceforth two measures of wine come to thy hand,
drink thou wine in every assembly and congregation,
for He who made the world does not occupy Himself
about moustaches like thine, or a beard like mine.

157.

Had I charge of the matter I would not have come,
and likewise could I control my going, where should I go?
were it not better than that, that in this world
I had neither come, nor gone, nor lived?

158.

The month of Ramazan passes and Shawwal comes,
the season of increase, and joy, and story-tellers comes;
now comes that time when "Bottles upon the shoulder!"
they say,—for the porters come *and are* back to back.

END OF THE QUATRAINS.

Written by the humble slave Mahmūd Yerbūdākī, who is in need of mercies of Eternal God. Finished with victory in the district of Shīrāz, in the year of the Hijrah, the last decade of Safar, Eight hundred and sixty-five.

May God protect him from evils.

THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

157

158

79

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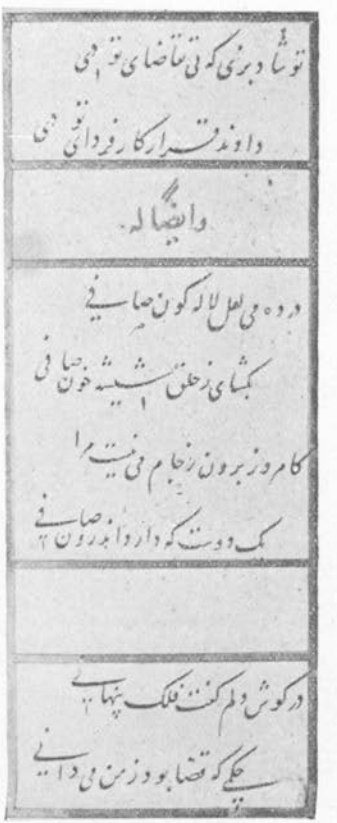


توشا دبرنی که ی تقاضای تو ی
داوند قرار کار فردای تو ی

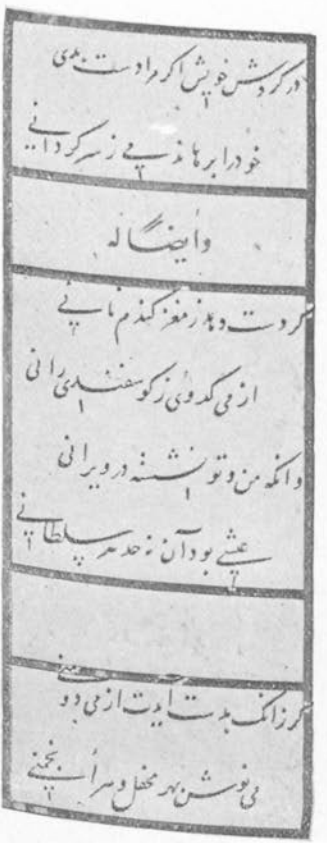
153 وایضاً له

دردو ی لعل لاله گون صافی
بکشای زخلق شیشه خون صافی
کام روز برون زجام ی نیت مرا
یک دوست که دارد بدرون صافی

154

درگوش دلم گفت فلک پنهانی
چکی که قضا بود زمن ی دانی

77



درگردش خویش اگر مرادست دمی
خود را برهاند پی زسر گردانی

155 وایضاً له

گردست دهد زمغز گندم نانی
ازمی گدوی زگوسفندی رانی
وانگه من وتو نشسته درویرانی
عیشی بود آن نه حد هر سلطانی

156

گرزانک بدست آیدت ازمی دو
می نوشن بهر محفل و سرآبخنی

78

یک دم زحکم تو جهان خالی نیست
حکم تو کنی و عاصیم نامی نیست

وایضاً له

149

سنگی بے لعل خواهم و دیواری
بے قدر مقبلی بدهد و نصف نانی
دانم من و تو نشسته در ویرانی
خوشتر بود از مملکت سلطانی

150

چندان غم هیچ وه مخور شاد بزی
وانگه زره بیداد تو باداد بزی

75

چون آخر کار این جهان نیستی است
انگار که نیستی و آزاد بزی

وایضاً له

151

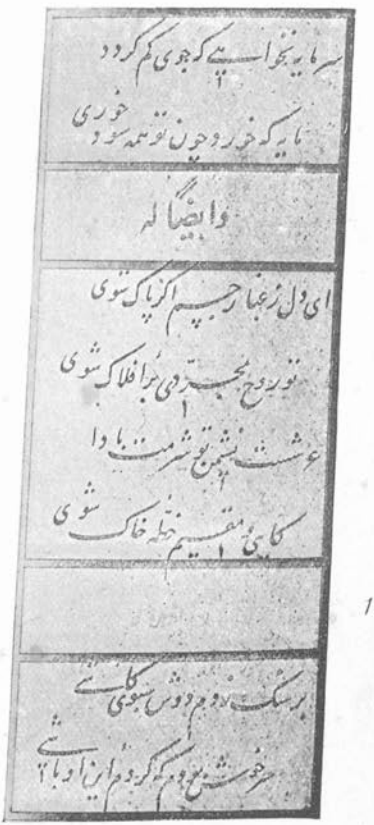
چندان که نگاه بے کنم هر سوئی
در باغ روانست ز کوثر جوئی
صحرا چو بهشت شد ز دوزخ کم گوی
بنشین بهشت با بهشتی روئی

وایضاً له

152

خوش باش که پخته اند سودای تو دی
ایمن شده از همه تمنای تو دی

76



سرمایه نخواسته چه کجوی کم کردد
مایه که خورد و چون تو نه سود خوری

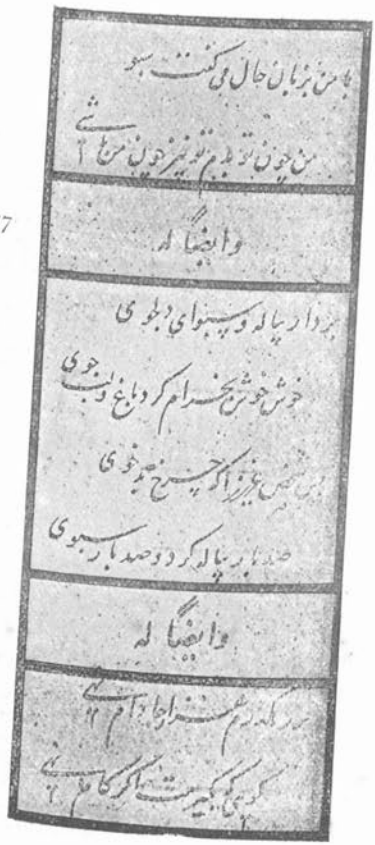
145 وابیگاله

ای دل زغبار جسم اگر پاک شوی
تو روح مجردی برافلاک شوی
عشق نشین تو شربت بادا
کای تقسیم خطه خاک شوی

146

برسنگ زدم دوش سبوی کلمی
هرخشت سبوم که کردم این ادبا

73



با من بزبان حال می گفت سبو
من چون تو بدم تو نیز چون من روزی

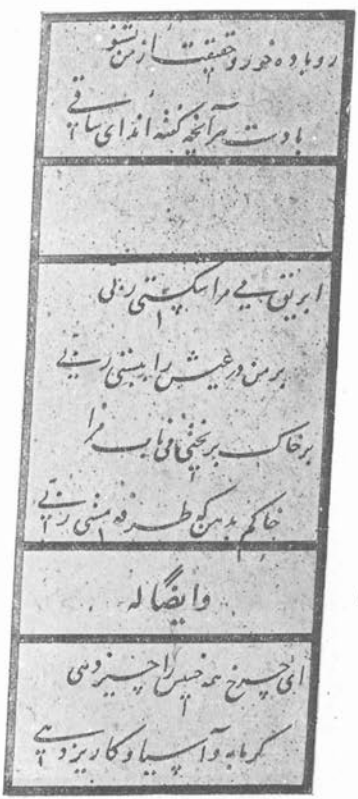
147 وابیگاله

بردار پیاله و سبوی دیگری
خوش خوش بخرام کز دماغ دلجوی
بس خس عزیز اکه چو خاک شوی
صد بار پیاله کرد و صد بار سبوی

148 وابیگاله

هر کله که دم شهنشاه وار دارم
کوبی که کیم ست اگر کام دارم

74



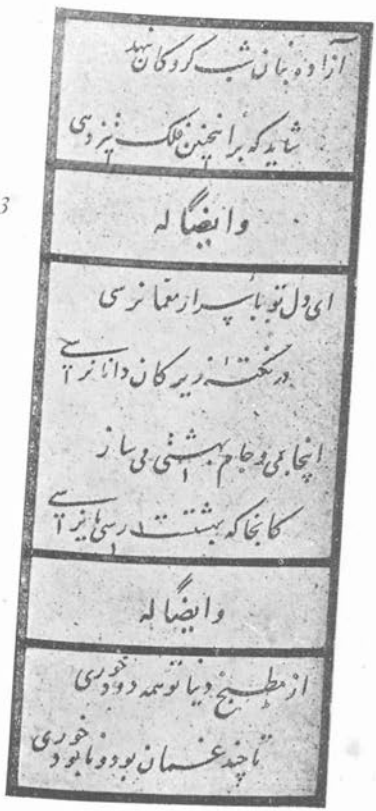
141

ابر نیسانی مرا آبستنی زد
برق در عیش مرا بستنی زد
بر خاک بر بختی نابرا
خاکم بدهن کو طرفه منی زد

142 وایضاً

ای چرخ همه خیس را چیزدهی
کرمایه وآسیا و کاریزدهی

71



143 وایضاً

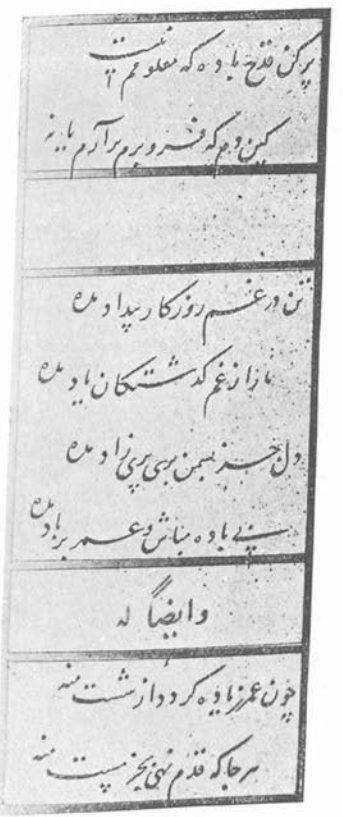
آزاده بنان شب کرو کان نهد
شاید که بر انجمن فلک پیزدهی

144 وایضاً

ای دل تو بابسرار معانرسی
در نکته زیرکان دانا نرسی
اینجا می و جام بهشتی می ساز
کانجا که بهشت رسی نایزرسی

از مطبخ دنیا تو همه دود خوری
تا چند غمان بود و نابود خوری

72



پر کن قدح بادہ کہ معلوم نیست
کین دم کہ فرو برم بر آرم بازم

137

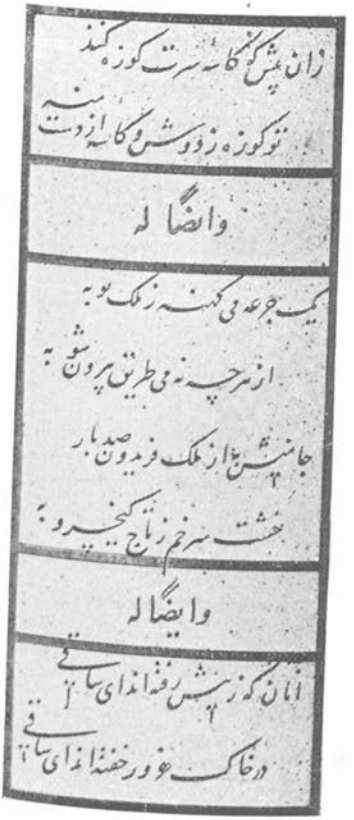
تن در غم روزگار پیداد مدہ
ما را ز غم گذشتگان یاد مدہ
دل جز بہمن بہی نزاد مدہ
پیغام بادہ بنوش و عمر بر باد مدہ

138

واپضاً لہ

چون عمر بادہ کرد دارشت منہ
ہر جا کہ قدم نہی بجز پشت منہ

69



زان پیش کہ کاسہ سرت کوزہ کنند
تو کوزہ زدوش کاسہ از دست منہ

139

واپضاً لہ

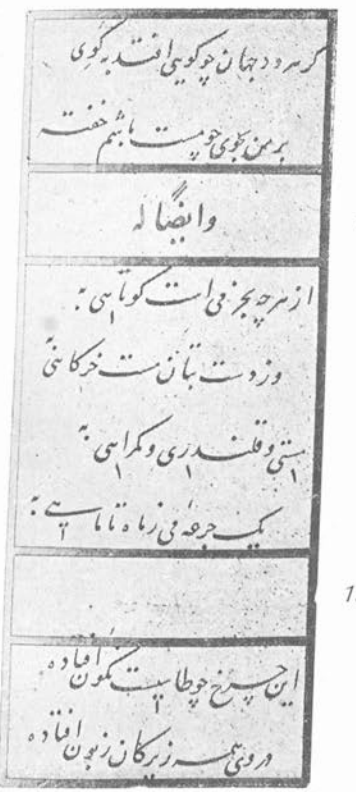
یک جرعہ می کہنہ ز ملک بوبہ
از مرچہ نہ می طریق پرو شو بہ
جامیش ہزار ملک فرمود صد بار
خشت سر خم ز تاج کیخسرو بہ

140

واپضاً لہ

امان کہ ز پیش رفتہ اندای ساقی
در خاک غنودہ خفتہ اندای ساقی

70



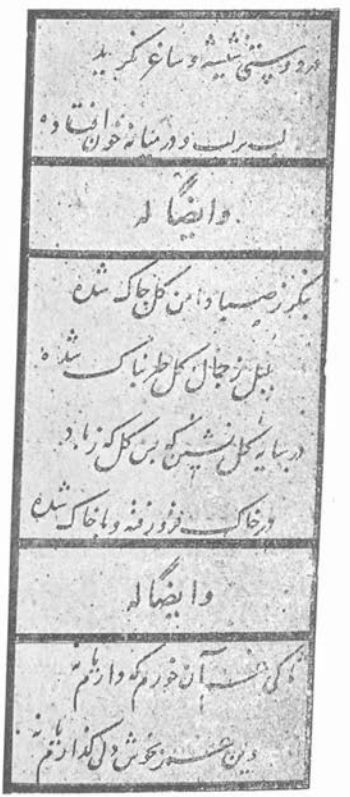
گر سرو دجهان چو کویی افتد بر کوی
بر من بکوی چو پست با شم خفته

وایضاً له

از سرچه بجز می است کوتاهی
وز دست بتان مست خرکانی
هستی و قلندری و کمراهی
یک جرعه می زماه تا ماهی

این چرخ چو طاپست کمون افتاده
در وی همه زیرکان زبون افتاده

67



هر دو پستی شیشه و ساغر کرید
لب بلب دو در میانه خون افتاده

وایضاً له

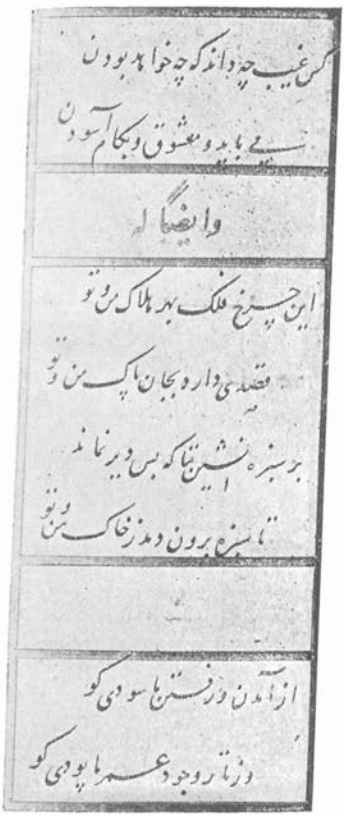
بنگر زصبا دامن کل چاک شده
بلبل ز جمال کل طربناک شده
در سایه کل نشین که بس کل که زاد
در خاک فتاد و با خاک شده

وایضاً له

کی خسته آن خورم که دارم غم
دین خسته بخش دل کدارم غم

68

135 136 133 134



کس غیب چه داند که چه خواهد بودن
سے باید و معشوق و بکام آسودن

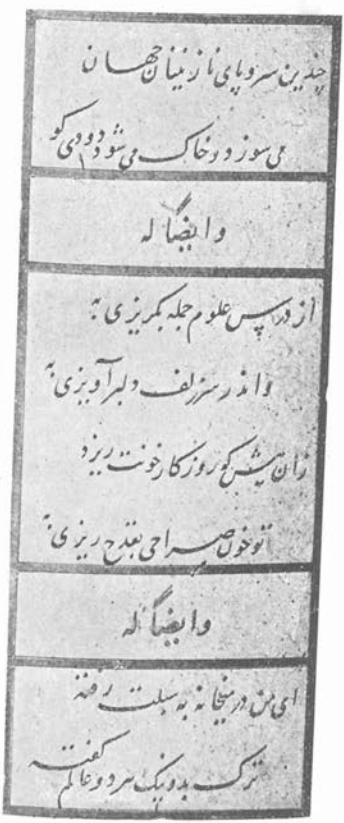
129 وایضاً له

این چرخ فلک بهر هلاک من و تو
قصدی دارد بجان پاک من و تو
بر سبزه نشین تا که بس دیر نماند
تا سبزه برون دمد ز خاک من و تو

130

از آمدن و رفتن ما سودی کو
وز تا ز وجود عمر ما پودی کو

65



چندین سر و پای نازنینان جهان
می سوزد و خاک می شود دودی کو

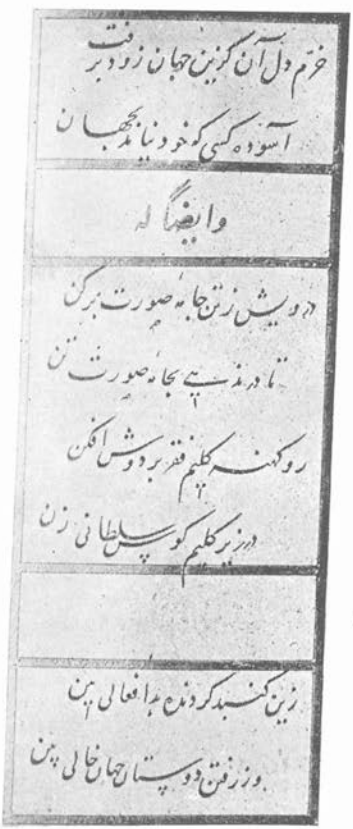
131 وایضاً له

از درس علوم جمله بگریزی به
وانذر سر زلف دلبر آویزی به
زان پیش که روزگار خوت ریزد
تو خون صراحی بقدح ریزی به

132 وایضاً له

ای من در میخانه به سبلت رفته
ترک بدو نیک سر و عالم گفته

66



خرم دل آن کز این جهان زود برفت
آسوده کسی که خود نیامد بجهان

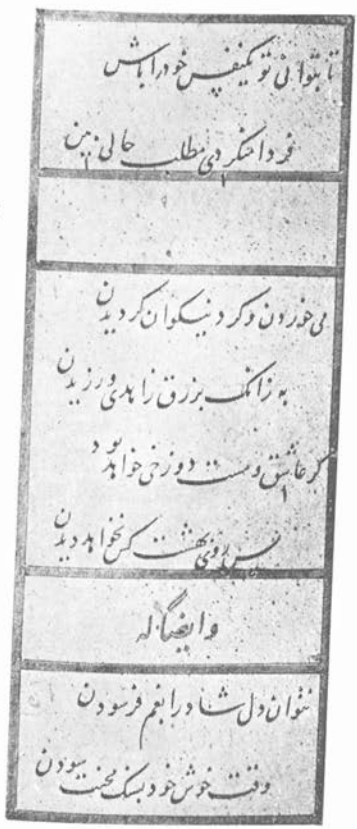
125 وایضاً له

درویش زتن جامهٔ صورت برکن
تا در ندهد جامهٔ صورت تن
رو کهنه گلیم فقر بر دوش افکن
در زیر گلیم کوس سلطانی زن

126

زین گنبد گردنده مدار افعالی چند
وز رفتن دو پسته جهان خالی چند

63



تا بتوانی تو یک نفس خود را باش
خود را منگر دمی مطلب جز خالی چند

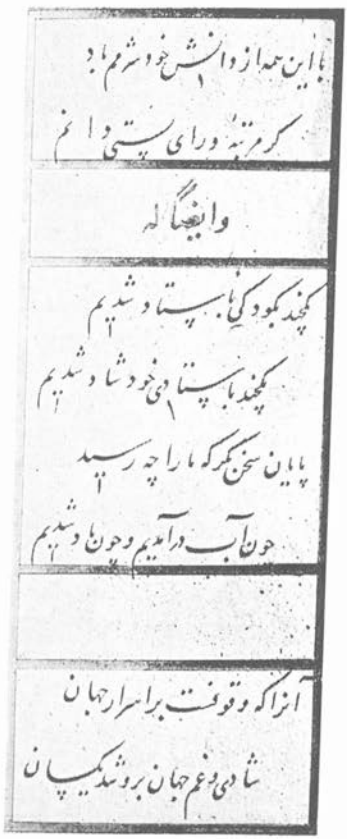
127

می خوردن و کردن نیکوان گردیدن
به زانکه بزرق زاهدی ورزیدن
گر عاشق و مست دوزخی خواهد بود
هشیار و فنی بهشت کس نخواهد دیدن

128 وایضاً له

بنشان دل شاد را بغم فرسودن
وقت خوش خود بسنگ محنت سودن

64



با این همه از دانش خود شرم باد
کز مرتبهٔ ورای پستی دانم

وایضاً له

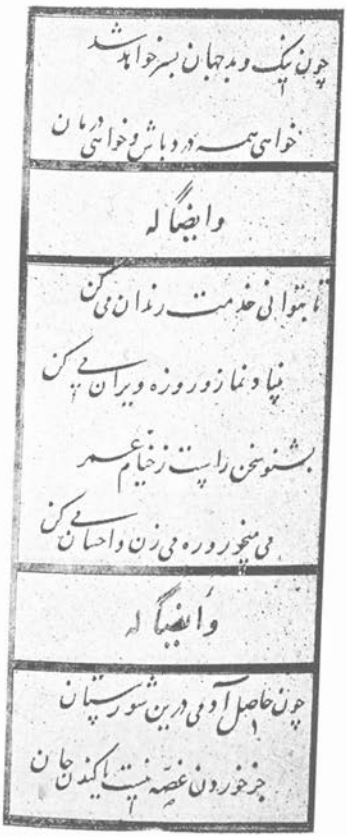
کچند بکودکی بپستاد شدیم
کچند بپستادی خود شاد شدیم
پایان سخن نگر که ما را چه رسید
چون آب درآمدیم و چون باد شدیم

آنرا که وقوفت بر اسرار جهان
شادی و غم جهان بروشد یکسان

61

121

122



چون نیک و بد جهان بسر خواهد شد
خواهی همه ره دباش و خواهی درمان

وایضاً له

تا بتوانی خدمت رندان می کن
بنیاد نماز و روزه ویران می کن
بشنو سخن راست ز خیام عمر
می میخور و ره می زن و احسانی کن

وایضاً له

چون حاصل آدمی درین شورستان
جز خوردن غصه نیست تا کندن جان

62

123

124

ذ نهار کلم بجز صراحی نکنید
شاید که چو پیاده شود زین شوم

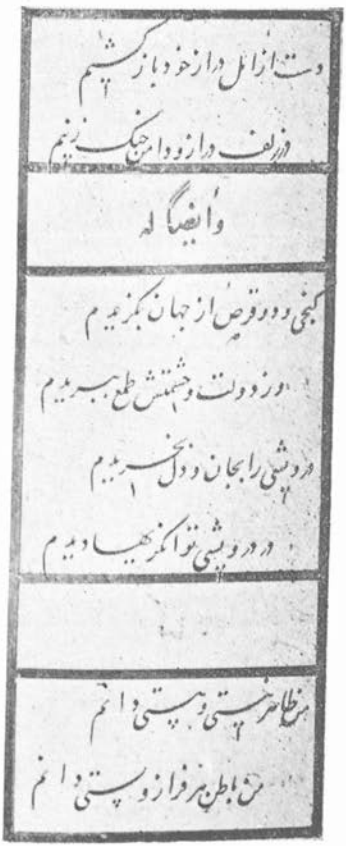
117

دل فرق نمی کند بسی دانه زدام
را پیش بسجدت و را پیش بجام
با این همه ماوی و معشوق مدام
در میکده پخته به که در صومعه خام

118 وایضاً له

صبحت دفی بروی گلرنگ زنم
وین شیشه نام و ننگ بر سنگ زنم

59



دست از ازل دراز خود باز کشم
در زلف دراز تو دراین چنگ زنم

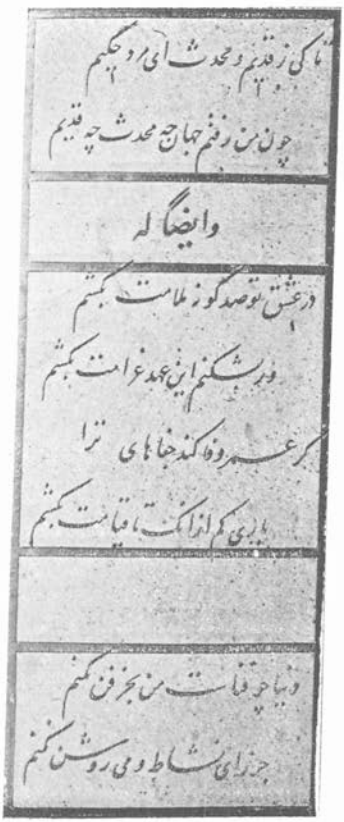
119 وایضاً له

کنجی و دو رقص از جهان بگزیدم
از دولت و حشمتش طمع ببریدم
درویشی را بجان و دل بخریدم
در درویشی تو اکمر بیادیدم

120

من ظاهر پستی و پستی دانم
من باطن هر فراز و پستی دانم

60



113

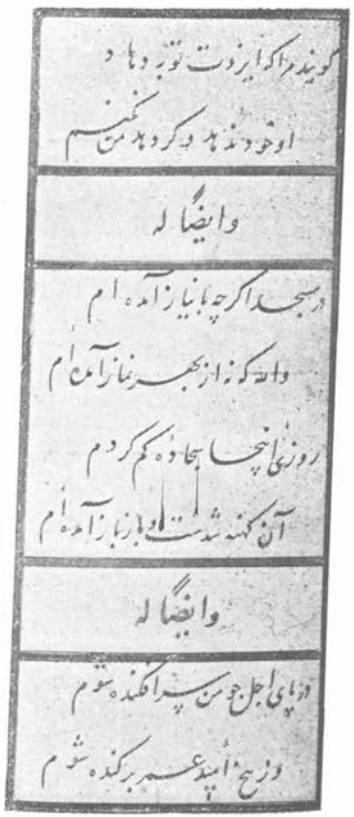
واینگاله

در عشق تو صد گونه ملامت بکشم
وز بهر شکنم این عهد غرامت بکشم
گر عمر وفا کند جفاهای ترا
یاری کم از آنکه تا قیامت بکشم

114

دنیا چو قناعت من بجرفن کنم
جز رای نشاط و می روشن کنم

57



115

واینگاله

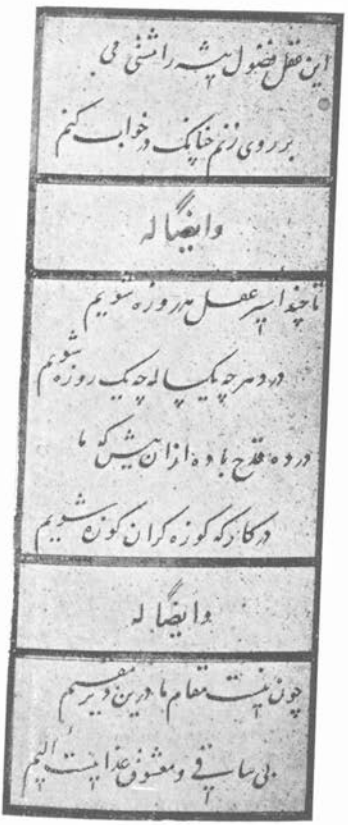
در سجده اگرچه با نیاز آمده ام
والله که نه از بهر نماز آمده ام
روزی که نیچا سجاده کم کردم
آن گمشده شد است باز آمده ام

116

واینگاله

وز پای اجل چو من سپر افکنده شوم
وز هیچ امید عمر برکنده شوم

58



خورشید چراغ دان و عالم پس فانوس
ما چون صوریم کاندرو گردانیم

109

با نفس همیشه در بردم چسکنم
وز کرده خویشتن بدردم چکنم
گیرم که زمن درگذرانی بکرم
زین شرم که دیدی که چه کردم چکنم

110 وایضاً له

بر خیزم و عزم باده ناب کنم
رنگ رخ خود برنگ عناب کنم

55

111

این عقل فضول پیشه را شی می
بر روی زنم خاک در خواب کنم

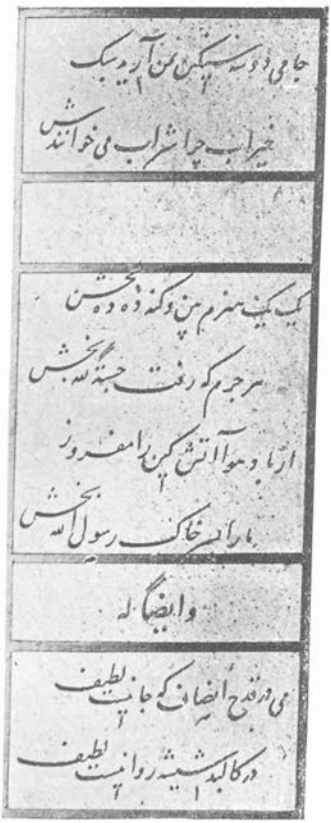
وایضاً له

تا چند اسیر عقل هر روزه شویم
در دور چو یکپیاله چه یک روزه شویم
در ده قدح باده ازان پیش که ما
در کار که کوزه گران کوزه شویم

112 وایضاً له

چون نیست مقام ما درین دیر مقیم
بی ساقی و معشوق عذابیست الیم

56



جامی دو سه پیشکش من آرد بسبک
خیراب چرا شراب می خواندش

105

یک یک ستدم من و کنه ده ده بخش
هر جرم که رفت جمله بخش
ارباد هوا آتش کین را مفروز
با را بسر خاک رسول آله بخش

واینگاله

106

ای در قدح انصاف که جانپ لطیف
در کالبد شیشه روانپ لطیف

53

لایق نبود هیچ کران تمدنی
جز ساغر باده گران کرانپ لطیف

107

واینگاله

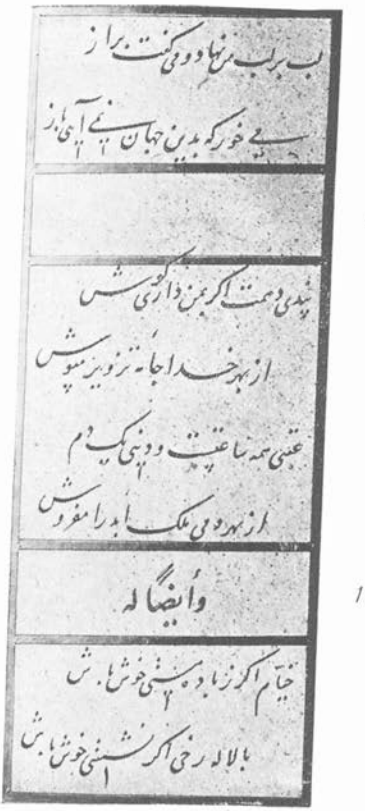
تا کی زاهد حدیث و تا کی زازل
هنگام طرب شراب رانپ بدل
بگذشت زاندازه من علم و عمل
هر مشکل را شراب کرداند حل

108

واینگاله

این چرخ فلک که ما در وحیرانیم
فانوس خیال از دو شالی دانیم

54



لب بر لب من نهاد و می گفت راز
می خور که بدین جهان نیایی باز

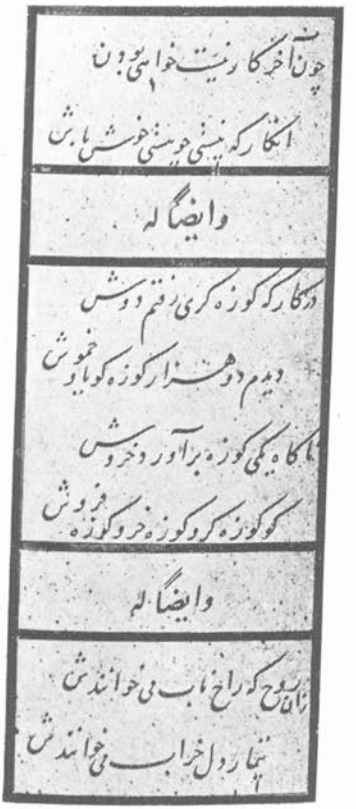
101

پندی دهمت اگر بمن داری گوش
از بهر خدا جامه ترویر مپوش
عیسی همه ساعتی و دنیی یک دم
از بهر دمی ملک ابد را مفروش

102 وایضاً له

خیام اگر ز باده مستی خوش باش
با لاله رخی اگر نشستی خوش باش

51



چون آخر کار نیست خواهی بودن
انگار که نیستی چو هستی خوش باش

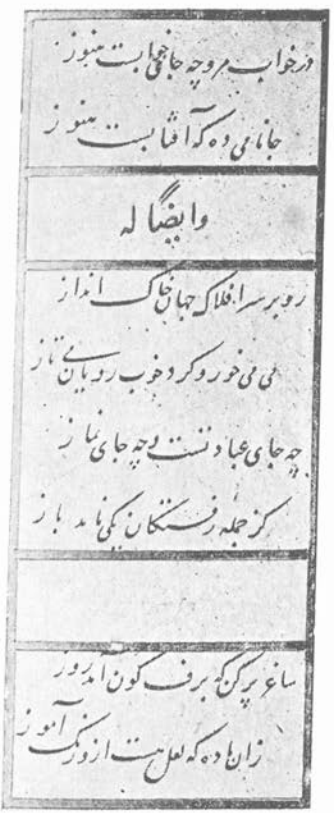
103 وایضاً له

در کار گه کوزه گری رفتم دوش
دیدم دو هزار کوزه گویا خموش
ناگاه یکی کوزه برآورد خروش
کو کوزه گر و کوزه خر و کوزه فروش

104 وایضاً له

زان پیش که راح ناب می خواندندش
تیمار دل خراب می خواندندش

52



در خواب مرو چه جای خوابست هنوز
جامی دہ کہ آفتابست هنوز

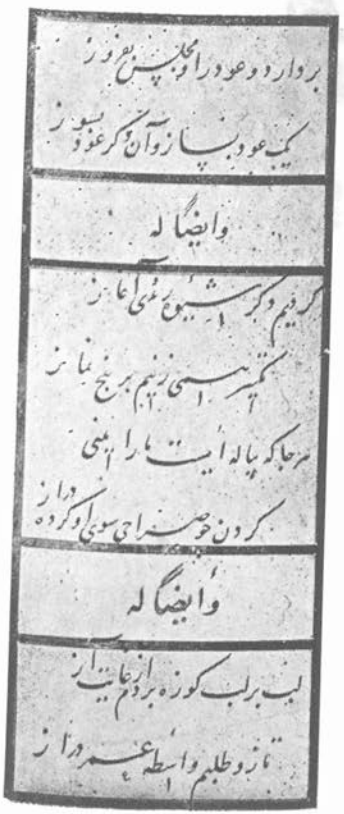
97 وایضًا له

رو بر سر افلاک جہان خاک انداز
می می خور و کر و خوب رویان می تاز
چہ جای عبادتست و چہ جای نماز
کز جملہ رفتگان کسی نامد باز

98

ساغر پر کن کہ برف کون آمد و روز
زان باده کہ لعل هست از و رنگ آموز

49



بردار دو عود را و مجلس بفروز
یک عود بساز و آن دگر عود بسوز

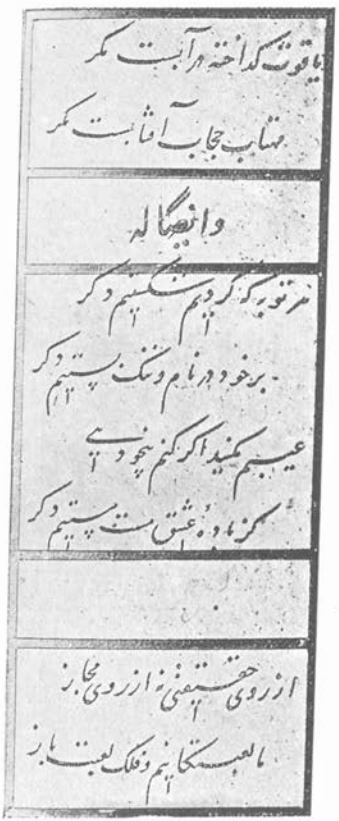
99 وایضًا له

گر نیم دگر شبی ز عمر ما باز
تا بر سر یک دگر نهیم بر بنج نماز
هر جا که پیاله ایست ما را همنی
کردن خوشه ای سوی او کرده دراز

100 وایضًا له

لب بر لب کوزه بر دم عیاق آواز
تا باز و طلسم واسطه عمر دراز

50



یاقوت گداخته مرآبت مگر
مهتاب حجاب آفتابت مگر

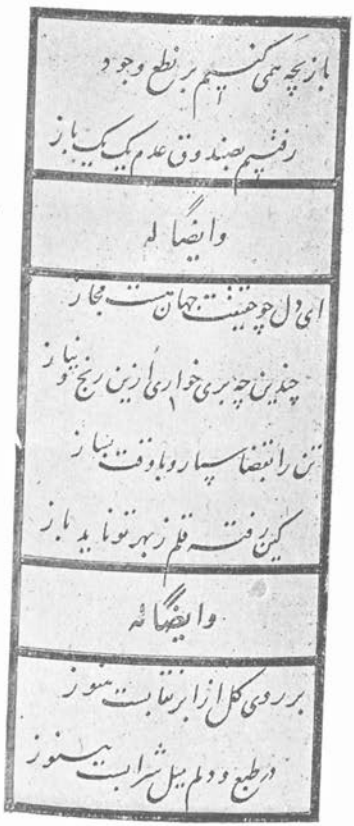
93 وانیضاً له

مرتوبه کردیم شکستیم دگر
برخود هرنام وننگ بستیم دگر
عیبم مکنید اگر کنم نیکو دیم
کز باده عشق مست هستیم دگر

94

از روی حقیقتی نه از روی مجاز
ما لعبتکانیم وفلک لعبت باز

47



بازیچه همی کنیم بر نطع وجود
رفتیم بصندوق عدم یک یک باز

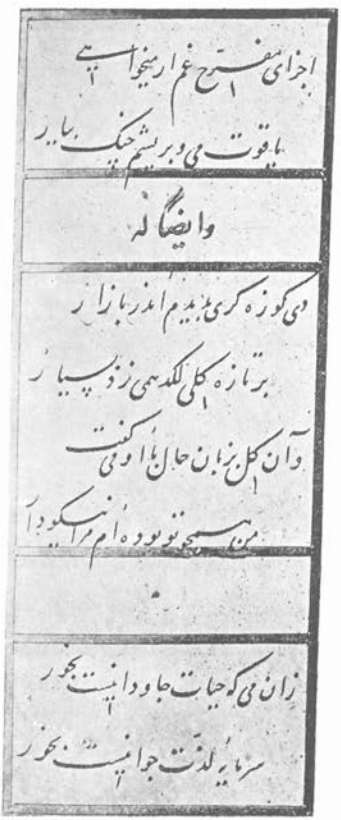
95 وانیضاً له

ای دل چو حقیقت جهان هست مجاز
چندین چه بری خواری ازین رنج دراز
تن را بقضا سپار وباوقت بساز
کین رفته قلم زبهر تو ناید باز

96 وانیضاً له

بر روی گل از ابر نقابست هنوز
در طبع و دلم میل شرابست هنوز

48



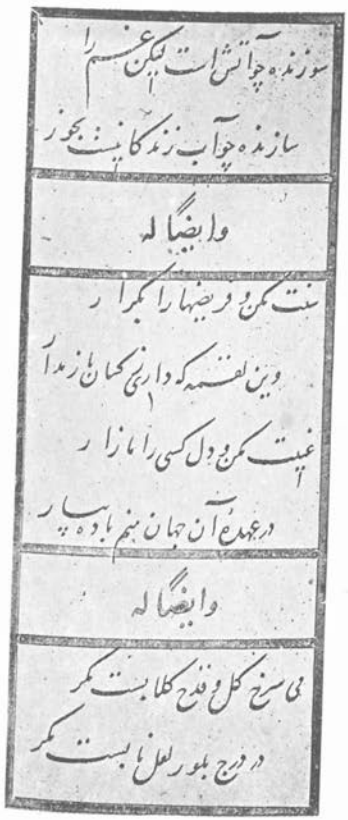
اجزای مفرح غم ار میخواهی
با قوت می و بر بشیم خنک بیار

89 وایضاً له 90

می کوزه گری بدیدم اندر بازار
بر تازه گلی لگد همی زد بسیار
وآن گل بزبان حال با او می گفت
من همچو تو بوده ام مرا نیکو دار

زان می که حیات جاودانیست بخور
سرمایهٔ لذت جوانیست بخور

45



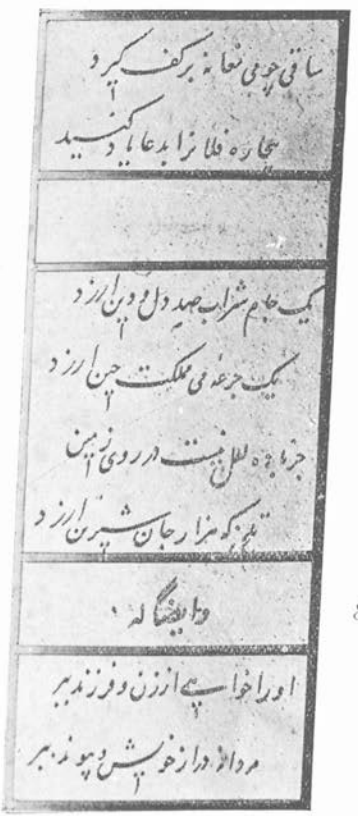
سوزنده چو آتش است لیکن غم را
سازنده چو آب زندگانیست بخور

91 وایضاً له 92

سنت کمن و فریضها را بگزار
وین لقمه که داری بکسان بازدار
غیبت کمن و دل کسی را مازار
در عهدهٔ آن جهان منم باده بیار

می سرخ گل و قدح گلابست مگر
در درج بلور لعل نابست مگر

46



ساقی چو می مغانه بر کف گیرد
بیچاره فلاترا بدعا یاد کنید

85

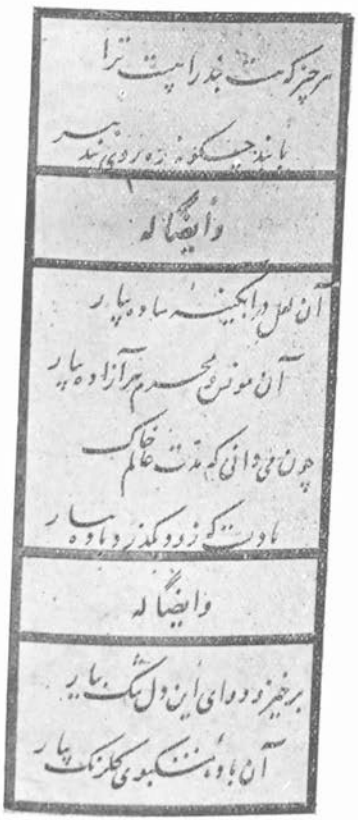
یک جام شراب جهد دل و دین ارزد
یک جرعه می مملکت چین ارزد
جز باده لعل نیست در روی زمین
تلخ که هزار جان شیرین ارزد

86

وایضاً له

او را خواهی از زن و فرزند بر
مردانه دراز خویش و پیوند بر

43



هر چیز که هست بندر است ترا
تا بند چه گونه زه روی بندبر

87

وایضاً له

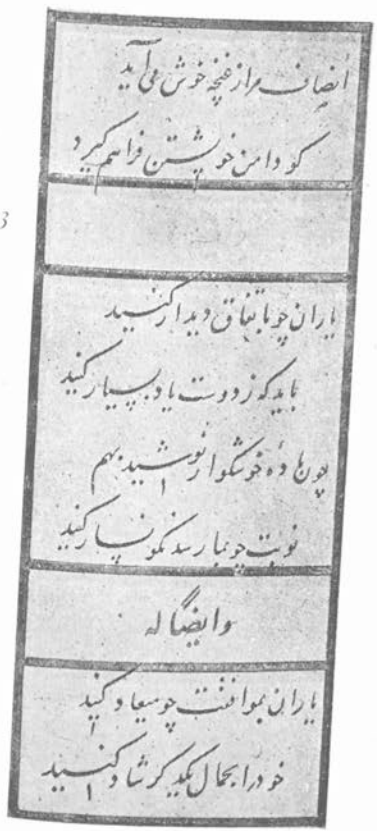
آن لعل درا بگینه ساده بیار
آن مونس و محرم هر آزاده بیار
چون می دانی که مدت عالم خاک
تا دوست که زود کند زود باده بیار

88

وایضاً له

برخیز و دوای این دل تنگ بیار
آن باده شنگبدی کلرنگ بیار

44



مولوی پشمان ز شاخ کف بنماید
عیبی نفشان ز خاک بیرون آید

81

وایضاً له

هر جرعه که ساقیان بخاک افشاند
در دیده کرم آتش غم بنشاند
سبحان الله تو با دمی پنداری
آبیست که بر صفحه دو دولت بر ماند

82

وایضاً له

هر صبح که روی لاله شبنم گیرد
بالای بنفشه در چمن خم گیرد

41

83

انصاف مرا غنچه خوش می آید
کو دامن خویشتن فراهم گیرد

84

وایضاً له

یاران چو با تفاق دیدار کنید
باید که ز دوست یاد بسیار کنید
چون باده خوشگوار نوشید بهم
نوبت چو بما رسد نکو نظر کنید

یاران بموافقت چو میعاد کنید
خود را بجمال یکدگر شاد کنید

42

گذار ز کتاب و لب یار و لبت
زان پیش که خاک در کنارت گیرد

77

واینگاله

می خور که ز تو کثرت علت ببرد
واندیشهٔ نیستا و دو دولت ببرد
پرهیز مکن ز کیمیایی که ازو
یک جرعه خوری هزار علت ببرد

78

می گرچه حرام است ولی تا نکه خورد
آنگاه چه مقدار و دو گر با نکه خورد

39

هرگاه که این سه شرط شد راست بگو
پس می نخورد مرد دانا که خورد

79

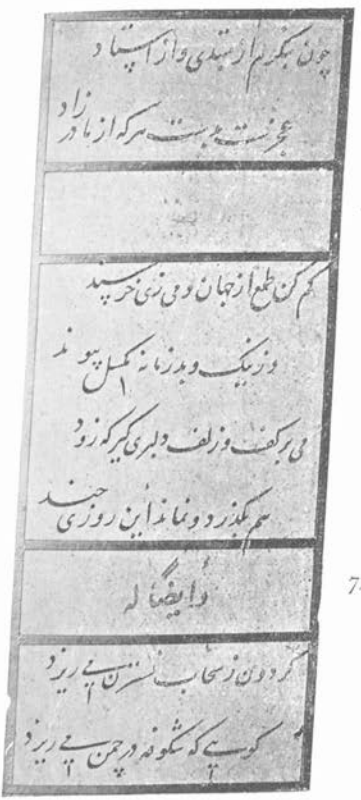
واینگاله

می خور که تنت بخاک در فرو شود
خاکت پس ازان پیاله و جره شود
از دوزخ و از بهشت فارغ می باش
عاقل بچنین چیز چرا غره شود

80

وقتست که از صبا جهان آراید
ور چشم سحاب چشمها بگشاید

40



چون بنگرم از مبتدی واز انتها د
عجزست بر بست هر که از ما در زاد

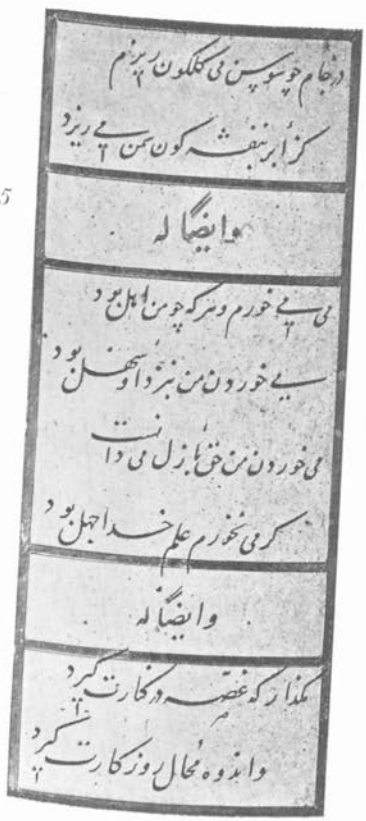
73

کم کن طمع از جهان و می نوش خرسند
روزینک و بدزمانه نکمل پیوند
می بر کف و زلف دلبری گیر که زود
هم بگذرد و نماند این روزی چند

واینگاله 74

گردون ز سحاب نسترن پی ریزد
کوپی که شکوفه در چمن پی ریزد

37



در جام چو سوپسن می گلگون پی ریزم
کز ابر بنفشه کون سمن پی ریزد

75

واینگاله

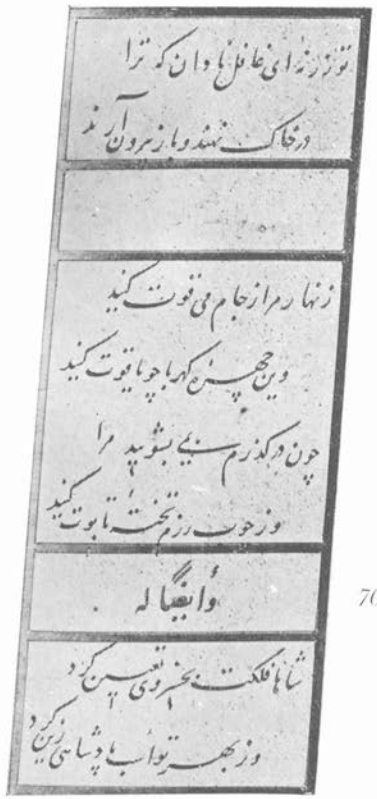
می پی خورم و سر که چو من اهل بود
پی خوردن من نبرد او سهل بود
می خوردن من حق ازل می دانست
گر می نخورم علم خدا جهل بود

76

واینگاله

مگذار که غصه در کنارت گیرد
واندوه محال روزگارت گیرد

38



تو زنده ای غافل مدان کز ترا
در خاک نهند و باز بیرون آرند

69

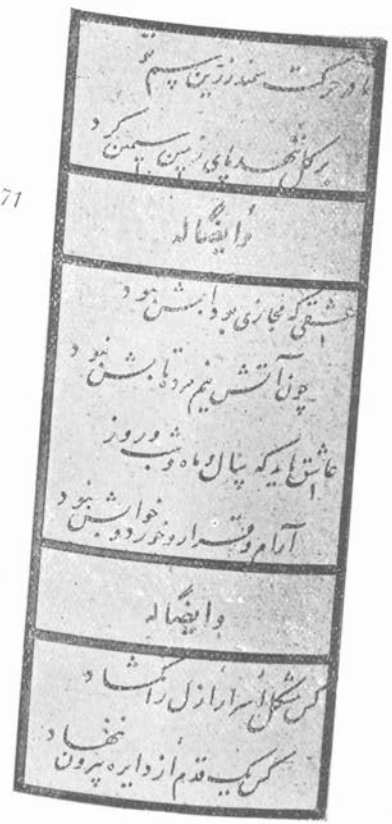
زنهار مرا زجام می قوت کنید
وین چهرهٔ کهربا چو یاقوت کنید
چون در گذرم سنبلی بشوید مرا
وز چوب رزم تخته تابوت کنید

70

وایغاله

شاها فلکت بخسروی تعیین کرد
وز بهر تو اسب پادشاهی زین کرد

35



بادی حرکت سمند زرین پی تو
بر کل نهد پای نرین سیمن کرد

71

وایغاله

عشقی که مجازی بود آبش نبود
چون آتش نیم مرده تابش نبود
عاشق باید که پنهان و ماه و شب و روز
آرام و قرار و خورد و خوابش نبود

72

وایغاله

کس مشکل اسرار ازل را نگشاد
کس یک قدم از دایره بیرون ننهاد

36

گویند بمن خدا ترا تو به دهاد
او خود ندهد بمن نکنم دورم باد

65 وایضاً

در میکده جزوی وضو نتوان کرد
وان نام که زشت شد نکو نتوان کرد
خوش باش که این پرده پشتوری ما
بدریده چنان شد که رفو نتوان کرد

66

دیدم بسر عمارتی مردی فرد
کو کلنگ بگلکه چیره و خارش میکرد

33

آن گل بزبان حال با من میگفت
ساکن که چو من گلکه بسی خواهی خورد

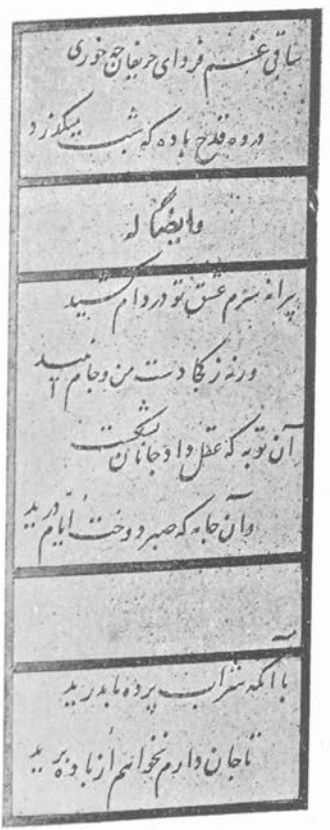
67 وایضاً

روزیت خوش و نوا بکرست و نبرد
ابر از رخ گلزار بسی شوید گرد
بلبل بزبان پهلوی با گل زرد
فریاد همی زند که می باید خورد

68 وایضاً

زان پیش که بر سرت بشیون آرند
فریاد کنی تا بادهٔ گلگون آرند

34



ساقی غم فردای حریفان چه خوری
امروز قدح باده که شب میگذرد

وایضاً له

61

پروانه بزم عشق تو در دام شد پدید
ورنه ز کجا دست من و جام شد پدید
آن توبه که عقل داد جانان بشکست
وان جا به که صبر دوخت ایام درید

62

با آنکه شراب پرده ما بدرید
تا جان دارم نخوانم از یاد نه بید

31

من در عجبم زمی فروشان کایشان
بر زن که فروشند چه خواهند خرید

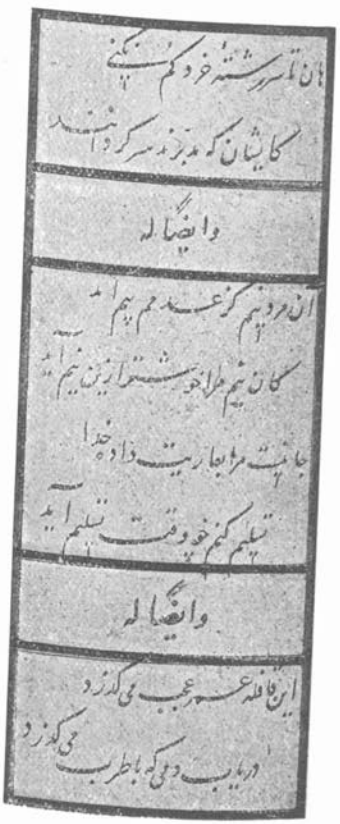
وایضاً له

چندان کرم و لطف زاغاز چه بود
وان داشتنم در طرب و ناز چه بود
اکنون همه درج دلم می گوید
آخر چه گناه کرده ام باز چه بود

وایضاً له

در سر هوس چنان چو ورنم باد
بر کف همه ساله آب انگورم باد

32



در دامن آسمان زدور فلک زمین
خلقیست کز بنا خبر و از اساس هیچ

57

وانگاله

انان که اساس کار بر رزق نهند
آیند و بیان جان و تن فرق نهند
برفرق نهم خرد من بی راس ازین
گر هیچ خرد سپاره برفرق نهند

58

اجرام که پاکان این ایوانند
اسباب تردد خردمندانند

29

59

وانگاله

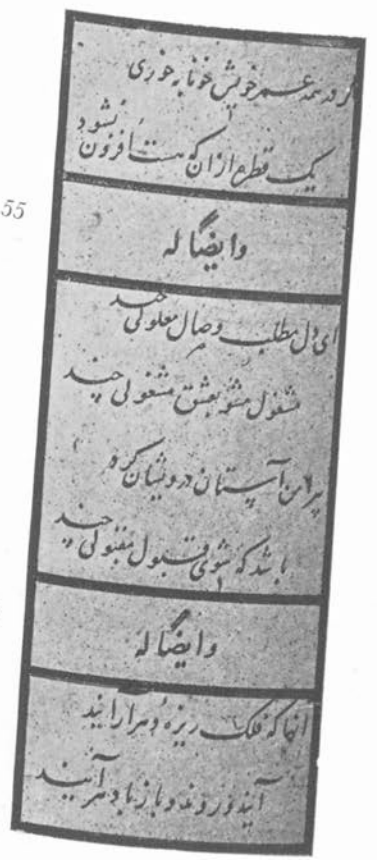
آن مرد نیم کز عدم بیم آید
کان نیم مرا چو هشت ازین نیم آید
جانبت مرا بعاریت داده خدا
تسلیم کنم خوش وقت تسلیم آید

60

وانگاله

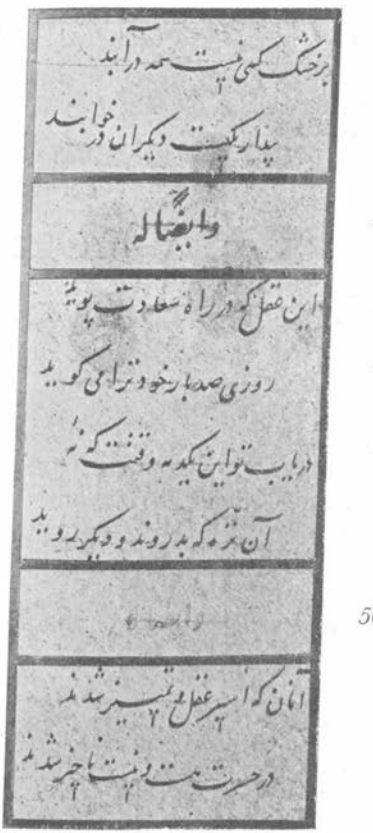
این قافله عمر عجب می گذرد
دریاب دمی که باطرب می گذرد

30



ای ساقی خوش لقا تو فارغ منشین
آبی بزده که خاک ما بنشیند
53
اکنون که ز خویش دلی بجز نام نماند
یک همدم تخته جز می خام نماند
دست طرب از ساغر می باز نگیر
امروز که در دست بجز جام نماند
54 روایتگاله
از رفته قلم مسیح دگر گون نشود
وز خوردن غم بحر جگر خون نشود
27

ز دور عمر خوش خوش نابه خوری
یک قطره از آن کمست افزون نشود
55
روایتگاله
ای دل مطلب وصال معلولی چند
مشغول مشو بعشق مشغولی چند
بر آستان درویشان کرد
باشد که شوی قبول مقبولی چند
56 روایتگاله
انها که فلک ریزه دمرا رانند
آیند و روند و باز نا دمر آیند
28



برخشک کسی پشت همه در آیند
بیدار کیت دیگران در خوابند

49 وایضاً له

این عقل که در راه سعادت پوئید
روزی صد بار خود ترا می گوید
دریاب تو این یکدمه وقت که نمود
آن نمده که بد روند و دیگر روید

50

آنان که اسیر عقل و تمیز شدند
در حسرت بت و بت پرستی چیز شدند

25

روپیچری و آب انگور کزین
کان پیچران بغوره میریزند

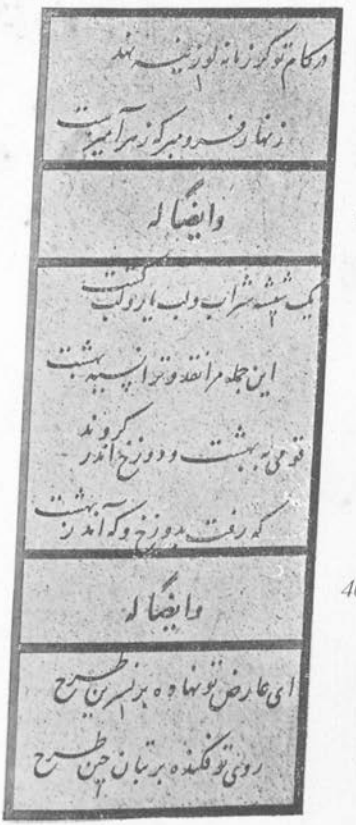
51 وایضاً له

از آدم نبود کرده ترا سود
وز رفتن من جمال و جاهش نفزود
وز هیچ کسی نپرسد و کوشم نشنود
کین آمدن و رفتنم اندر چه بود

52 وایضاً له

اندر ره عشق آبله ها باید شد
در چشم اجل خاک رهی باید شد

26



در کام تو کز زانه نور نیه نهند
زنهار فسرد مبر کز مرآمیرست

45 وایضاً له

یک شیشه شراب و لب یار و لب کشت
این جمله مرا نقد و ترا نسیه بهشت
قومی به بهشت و دوزخ اندر کروند
کو رفت بدوزخ و که آمد بهشت

46 وایضاً له

ای عارض تو نهاده بر نسرین طرح
روی تو فکنده بر بتان چین طرح

23

وی غمزهٔ تو داده شه بابل را
اب ورخ و پل و پند تن و فوز زن طرح

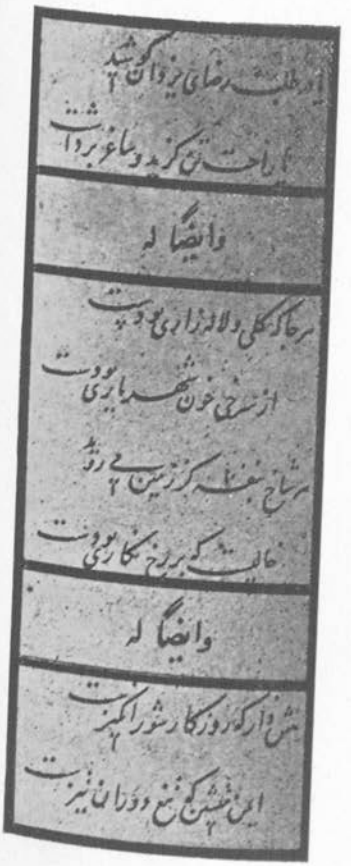
47

چون عمر همی رود چه بغداد و چه بلخ
همانه چو پرشود چه شیرین و چه تلخ
ای خفته که پس از من و تو این نانی
از بلخ بغن آید از غزه به پرخ

48 وایضاً له

آنها که گشنده پیند نا بند
وانها که بشب همیشه در بحر اند

24



41

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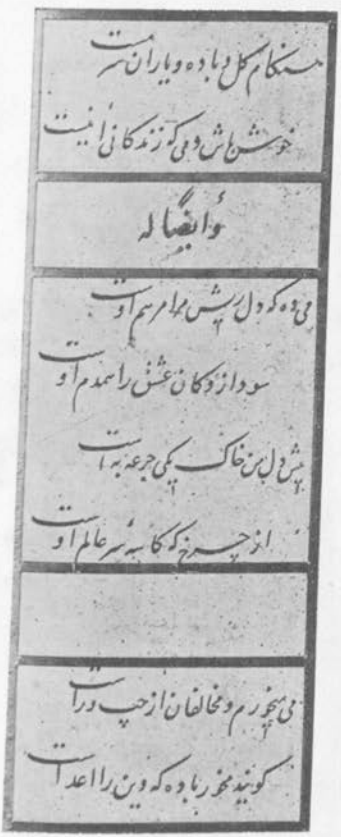
22



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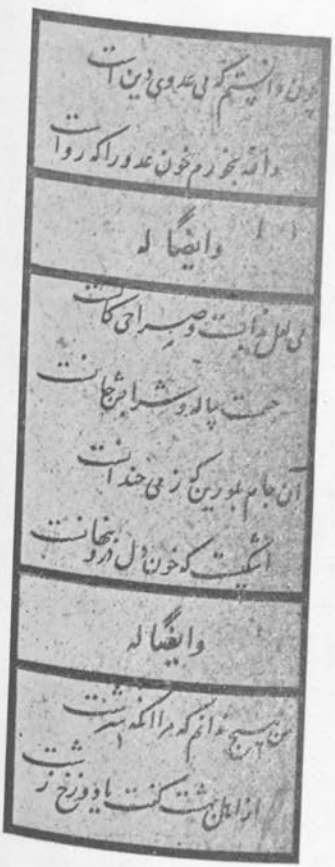
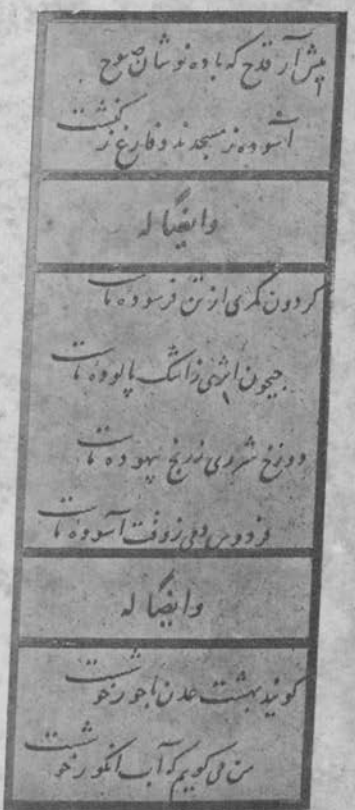
38



20

39

40



پیش آر قدح که باده نوشان صبوح
آسوده ز مسجد و فارغ ز کنشت

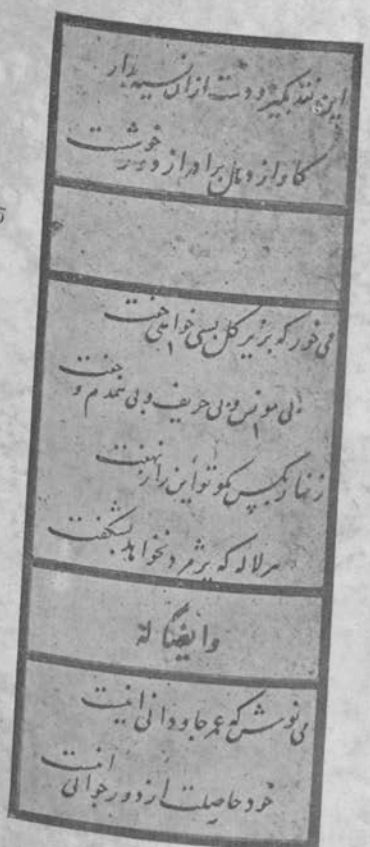
33 وایضاً له

گردون گری از تن فرسوده ماست
جیحون اشکی ز اشک پالوده ماست
دوزخ شرری ز برق پهوده ماست
فردوس دمی ز وقت آسوده ماست

34 وایضاً له

گویند بهشت عدن با حور خوشست
من می گویم که آب انگور خوشست

17



این نقد بگیر و دست از آن نسیه بدار
کاواز دهل ز دور خوشست

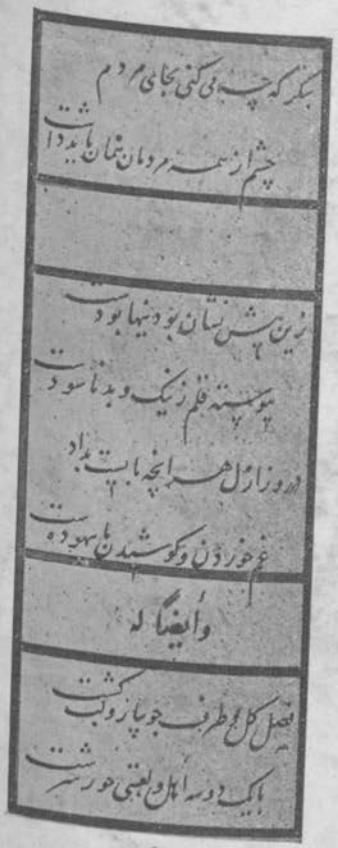
35

می خور که بزیر گل بسی خواهی خفت
بی مونس و می حریف و بی محرم و جفت
زنهار بکس مگو تو این راز نهفت
سر لاله که پر شرر نخواهد بشکفت

36 وایضاً له

می نوش که عمر جاودانی این است
خود حاصل ازدور جوانی این است

18



گفتم که الف کنت و کر هیچ مگو
در خانه اگر کس است یک حرف بس است

29 وایضاً له

در پرده اسرار کسی را ره نیست
زین قصه هزار بیش یک آگه نیست
جز در دل خاک هیچ منزلگه نیست
می خور که در جهان دمی همره نیست

30 وایضاً له

راز از همه ناکسان نهان باید داشت
واسرار نهان ز ابلهان باید داشت

15

بنگر که چه می کنی بجای مردم
چشم از همه مردمان جهان باید داشت

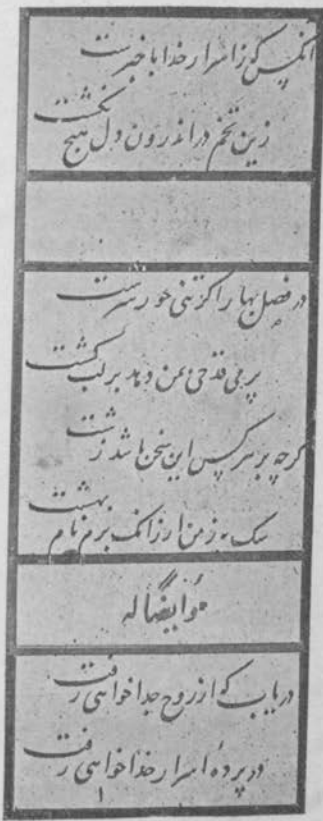
31

زین پیش نشان بود و نیها بود
پیوسته قلم زنیک و بد ناسود
هر روز اول هر آنچه بایست بداد
غم خوردن و کوشیدن ما بیهوده بود

32 وایضاً له

فصل گل و طرف جویبار و لب کشت
با یک دو سه اهل و بقیتی خورد و سرشت

16



آنکس که ز اسرار خدا باخبرست
زین تخم در اندرون دل هیچ نکشت

25

در فصل بهار اگر تنی خورسند است
بر می قدحی ز من دهد بر لب کشت
گر چه بر سر کس این سخن اشد زشت
سبک بود زمن ار ز انک برم نام بهشت

26 وایضاً له

دریاب که از روح جدا خواهی رفت
در پرده اسرار خدا خواهی رفت

13

نوشش باش ذات ما ز کجا آمده
می نوشش ندانی که بکجا خواهی رفت

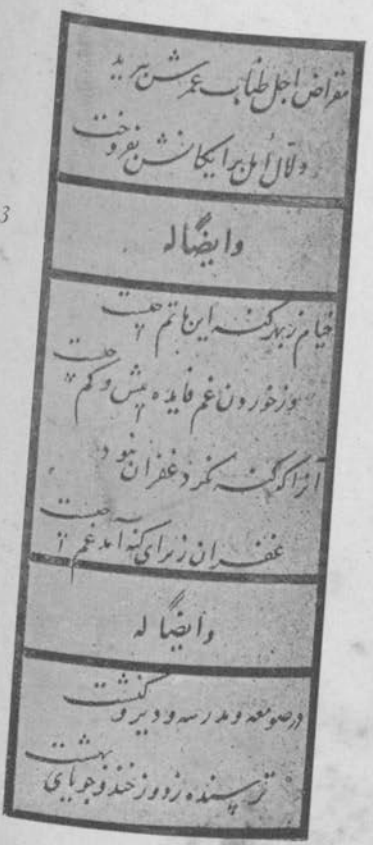
27 وایضاً له

در خواب شدم مرا خردمندی گفت
کز خواب کسی را کل شادی نشگفت
چیزی چکنی که با اجل باشد جفت
می نوش کم عمرهات می باید رفت

28 وایضاً له

دل گفت مرا علم لدنی هوس است
تعلیم کن اگر ترا دست رس است

14



مقراض اجل طناب عمرش ببرید
دلال امل بر ایکانش بفروخت

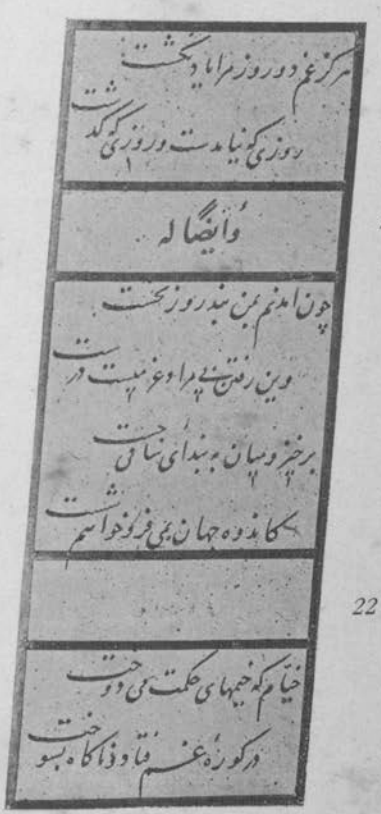
23 وایضاً له

خیام زبهر گنه این ماتم چیست
وز خوردن غم فایده پیش و کم چیست
آن را که گنه نکرد غفران تو بود
غفران ز برای که آمد غم چیست

24 وایضاً له

در صومعه و مدرسه و دیر و کنشت
ترسنده زدوزخ و جویای بهشت

12



مرکز غم دور روز مرا ننگاشت
روزی که نیامدست و روزی که گذشت

21 وایضاً له

چون آمدنم بمن نبد روز نخست
وین رفتن بی مراد عزمیست درست
بر چیز و بسان بندای سنگ چست
کاین دوره جهان بمی فروخواهم شست

22

خیام که خیمهای حکمت می دوخت
در کوزهٔ غم فتاد و ناگاه بسوخت

11

ما را چو رخ خویش می‌گلگون دہ
کین توبہ من چو زلف تو پر شکنست

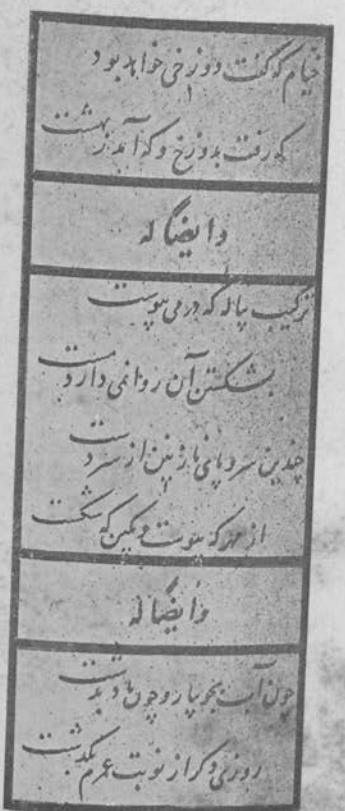
17

بر چہرہ گل نسیم نوروز خوشست
در زیر چمن روی دلفروز خوشست
از دی کہ گذشت ہر چہ گویی خوش نیست
خوش باش و ز دی مگو کہ امروز خوشست

وایضاً له 18

تا چند زنم بروی دریا خاشاک
بیزار شدم ز بیت پرستان کشتک

9



خیام گر آن مغ بچہ می خواهد بود
کو رفت بدوزخ و کہ آمد ز بہشت

19

وایضاً له

ترکیب پیالہ کہ در می پیوست
بشکستن آن روا نمی دارد دست
چندین سر و پای نازنین از سر دست
از بہر کہ سوخت و کین کہ ساخت

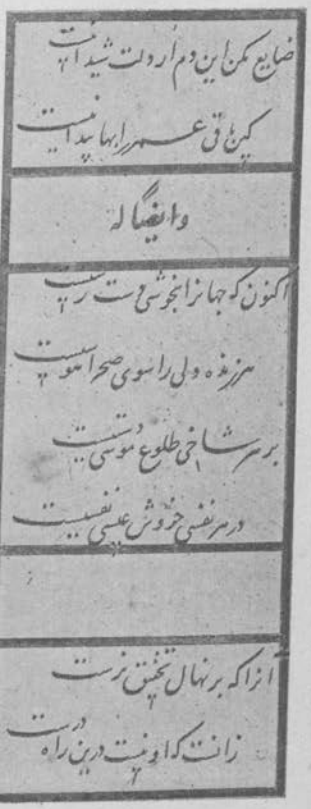
20

وایضاً له

چون آب بجویبار روان باد بدست
روزی دگر از نوبت عمرم بگذشت

10

A8403



ضایع مکن این دم ار دولت شیدا ئیست
کین باقی عمر را بها پیدا نیست

واینگاله

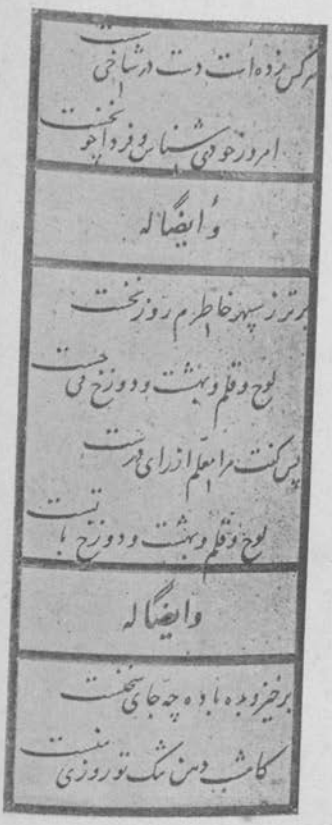
اکنون که جهان را بخوشی وقت رسیست
هر زنده دلی را سوی صحرا هوسیست
بر سرشاخی طلوع موسی دگریست
در هر نفسی خروش عیسی نفسیست

آزاده که بر نهال تخشی نزدست
زانست که او نیست درین راه درست

13

14

7



هر کس زده است دست در شاخی سخت
امروز خوشی شمار و فردا مفروخت

واینگاله

بر تر ز سپهر خاطرم روز نخست
لوح و قلم و بهشت و دوزخ می جست
پس گفت مرا معلم از رای درست
لوح و قلم و بهشت و دوزخ با تست

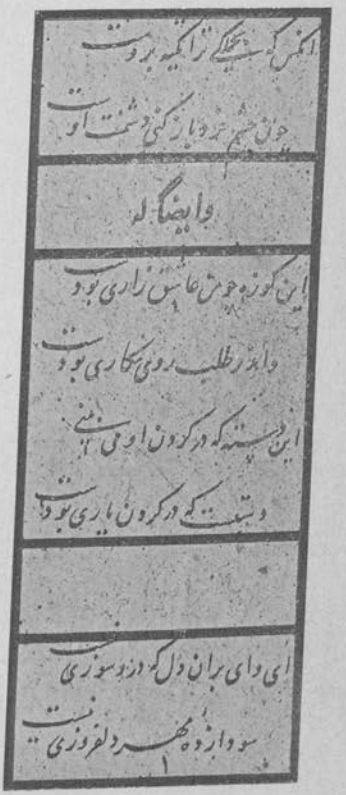
واینگاله

برخیز و بده باده چه جای سخنست
کامشب دمن تنگ تو روزی منست

15

16

8



اکنس که خطی ز ناکیه بر دست
چون چشم تو دلبار نکنی دشمت اوست

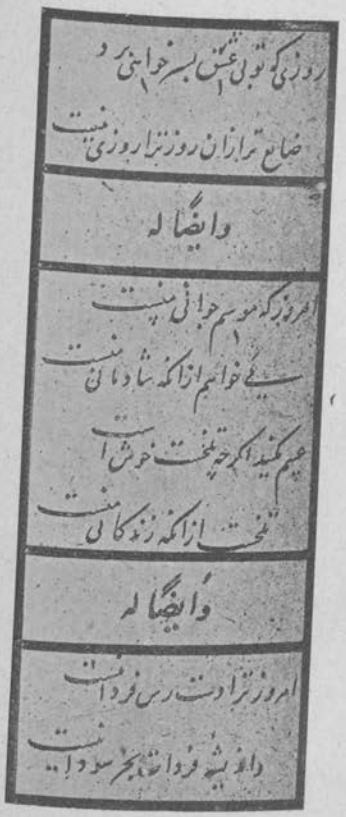
9 وایضاً له

این کوزه چو من عاشق زاری بوده است
وانبر طلب روی نکاری بوده است
این بسته که در گردن او می بینی
دستیست که در گردن یاری بوده است

10

ای دای بران دل که ز دو سوزی
سودا زده پیر دلفروزی نیست

5



روزی که تو بی عیش بسر خواهی برد
ضایع تر از آن روز تر از روزی نیست

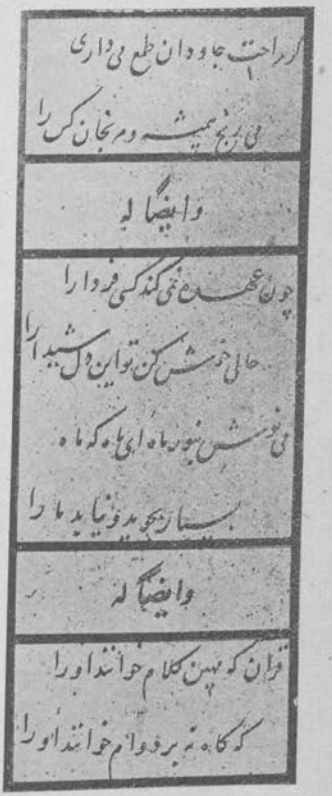
11 وایضاً له

امروز که موسم جوانی منست
می خواهم از آنکه شادمانی منست
غم گر کند اگرچه تلخست خوش است
تلخ از آنکه زندگانی منست

12 وایضاً له

امروز ترا دست رس فردا نیست
وانديشه فردات بجز سودا نیست

6



گر راحت جاودان طمع می داری
می رنج همیشه در نجان کس را

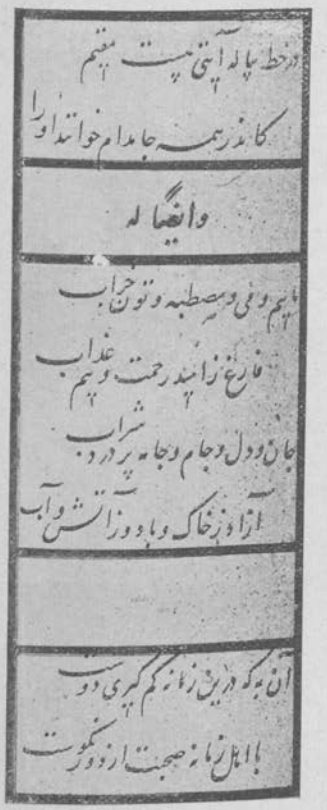
وایضاً له

چون عهد نمی کند کسی فردا را
حالی خوشش کن تو این دل شیدا را
می نوش بخور ماه ای ماه که ماه
بسیار بجوید و نیابد ما را

وایضاً له

تو آن نه که در زمانه کم گیری دوست
با اهل زمانه صحبت از دور نکوست

3



در خط پیاله آیتی هست مقیم
کاندر همه جا دام خواند او را

وایضاً له

با هم دمی در مصطبه دو تن خراب
فارغ ز امید رحمت و بیم عذاب
جان و دل و جام و جامه پر درد شراب
آزاد ز خاک و باد و ز آتش و آب

4

5

6

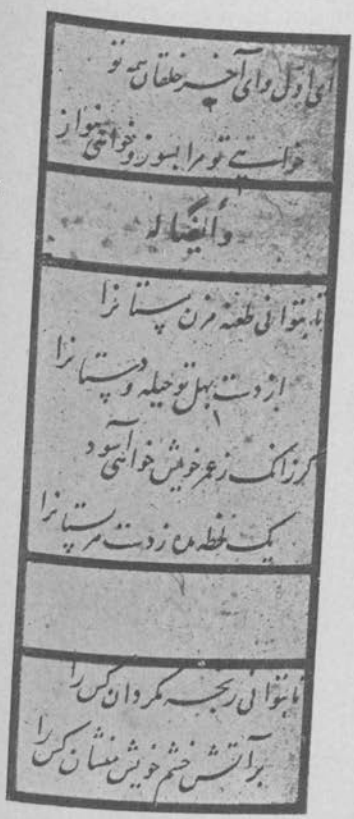
8

1

هرگز بر ظلمت نشستم بر گز
کردم که از چهره نرفتم بر گز
با این همه نومید نیم از کرمت
زان رو که یکی را دو نگفتم بر گز

2

با تو بجز ابات اگر گویم راز
به زانکه بمحراب کنم روی تو نماز



2

ای اول و ای آخر خلقان همه تو
حاجات تو را بسوزد و خواهی منواز

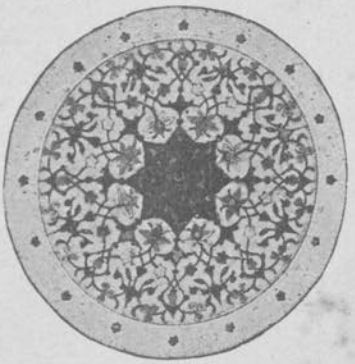
3

وانیکاله

با بتوانی طعنه زن پرستارا
از دست بهل تو حیله و پرستارا
گر زانکه زعز خویش خواهی آسود
یک لحظه مزن دست بر پرستارا

4

با بتوانی رنجه مکردان کس را
بر آتش خشم خویش منشان کس را



TEXT, TRANSCRIPT, TRANSLATION AND NOTES

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES

With the Abbreviations used in the Notes to the Text and Translation.

In order to save reiteration in referring to the translations, texts, and other authorities consulted in the construction of this work, they are referred to in the notes in the following manner:—

C.—The transcript of the MS. No. 1548 in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta, which Prof. Cowell had made for Edward Fitzgerald (*vide* Introduction).

P.—The MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Supplement Persan, No. 823.

L.—The Lucknow lithographed edition (1894).

S. P.—The edition lithographed at St. Petersburg in the year A.H. 1306 (A.D. 1888), which is copied from an edition lithographed at Tabriz, A.H. 1285 (A.D. 1868).

B.—The Bombay lithographed edition of 1880. It is almost identical with the Lucknow Edition.

NOTE.—The ruba'iyat are not numbered in any of the above, but I have numbered my copies for convenience of reference. The numbers in the lithographs may be taken as correct; those in the MS. are as correct as ordinary care can make them, regard being had to the Oriental habit of writing extra quatrains in the margins—at least, they are very closely approximate.

N.—J. B. Nicolas. "Les Quatrains de Khèyam, traduits du Persan." Paris, 1867. Imprimerie Imperiale.

W.—E. H. Whinfield. "The Quatrains of Omar Khayyám. The Persian text with an English verse translation." London, 1883. Trübner.

F. i.—Edward Fitzgerald's poem, 1st edition. London, 1859. Quaritch.

F. ii.—Ditto, 2nd edition. London, 1868. Quaritch.

F. iii.—Ditto, 3rd edition. London, 1872. Quaritch.

F. iv.—Ditto, 4th edition. London, 1879. Quaritch.

F. v.—Ditto, 5th edition. London, 1890. Macmillan.

De T.—Garcin de Tassy. "Note sur les Rubaiyat de 'Omar Khaïyam." Paris, 1857. Imprimerie Imperiale. (Extract from the *Journal Asiatique*, 1857.)

L. R.—"Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald." London, 1889. Macmillan. 3 vols.

D.—N. H. Dole. "Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám: English, French, and German translations. Comparatively arranged in accordance with the text of Edward Fitzgerald's version. With further selections, notes, biographies, bibliography, and other material." Boston, 1896. J. Knight.

E. C.—E. B. Cowell in the *Calcutta Review*, No. 59, March, 1858, p. 149. "A Review of the Algebra of Omar Khayyam (Paris, 1851) and of Dr. Sprenger's Catalogue."

S.—A. Sprenger. "Catalogue of the Arabic, Persian, and Hindustany Manuscripts of the libraries of the Kings of Oudh." Vol. I. Calcutta, 1854.

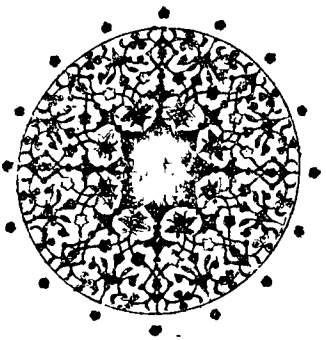
M.—Mantic ut tair, ou le langage des oiseaux, par Ferīd ud dīn Attār, publié en persan par M. Garcin de Tassy. Paris, 1857. Translation, Paris, 1863.

Gulistān.—When referring to this work I have used the text printed from the Calcutta edition by Francis Gladwin in 1806, revised by Sir Wm. Gore Ouseley (London, 1809); the Translation privately printed for members of the Kama Shastra Society at "Benares" (London) in 1888; and the standard translation of Edward B. Eastwick (last edition, London, 1880; Trübner).

Beharistān.—When referring to this work, I have used the two British Museum MSS. Add. 7775 and 18,579, and the translation privately printed for the members of the Kama Shastra Society at "Benares" (London) in 1887.

Steingass.—"A Comprehensive Persian-English Dictionary . . . being Johnson and Richardson's Persian, Arabic, and English Dictionary," revised, enlarged, and entirely reconstructed, by F. Steingass, Ph.D. London (W. H. Allen & Co.), N.D. (1892).

NOTE.—It may be taken as a general rule that, in the actual *notes*, where N. is mentioned S. P. is also implied, and where L. is mentioned B. is implied; that is, of course, when references are given to both authorities in the headnote to a quatrain.



NOTES.

1.

THIS quatrain is C. 274, P. 4, L. 423, S. P. 22[illegible], B. 419, N. 229, W. 268, and (as also the following one) is out of its dīwān order, and was probably placed at the commencement of this MS. to satisfy some scruple of the writer, Mahmūd Yerbūdākī. Edward Fitzgerald (F. v., Preface, pp. 14, 15) remarks concerning it: "The scribes of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their work under a sort of protest, each beginning with a tetrastich (whether genuine or not) taken out of its alphabetical order. . . . The Bodleian Quatrain pleads Pantheism by way of justification:

"'If I myself upon a looser Creed
Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good-deed,
Let this one thing for my Atonement plead,
That One for Two I never did mis-read.'"

The Calcutta MS. begins with one of expostulation, supposed (says a notice prefixed to the MS.) to have arisen from a dream, in which Omar's mother asked about his future fate. It may be rendered thus:

"O Thou who burn'st in Heart for those who burn
In Hell, whose fires thyself should feed in turn;
How long be crying, 'Mercy on them, God!'
Why, who art Thou to teach, and He to learn?"[1]

This is quoted by Dr. Sprenger as the first tetrastich of the MS. in the library of the Kings of Oudh (S., p. 464), and may be literally rendered:

"O drunken student deserving to be burnt,
Woe! that the fire of Hell shall blaze from you,
How long will you keep saying, 'Have mercy upon Omar'?
What claim have you to be a teacher of mercy to God?"

It also figures as L. 769, B. 755, N. 459, W. 488.

1. Note the error of the scribe, *zā'atat*[2] for *tā'atat*.[3] There are several such errors in the MS., but, excepting where they obscure the meaning, I do not think it worth while to call attention to them.

2. The phrase *gauhar suftan*[4] = "to thread pearls," and is used in Persian to mean "to write verses," or to tell a story. *Cf.* M., l. 379. Compare Hāfiz's: "When thou composest verses, thou seemest to make a string of pearls: come, sing them sweetly."[16]

3. Meaning "At least I have never been a hypocrite." N.'s text reads, "And if I have never swept the dust of your path with my heart"[5] In this line we have an echo of the expression in F. v., 81, "the Sin wherewith the Face of Man is blacken'd," which he took from M., ll. 225-227.

4. The other texts read, "I am not hopeless of mercy at your tribunal."[6]

5 C L., N., and W. begin *zira ki*[7] = because that.

6. In this line Omar boasts that he has never questioned the Unity of God. *tawhīd kerdan*[8] = to acknowledge One God. *Cf* M., ll. 116, 3210, and chap. xlii.: "The valley of the Tawhīd."

(*Notes to page* 119 *continued on page* 120)

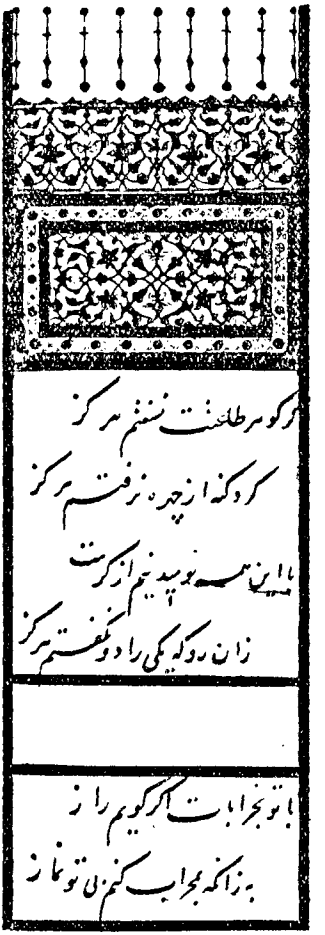
رباعیات خیام عمر

۱

گر گوهر طاعتت نسفتم هرگز
گرد گنه از چهره نرفتم هرگز
با این همه نومید نیم از کرمت
زان رو که یکی را دو نگفتم هرگز

۲

با تو بخرابات اگر گویم راز
به زانکه بمحراب کنم بی تو نماز



1

1.

If I have never threaded the pearl[2] of Thy service,[1]
I have, *at least*, never wiped the dust of sin from my face;[3]
this being so, I am not hopeless of Thy mercy,[4]
for the reason that[5] I have never said that One was Two.[6]

2.

If I tell Thee my secret thoughts in a tavern,
it is better than if I make my devotions[2] before the Mihrab[1]
without Thee

2.

This quatrain is C. 272, P. 7, L. 427, S. P. 221, B. 423, N. 222, W. 262. It is one of those that Fitzgerald reproduced almost faithfully (F. i., No. 56; F. v., No. 77), and scarcely altered in his own four editions.

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
One Flash of it within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

1. The *Mihrāb* is the spot in a mosque giving the exact direction of Mecca, towards which all Muslims turn in prayer.

2. The *nemāz* are the prayers prescribed by Muhammadan law to be repeated five times a day, the *panj wakt-i-nemāz* [9] (*vide post*, 99). They are respectively the *nemāz-i-bāmdād* [10] = morning prayers said before dawn; the *nemāz-i-pīshīn* [11] = midday prayers; the *nemāz-i-digar* [12] = afternoon prayers; the *nemāz-i-shām* [13] = prayers immediately after sunset; and the *nemāz-i-khuftan* [14] = prayers before bed. L. reads the line, "Since then I do not make a pretence of prayer before the Mihrab." [15]

(1) اي سوخته سوخته سوختني
واي كه آتش دوزخ از تو افروختني
تا كه گوئي كه بر عمر رحمت كن
حق‌را تو كجـاي رحمت اموختني

(2) طاعتت (3) گوهر سفتن (4) ور خاك رهت بدل نرفتيم
هرگز (6) نوميد نيم ز بارگاه كرمت (7) زيرا كه (8) توحيد كردن
(9) پنج وقت نماز (10) نماز بامداد (11) نماز پيشين (12) نماز دگر
(13) نماز شام (14) نماز خفتن (15) زانگه نكنم روي بمحراب نماز (16) غزل
گفتي و درّ سفتي بيا و خوش بخوان حافظ

3. *Cf.* the appellation of Muhammad, "first and last of prophets." [1] *Cf.* M., l. 176: "Oh God! who but Thou is infinite? Who is without beginning or ending?"

4. *Vide* note 5, q. 122.

3.

I do not find this quatrain in any other text. L. 2 (S. P. 12, B. 2, N. 12, W. 11) begins like it, but is really quite different.

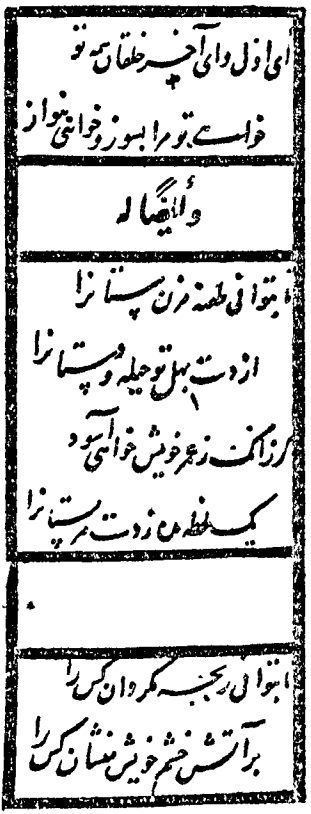
1. Literally, "Do not give from (your) hand."

4.

This quatrain is W. 15, and is the first of those in de T., but I do not find it in C., P., L., or N.

1. Literally, "Upon the fire of your own anger do not cause anyone to sit."

(1) اول وآخر شده بر انيا



اي اوّل و اي آخر خلقان همه تو
خواهي تو مرا بسوز وخواهي بنواز

۳

تا بتواني طعنه مزن مستانرا
از دست بهل تو حيله ودستانرا
گر زانك زعمر خويش خواهي آسود
يك لحظه مده زدست مر پستانرا

۴

تا بتواني رنجه مگردان كسرا
بر آتش خشم خويش منشان كسرا

2

O Thou, the first and last of all created beings![3]
burn me an Thou wilt, *or* cherish me an Thou wilt.[4]

3.

So far as in thee lies, reproach not drunkards,
lay thou aside pretence and imposture;
if, henceforth, thou desirest rest from this life of thine,
do not for a moment shun[1] humble folk.

4.

So far as in thee lies, cause no pain to anyone,
nor cause anyone to suffer from thy wrath;[1]

2. There is a parallel passage in M., l. 3195.

5.

This quatrain is C. 7, P. 219, L. 5, S. P. 8, B. 4., N. 8, W. 7, E. C. 5, and is no doubt the source of Fitzgerald's quatrain (F. i. 74):

"Ah! Moon of my Delight, who know'st no wane
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain."

The quatrain is altered, but hardly, I think, improved in F.v. *Cf. Purgatorio*, xii. 84: "Pensa che questo dì mai non raggiorna."

1. C., P., N., and W. read "becomes surety for."[1]

2. C., N., and W. read "this heart full of melancholy (or passion)."[2] L. reads "passionate" heart.[3]

3. Here we have three meanings of the word *māh*.[3] The moon (of heaven), a beautiful mistress, and a month. *māh bisyar*[4] may be translated "many moons," etc. *Cf.* M., l. 74

4. N. reads *bigardad*[5] = "(many moons) shall revolve," etc. C. reads *bitābad ki*[6] = "(many a moon) shall shine that (shall not, etc.)" W. reads *bitābad ū* = "shall shine *and*," etc. This is given as a good specimen of the kind of verbal variations to be found between the various texts and MSS. In future I do not propose to set out variations when so minute as this.

6

This quatrain is C. 6, P. 316, L. 22, S. P. 11, B. 20, N. 11, W. 10.

1. C., P., and W. read *behīn*[7] = best.

(1) نمي شود (2) اين دل پر سودارا (3) ماه (4) ماه بسيار (5) بگردد
(6) بتابد كه (7) بهين (8) سودارا

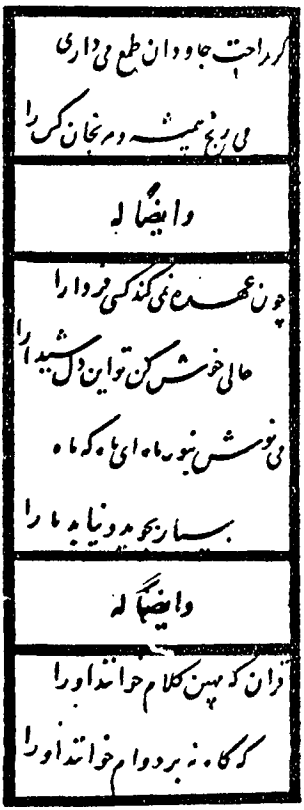
گر راحت جاودان طمع میداري
مي رنج همیشه و مرنجان کسرا

٥

چون عهده نمي کند کسي فردارا
حالي خوش کن تو این دل شیدارا
مي نوش بنور ماه اي ماه که ماه
بسیار بجوید و نیابد مارا

٦

قرآن که مهین کلام خوانند اورا
گه گاه نه بردوام خوانند اورا



3

if thou hast a desire for eternal peace,
fret *thyself* always and harass no one.[2]

5.

Since no one will guarantee thee[1] a to-morrow,
make thou happy now this love-sick heart[2] *of thine;*
drink wine in the moonlight, O Moon, for the moon[3]
shall seek us long[4] and shall not find us.

6.

The Qur'an, which men call the Supreme[1] Word,
they read at intervals but not continually,

2. *khatt* may mean either a measuring mark or a written line; so, *khatt-i-piāleh*[1] may mean either the lines engraved upon the inside of a goblet to measure the draughts, or the edge or rim of the goblet itself. P. reads "on the rim of the cup."[16]

3. So, *āyet*[2] means either a mark or sign, or a verse of the Qur'ān. The whole line is an elaborate play upon these words.

4. C. and W., *rūshanī hast*[4] = "(a text) is clear or luminous." N. reads *rawishi ast*[3] = "there is a precept or (divine) law."

5. Verses in praise of wine were, and are, frequently engraved round wine-goblets in Persia. Allusion is made by Edward Fitzgerald to Jamshyd's seven-ringed cup. The seven lines alluded to were called respectively the *khatt-i-jaur*,[5] or mark of oppression; the *khatt-i-Baghdād*,[6] or mark of plenty; the *khatt-i-basrah*,[7] or mark of all wisdom; the *khatt-i-siyah*,[8] or black mark; the *khatt-i-āshk*,[9] or mark of tears; the *khatt-i-kūsagar*,[10] or potter's mark; and the *khatt-i-farūdīnah*,[11] or lowest mark.

7.

This quatrain is C. 17, P. 241, S. P. 19, B. 28, N. 19, W. 22, in all of which lines 2 and 3 are transposed. It is also L. 30, which is a good deal varied.

1. C., L., N., and W. read *mutrib*[12] = singers. P. reads "*ma'shūk*"[17] — lovers.

2. C., P., L., N., and W. read *Īn kunj-i-kharāb*[18] = this desolate corner, *i.e.* a tavern, which in Persia is generally to be found in the waste outskirts of a town. *Cf.* M., II. 979-983.

3. P., N., and W. read "in pawn for wine,"[14] meaning that the speaker had renounced his future hopes for the forbidden pleasures of this world. L. reads this, "Souls and hearts and faith and intellects in pawn for wine"[15] as the second line. The third and fourth lines in L. are entirely different to the other texts.

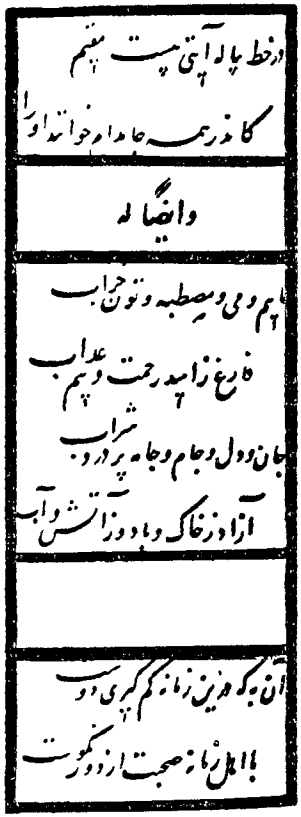
8.

This quatrain is C. 102, P. 70, L. 65, S. P. 75, B. 62, N. 75, W. 77.

1. *āhli-zemān* is literally "people of the times," *i.e.*, time-servers or opportunists.

(1) خط پیاله (2) ایست (3) روشنی است (4) روشی هست (5) خطّ جور
(6) خط بغداد (7) خط بصره (8) خطّ سیاه (9) خطّ اشك (10) خطّ کسکر
(11) خطّ فرودینه (12) مطرب (13) این کنج خراب (14) در رهن شراب
(15) جان و دل و دین عقل مرهون شراب (16) بر گرد پیاله (17) معشوق

در خط پیاله آیتي هست مقیم
کاندر همه جا مدام خوانند اورا



۷

مائیم و مي و مصطبه و تون خراب
فارغ زامید رحمت و بیم عذاب
جان ودل وجام وجامه پر درد شراب
آزاد زخاك و باد و زآتش وآب

۸

آن به که درین زمانه کم گیري دوست
با اهل زمانه صحبت از دور نکوست

4

but on the lines[2] upon the goblet a text[3] is engraved[4]
which they read at all times and in all places.[5]

7.

We are; and the wine is, and the drinking bench;[1] and our drunken bodies[2] are;
careless of hopes of mercy, and of fears of punishment;
our souls, and our hearts, and our goblets, and our garments full of the lees of wine,[3]
independent of earth and air, and fire and water.

8.

In this life it is best that thou shouldst make but few friends;
distant intercourse with one's fellow men[1] is good;

2. C. uses different phraseology to express the same meaning.[2]

3. Literally, "When thou openest the eye of wisdom," etc.

9.

This quatrain is C. 48, P. 108, L. 81, S. P. 28, B. 77, N. 28, W. 32, E. C. 5, and may be said to have inspired Fitzgerald's quatrain (F. i. 35, F. ii. 39, F. v. 36):

I think the vessel that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and ah! the passive lip I kiss'd,
How many kisses might it take—and give!

C. 426, ending in *būdeh*, is identical, save for line 2, which reads: "and was lip to lip with a sweet sweetheart."

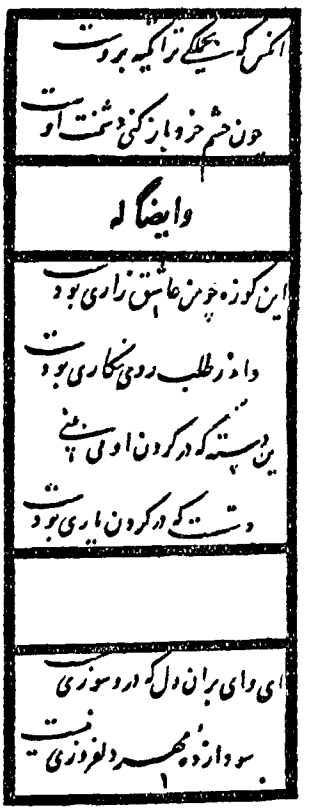
1. The other texts all read "and was enslaved by the curly head of a sweetheart." [1]

2. Other texts read "*bar gird*."

10.

This quatrain is P. 193, L. 216, B. 213, and W. 117, but I do not find it in C., S. P., or N.

(1) در بند سر زلف (2) ان کس کہ ترا تکیہ دلی است دوست (3) بر کرد



انکس که بحیلگي ترا تکیه بروست
چون چشم خرد باز کني دشمنت اوست

٩

این کوزه چو من عاشق زاري بودست
واندر طلب روي نگاري بودست
این دسته که در گردن او مي بيني
دستيست که در گردن یاري بودست

١٠.

اي واي بران دل که درو سوزي نيست
سودازدهٔ مهر دلفروزي نيست

5

that person upon whom thou leanest entirely,[2]
when thou examinest him closely,[3] he is thine enemy.

9.

This jug was once a plaintive lover as I am,
and was in pursuit of *one of* comely face;[1]
this handle that thou seest upon its neck
is an arm that once lay around the neck[2] of a friend.

10.

Ah, woe to that heart in which there is no passion,
which is not spell-bound by heart-cheering love!

1. L. reads "without wine." [7]

II.

This quatrain is C. 30, L. 133, S.P. 24, B. 130, N. 24, W. 28, and in it we find the sentiment of Fitzgerald's quatrain (F. v. 8) that made its first appearance in F. ii., and was never altered. The more direct inspiration of that quatrain came, no doubt, from the 47th quatrain of this MS. (*q. v. post*).

1. C., L., N., and W. read *nawbet*,[1] which conveys rather the idea of a passing period or crisis, than that of a lengthy season.

2. C., L., N., and W. read "I drink," [2] for "I desire."

3. L., N., and W. read *kāmrāniye*,[3] a synonym. C. reads for this line, "I make a wine-drinking, for that is my life;" [4] but I think this must be an error of the scribe in my copy, his eye having wandered to the fourth line.

4. C., N., and W. all read "Do not reproach *it*," [5] *i.e.*, the wine, not me.

5. L. reads "It is pleasant, because it is bitter." [8] *Vide post*, note to q. 89.

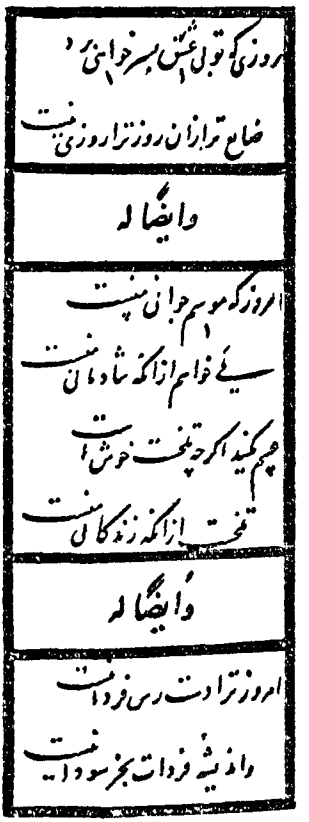
12.

This quatrain is C. 91, P. 124, L. 41, S. P. 26, B. 38, N. 26, and W. 30. There is a strong suggestion of F. v. 25 (F. i. 24) in it.

1. *dast rasi*,[6] = literally, "arriving of the hand at," *i.e.*, power.

(1) نوبت (2) نوشم (3) كامرانّي (4) مي نوش كنم كه زندگانيّ منست
(5) عيبش مكنيد (6) دست رسي (7) بي باده (8) زانكه تلخ‌ست خوش‌ست

روزي که تو بي عشق بسر خواهي برد
ضايع‌تر از آن روز ترا روزي نيست



11

امروز که موسم جواني منست
مي خواهم از آنکه شادماني منست
عيبم مکنيد اگرچه تلخ‌ست خوش است
تلخست ازآنکه زندگاني منست

12

امروز ترا دست رس فردا نيست
واندیشهٔ فردات بجز سودا نيست

6

the day that thou spendest without love,[1]
there is no day more useless to thee than that day.

II.

To-day being the season[1] of my youth,
I desire[2] wine, for thence comes my happiness;[3]
reproach me not,[4] even though acrid it is pleasant;[5]
it is acrid *only* in that it represents my life.

12.

Thou hast no power[1] to-day over the morrow,
and anxiety about the morrow is useless to thee;

2. *shaidā*[1] = literally, "love-sick." In C. the line ends "for your heart cannot persevere."[2]

3. C., N., and W. all read "*bakā*"[3] for this, meaning "end, upshot, remainder," rather than as here, "value, beauty."

13.

This quatrain is P. 194, W. 116, de T. 2, and this and No. 80 (*q. v. post*), but especially this one, give us the original sources of Fitzgerald's quatrain (No. 4 in all his editions):

Now the New Year, reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

It is one of the quatrains found only in the Bodleian MS. and in P.

1. *Vide* note 1 to q. 12. W. appends a note, "*bakhūshi dast rasi*,"[4] an aid to Joy, *i.e.*, Spring. The line might be rendered, "Now that happiness is within reach of the world."

2. *zendah delira* means here the heart, alive in the spiritual sense of the mystic or initiated, as opposed to the pleasure-seekers of the world indicated in the first line. De Tassy (de T. 2) translates it "le spiritualiste" (*cf.* his rendering of the same phrase in M., l. 3905); F.'s "thoughtful soul" is a good rendering. W.'s rendering, "And lively hearts wend forth, a joyous band," is, I think, unfortunate.

3. The White Hand of Moses is a reference to the sign of his election given to Moses on Mount Sinai (Exodus iv. 6): "And he put his hand into his bosom, and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous, *white as* snow." We find references to this also in the Qur'ān, in ch. vii. 205, and again in ch. xxvi. 32, where the miracle is stated to have been performed before Pharaoh: "And he drew forth his hand out of his bosom, and behold, it appeared white unto the spectators." The learned commentator Al Beidawi says that Moses was a very swarthy man, and that "his hand became bright like the sun." *Cf.* M., l. 453.

4. The revivifying properties of the breath of Jesus are alluded to alike in Christian and Muhammadan traditions. In the Qur'ān, ch. iii., we find: "I will make before you of clay as it were the figure of a bird; then I will breathe thereon and it shall become a bird." Jellal'ud-dīn, commenting on this passage, refers to Christ's miracles of the raising of Lazarus, the widow's son, and the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue. We find reference hereto also in the 43rd quatrain of Whinfield's text: "Since Isa breathed new life into my soul."[5] There is a beautiful reference to this life-giving breath in the Masībat nāmah of Ferid-ud-dīn Attar. *Cf.* also M., l. 451.

14.

This quatrain is P. 66, L. 64, B. 61, W. 115, and is found only in the Bodleian MS. and the Lucknow lithographed edition by W. The objective *ān-ra* that commences the first line makes the meaning of the Bodleian quatrain almost hopelessly obscure, or, rather, makes literal translation impossible, and the *ū-ra*[8] which begins the ruba'i in P. does not help us. W. has grasped the meaning, but his charming lines do not exactly represent the Persian.

1. L. reads "Torment grows not on every shoot of (the Tree of) Knowledge."[6]

2. L. and the Paris MS. read "Because in this path no one is perfect."[7]

(1) شیدا (2) کي دلست بر جانیست (3) بقا (4) بخوشي دست رسي
(5) تا از دم هیسوي شدم زنده بجان (6) درد هر بر نهال تحقیق نروست
(7) زیرا که درین راه کسي نیست درست (8) اورا

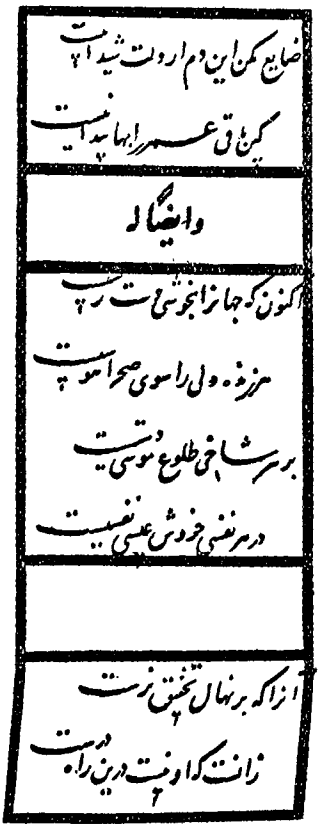
ضایع مکن این دم ار دلت شیدا نیست
کین باقي عمررا بها پیدا نیست

۱۳

اکنون که جهانرا بخوشي دست رسیست
هر زنده دلي‌را سوي صحرا هَوَسیست
بر هر شاخي طلوع موسي دستیست
در هر نفسي خروش عیسي نفسیست

۱۴

آنرا که بر نهال تحقیق نرست
زانست که او نیست درین راه درست



7

waste not thou this moment if thy heart be not mad,[2]
for the value[3] of the remainder of this life is not manifest.

13.

Now that there is a possibility of happiness[1] for the world,
every living heart[2] has yearnings towards the desert,
upon every bough is the appearance of Moses' hand,[3]
in every breeze is the sigh of Jesus' breath.[4]

14.

For him for whom the fruit of the branch of truth has not grown,[1]
the reason is that he is not firm in the Road.[2]

3. The precise meaning of this line in this place is obscure. I take it to mean that men shake the loose bough that bears the fruit of knowledge in vain. L. reads: "Everyone has struck the loose bough with impotent hand."[1] The variant in the Paris MS. takes us no further.

4. Meaning, life begins anew each day, and the Last Day will be identical with the Day of Creation.

15.

This quatrain is one of the few that seem to be linked with a preceding or subsequent one. This again only occurs in the Paris and Bodleian MSS. and the Lucknow edition; it is P. 114, L. 59, and B. 56, and is reproduced as W. 114. It formed the original of F. v. 66, which did not make its appearance until F. ii., in which it is No. 71, the two last lines differing somewhat:

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

Here we have an echo of Fitzgerald's study of M. *Cf.* l. 303. *Vide* in his own translation of that poem. (L. R., vol. ii., p. 451):

I was the Sin that from Myself rebell'd;
I the Remorse that tow'rd Myself compell'd

* * * *

Sin and Contrition—Retribution owed,
And cancell'd—Pilgrim, Pilgrimage, and Road,
Was but Myself toward Myself: and Your
Arrival but Myself at my own Door.

1. The *Luh ū Kalam* are the Tablet and Pen wherewith divine decrees of what should be from all time were written. Compare Qur'ān, ch. lxviii. 1: "By the Pen and what they write, oh! Muhammad, thou art not distracted." *Cf.* M., l. 262.

16.

This quatrain is not found elsewhere than in the Bodleian MS., and it is W. 113, though W.'s translation of the first two lines is more than free. We find an echo of it in F. v. 41, which made its appearance in its original form as F. ii. 55:

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

1. *rūzīyi man ast:* literally, "is my sustenance, or daily bread."

(1) هر کس زده دست عجز در شاخي سست

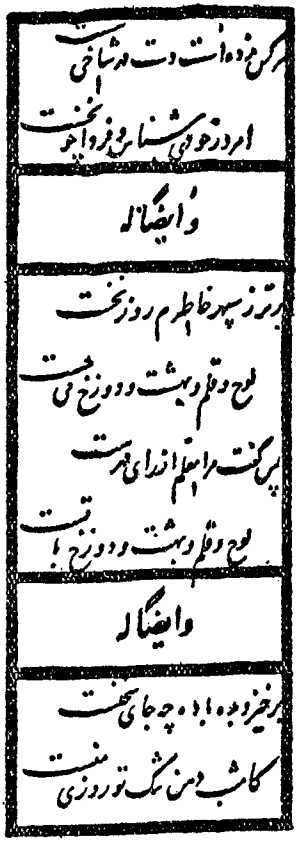
هرکس زده است دست در شاخی سست
امروز چو دی شناس وفردا چو نخست

۱۵

برتر ز سپهر خاطرم روز نخست
لوح وقلم وبهشت و دوزخ می جست
پس گفت مرا معلّم از رای درست
لوح وقلم وبهشت و دوزخ با تست

۱۶

بر خیز وبده باده چه جای سخنست
کامشب دهن تنگ تو روزی منست



8

Every one *who* has shaken with his hand the unstable bough *of knowledge*[8]
knows that to-day is like yesterday, and that to-morrow is like the First Day *of Creation.*[4]

15.

Already on the Day of Creation beyond the heavens my soul
searched for the Tablet and Pen[1] and for heaven and hell;
at last the Teacher said to me with His enlightened judgment,
"Tablet and Pen, and heaven and hell, are within thyself."

16.

Arise and give *me* wine—what time is this for words?
for to-night thy little mouth fills all my needs;[1]

2. W. reads *nawbet*,[1] *i.e.*, "turn, condition, period"; but as he only collates the Bodleian MS., one may assume that he was deceived by a clerical error in his copy.

17.

This quatrain is C. 84, P. 126, L. 193, B. 190, and W. 112, and is one of those (No. 6) translated by E. C. *Vide post*, note to q. 20. There is an echo in it of F. v. 21.

1. *nisīm-i-nōrūz:* literally, "the breath of the spring." *nō-rūz* is the Persian New Year's Day (21st March), on which the Sun enters Aries and begins the Vernal Equinox of the old Solar year, as compared with the variable Lunar year, which dates from the Hejra. It is commemorated to this day by a festival, said to have been instituted by Jamshyd, whose calendar Omar Khayyām rectified, and to which he refers in F. v. 57.

2. *dil-afrūz:* literally, "heart enlightening," *vide* q. 10, l. 2.

3. L. reads "upon the lawn."[2]

18.

This quatrain is C. 113, P. 201, L. 214, B. 211, and W. 111. *Cf. Inferno*, ix. 97: "Che giova nelle fata dar di cozzo?"

1. The meaning of this is "How long shall I perform empty ceremonies?" The futility of the operation is referred to in F. v. 47, *q. v. sub* q. 51. It is a reference to the game of "Ducks and Drakes," which was known to the ancient Egyptians, and also to the Greeks under the name ἐποστρακισμὸς: it was played with oyster-shells. The curious are referred to the record of Minutius Felix (A.D. 207), who describes the game in his preface.

2. *kinisht*=a fire-temple, or Jewish synagogue. Any place of worship, idolatrous from the Muhammadan point of view.

3. L. reads "I am not hopeless like the," etc.[3]

(1) نوبت (2) در صحن چمن (3) نومید نیم چو بت

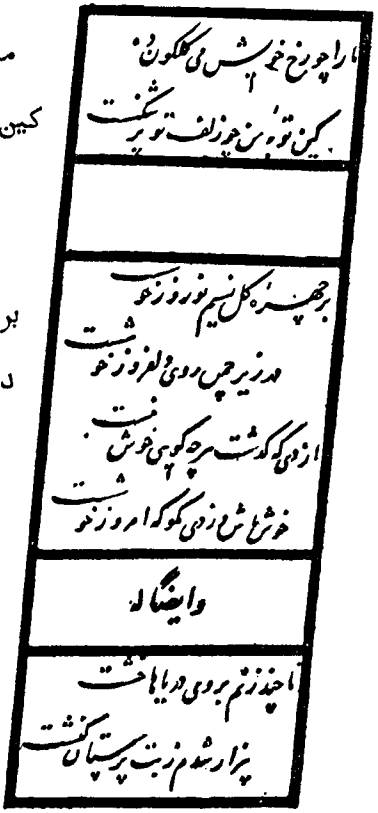
مارا چو رخ خویش می گلگون ده
کین توبهٔ من چو زلف تو پر شکنست .

۱۷

بر چهرهٔ گل نسیم نوروز خوشست
در زیر چمن روی دلفروز خوشست
از دی که گذشت هرچه گوئی خوش نیست
خوش باش وزدی مگو که امروز خوشست

۱۸

تا چند زنم بروی دریاها خشت
بیزار شدم زبت پرستان کنشت



9

give me wine, rose-coloured as thy cheeks,
for this penitence[2] of mine is as full of tangles as thy curls.

17.

The spring breeze[1] blows sweetly upon the face of the rose,
in the shade of the garden plot[2] a darling's[3] face is sweet;
nothing thou canst say of yesterday that is past, is sweet,
be happy and do not speak of yesterday, for to-day is sweet.

18.

How long shall I throw bricks upon the surface of the sea?[1]
I am disgusted with[2] the idol-worshippers of the pagoda.[3]

4. In L. these two lines read:

"To-night I am occupied with fair youths,
I desire wine and a loved one—what are heaven and hell?" [1]

19.

This quatrain is C. 64, P. 95, L. 40, S.P. 37, N. 38, W. 42, and is the original of Fitzgerald's quatrain (F. i. 62, ii. 92, v. 85):

Then said a second—"Ne'er a peevish boy
Would break the bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the vessel made
Will surely not in after wrath destroy."

1. C. is identical with this, but N. and W. read *kuja ravā dārūd*[1] = "Why should he permit," etc.

2. N. reads *sāk*[2] = "legs" for *pai*, and L. reads *dast* = "hands."

3. N. and W. read *ū kef ū dast*[3] = "and palms and hands." C. reads *sar* = "head" for *kef*, which is neater than this, which can only be rendered "from (his) finger tips." Sir William Jones, in his delightful "Grammar" (London, 1771 and 1809, p. 91), justly observes: "The noun *sar* has a number of different senses, and is therefore the most difficult word in the Persian language; it signifies *the head, the top, the point, the principal thing, the air, desire, love, will, intention*, etc.; and sometimes its meaning is so vague that it seems a mere expletive."

4. C. reads *az berāī*[4] = "on what account," etc.

5. P. and L. use the synonym *ājzāī*.[8] I am not sure that "the ingredients of a drink that he has compounded" would not be a better rendering of this line.

20.

The references to this quatrain are somewhat confusing; the nearest to it, as a whole, is P. 162:

Line 1 is the same as L. 84, line 1, and W. 26, line 2. This line is not at all in C. or N.

Line 2 is the same as C. 23, line 1 (var.); L. 84, line 2 (var.); N. 22, line 1 (var.); and W. 26, line 1 (var.).

Line 3 is the same as in C. 23, L. 84, N. 22 (var.), and identical with N. 42.

Line 4 is the same in all the texts, and is repeated in N. 42.

It contains the germ of F. v. 28-9: "I came like water, and like wind I go," etc.; and this quatrain and No. 17 doubtless suggested F. i. 37, which he eliminated in its complete form from all subsequent editions:

Ah! fill the Cup: what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet;
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet!

Compare also the notes to q. 121.

1. *juybār* means a great river formed of many small ones, or a place abounding in streams, as opposed to *juy*,[5] a small stream.

2. This line in C., S. P., N., and W. reads; "These two or three days of the period of my existence pass by."[6]

3. This line in C., S. P., and N. reads: "They pass as passes the wind in the desert."[9]

(1) کجا روا دارد (2) ساق (3) و کف و دست (4) از براي (5) جوي
(6) اين يك دو سه روزه نوبت عمر گذشت (7) امشب من و سيمچهر جوانان كنشت
مي خواهم و معشوق چه دوزخ چه بهشت
(8) آخزاي (9) بگذشت چنانكه بگذرد باد بدشت

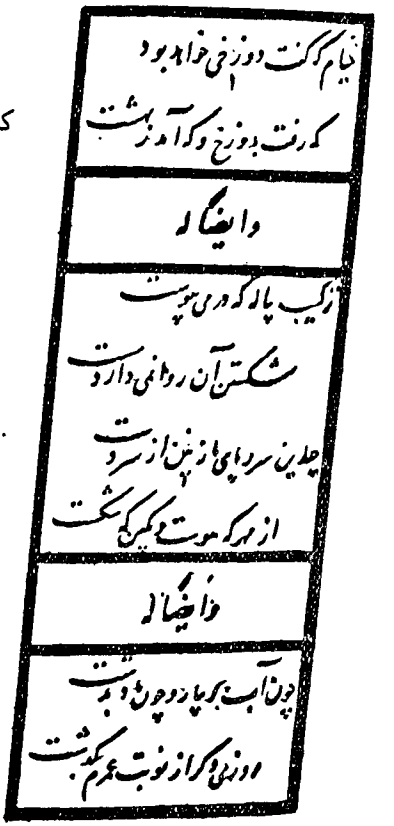
خیّام که گفت دوزخي خواهد بود
که رفت بدوزخ وکه آمد زبهشت

۱۹

ترکیب پیالهٔ که در می پیوست
بشکستن آن روا نمي دارد مست
چندین سر و پاي نازنین ازسر دست
از مهر که پیوست وبکین که شکست

۲۰

چون آب بجویبار و چون باد بدشت
روزي دگر از نوبت عمرم بگذشت



Khayyām! who can say that he will be a denizen of hell,
who ever went to hell, and who ever came from heaven?[4]

19.

The elements[5] of a cup which he has made, to contain wine,
a drinker will not permit[1] to be scattered abroad;
all these heads and delicate feet[2]—with his finger-tips,[3]
for love of whom did he make them?—for hate of whom[4] should
he break them?

20.

Like water in a great river[1] and like wind in the desert,[2]
another day passes out of the period of my existence;[3]

4. This line in C., P., and N. reads: "So long as I live I will not grieve for two days," etc.[1]

21.

This quatrain is C. 49, L. 94, B. 90, and W. 110, without variation. We hear its echo in F. v. 29, and it forms the original of F. i. and v. 30; ii. 33. E. C. translates it also (No. 8):

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Cf. Inferno, xxiv. 119: "O giustizia di Dio, quant' è severa!"

1. Compare F.'s "First Morning of Creation."

2. No doubt, in composing his two first lines, Fitzgerald had also in his mind C. 235, which is N. 117 and W. 145, which may be rendered thus:[2]

In the beginning, to my surprise, he brought me into existence;
what do I gain from life save my amazement (at it)?
We come to an end of it, and do not know what was
the purpose of this coming, and going, and being.

22.

This quatrain is C. 59, P. 205, L. 74, S. P. 81, B. 70, N. 81, W. 83, and Fitzgerald himself gives a translation of it in his preface (F. v., p. 8), an unrhymed translation made by Prof. Cowell, and forming part of a quotation from his *Calcutta Review* article, and therefore literally exact. The original Persian is very clear and simple, and no variation of Prof. Cowell's translation is necessary or desirable.

1. An allusion to his father's trade, tent-making, from which he took his Takhallus or poetic name, and at the same time to his own philosophical labours.

(1) تا من باشم هم دو روز نخورم غم

(2) آورد باضطرابم اوّل بوجود
جز حیرتم از حیات چیزی نفزود
رفتیم با کراه و ندانیم چه بود
زین آمدن ورفتن وبودن مقصود

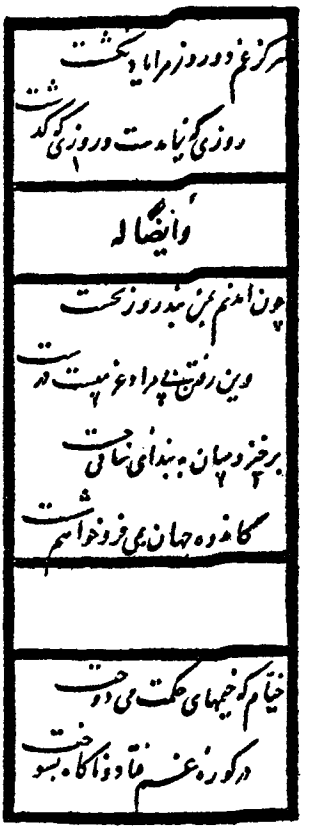
هرگز غم دو روز مرا یاد نگشت
روزي که نیامدست و روز که گذشت

۲۱

چون آمدنم بمن نبُد روز نخست
وین رفتن بي‌مراد عزمیست درست
برخیز ومیان به بند اي ساقي چست
کاندوه جهان بمي فرو خواهم شست

۲۲

خیّام که خیمهاي حکمت مي‌دوخت
در گورهٔ غم فتاد و ناگاه بسوخت



11

grief has never lingered in my mind—concerning two days,[4]
the day that has not yet come and the day that is past.

21.

Seeing that my coming was not for me the Day of Creation,[1]
and *that* my undesired departure *hence* is a purpose fixed *for me*,[2]
get up and gird well thy loins, O nimble Cup-bearer,
for I will wash down the misery of the world in wine.

22.

Khayyām, who stitched at the tents of wisdom,[1]
fell into the furnace of sorrow and was suddenly burnt;

2. C. and W. read *dallāl-i-kasā*[1] = "the broker of destiny," and N. reads *dallāl-i-'ajl*[2] = "the broker in a hurry," as a pendant doubtless to *mikrāz-i-'ajl* = the shears of Fate in line 3. We have in this line an echo of the concluding line of F. v. 93, "and sold my reputation for a song."

23

This quatrain is C. 96, P. 204, L. 82, S.P. 42, B. 78, N. 43, W. 46, and is the third of de T.'s examples. It is one of a not infrequently recurrent class of ruba'i which inspired Fitzgerald's remarkable quartette of quatrains, F.v. 78-81. Those quatrains, however, were directly inspired by one of the finest passages in the Mantic ut-tair. (M., ll. 215-218 and 218 *bis* (error of numbering) = 220.) Compare, also, the Epistle to the Romans, ch. v. 20: "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." Fitzgerald had also before him another ruba'i (C. 65), whose concluding lines closely resemble this quatrain:

"If I do not sin, what is Mercy to do (with itself)?
His Mercy is called into existence by my sins."[3]

W. 120 is a variant of this latter quatrain.

24.

This quatrain is C. 75, P. 21, L. 181, S. P. 45, B. 178, N. 46, W. 49, and we find an echo of it in the first line of F. v. 63: "Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise." It is also the fourth of de T's. examples.

1. *sauma'ah* is distinctively a Christian cell or monastery; *madrasch*, the school attached to a mosque; *daïr*, a collective monastery or cloister; and *kinisht*, a Jewish synagogue.

(1) دلال قضا (2) دلال هجل (3) کـر مـن نکنم گـنـاه رحمـت که کند
آرایش رحمـت از گنه کردن ماسـت

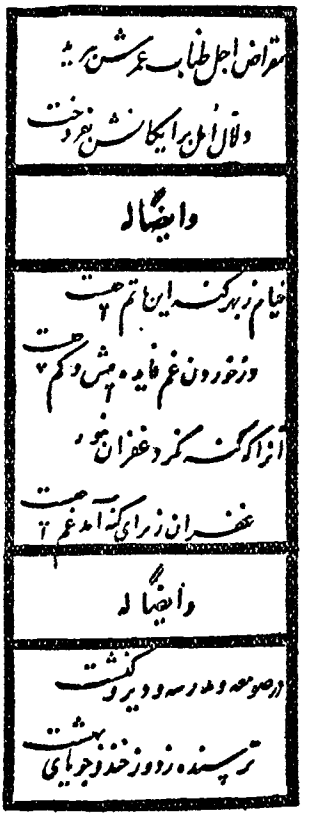
مقراض اجل طناب عمرش ببرید
دلّال امل برایگانش بفروخت

۲۳

خیّام ز بهر گنه این ماتم چیست
وزخوردن غم فایده بیش وکم چیست
انرا که گنه نکرد غفران نبود
غفران زبرای گنه آمد غم چیست

۲۴

در صومعه ومدرسه ودیر وکنشت
ترسنده ز دوزخند وجویای بهشت



12

the shears of doom cut the tent-rope of his existence,
and the broker of hope[2] sold him for a mere song.

23.

Khayyām, why mourn thus for *thy* sins?
from grieving thus what advantage, more or less, dost thou gain?
Mercy was never for him who sins not,
mercy is granted for sins—why then grieve?

24.

In cell, and college, and monastery, and synagogue[1]
are those who fear hell and those who seek after heaven;

2. Literally, "in the stomach of his heart." C., P., N., and W. read *andrūn-i-khūd*,[1] *i.e.*, "in his own bowels (or heart)." W. appends a note: "Meaning souls reabsorbed into the Divine essence have no concern with the material heaven or hell." I think the simplicity of the original sufficiently conveys the writer's meaning.

25.

In this precise form this quatrain is, as far as my researches go, only to be found in this MS. and in L., where it is No. 96, with trifling verbal variations, and B. 92; but a variant so close in general form and meaning as to be readily referred to as identical is P. 328, N. 82, and W. 84, and, with slight variations which bring it nearer to our Bodleian MS., C. 67. This quatrain (C., P., N., and W.) may be rendered:

In the season of Spring with a houri-shaped idol,
If there be one jar of wine on the edge of the field,
However much, according to doctrine, this may be bad,
I am worse than a dog if I remember heaven.[2]

We have in this quatrain the sentiment of F. v. 12, 13; but a closer parallel is found to them in qq. 149 and 155 of this MS. (*q. v. post*).

1. "Thenceforth" is perhaps a liberty, but in *many places* in this MS. it seems indicated as the correct rendering of *āz ānki*, or of *āz āngāh*.

26.

This quatrain, which hardly varies in the texts I am using for reference, is C. 83, L. 192, S. P. 85, B. 189, N. 85, and W. 87. We have here the sentiment of the first two lines of F. v. 47:

When you and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long long while the World shall last;

and the last two lines of F. v. 74, which made its first appearance as F. ii. 80:

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why,
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

Vide note to q. 29.

(1) اندرون خود (2) در فصل بهار با بت حور سرشت
یك کوزهٔ مي اگر بود بر لب کشت
هر چند بنرد علم بد باشد این
از سك بترم اگر کنم یاد بهشت

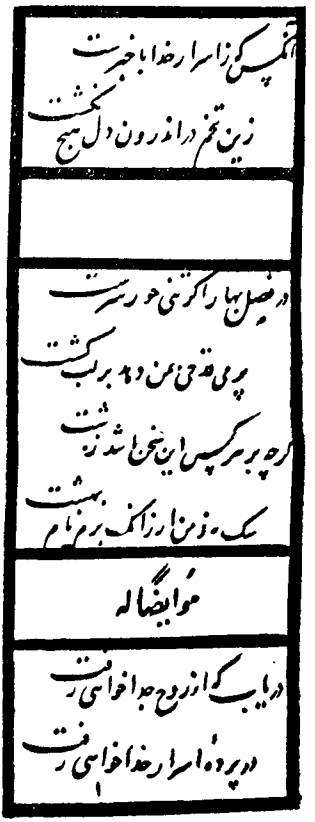
آنکس که زاسرار خدا با خبر است
زین تخم در اندرون دل هیچ نکشت

۲۵

در فصل بهار اگر تنی حور سرشت
پر می قدحی بمن دهد بر لب کشت
گرچه بر هرکس این سخن باشد زشت
سگ به زمن ارزانک برم نام بهشت

۲۶

دریاب که از روح جدا خواهی رفت
در پردهٔ اسرار خدا خواهی رفت



13

he who has knowledge of the secrets of God
sows none of such seed in his heart of hearts.[2]

25.

If in the season of spring a being, houri-shaped,
gives me on the green bank of a field a goblet full of wine,
(though to everyone this saying may seem uncouth)
a dog is better than I am if thenceforth[1] I pronounce the name
of heaven.

26.

Know this—that from thy soul thou shalt be separated,
thou shalt pass behind the curtain of the secrets of God.

1. The other texts begin, line 3, "*maī khūr*," and line 4, "*khūsh būsh*." The meaning is not affected.

27.

This is quatrain C. 79, P. 228, L. 200, S. P. 47, B. 197, N. 48, and W. 51, which are identical as to the first three lines, save for unimportant synonyms, such as *būdam* for *shudam* in the first line, and *kūri*[1] for *chīzi* in the third.

1. W. notes here *κασίγνητος θανατοῖο*. Compare the opening lines of Shelley's "Queen Mab":

> How wonderful is Death—
> Death, and his brother Sleep!

2. C., L., N., and W. all read for *umrahat*, *be-zīr-i-khāk*[2] = "beneath the earth," and begin the line "*maī khūr*," as *passim*.

28.

This, one of the most mystic and interesting quatrains known to me, occurs only in this MS., and is reproduced as W. 109. A remote echo of it is to be found in F. v. 50:

> "Yes, and a single Alif were the clue,
> Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
> And peradventure to THE MASTER too."

(1) كاري (2) بزير خاك

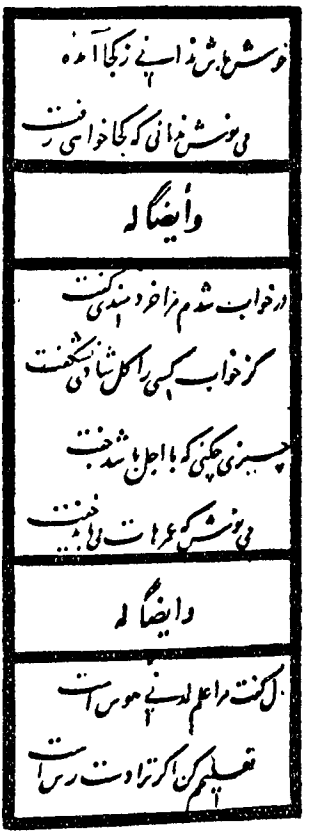
خوش باش ندانی از کجا آمده
مي نوش ندانی که کجا خواهي رفت

۲۷

در خواب شدم مرا خردمندي گفت
کز خواب کسي را گل شادي نشکفت
چيزي چکني که با اجل باشد جفت
مي نوش که عمرهات مي بايد خفت

۲۸

دل گفت مرا علم لدنّي هوس است
تعليم کن اگر ترا دست رس است



14

Be happy—thou knowest not whence thou hast come:
drink wine[1]—thou knowest not whither thou shalt go.

27.

I fell asleep, *and* wisdom said to me:—
"Never from sleep has the rose of happiness blossomed for anyone;
why do a thing that is the mate of death?[1]
Drink wine, for thou must sleep for ages."[2]

28.

My heart said to me:—"I have a longing for inspired knowledge;
teach me if thou art able."

1. Mr. Whinfield, instead of dividing the line after "Alif," reads: "I said the *Alif-i-kafat*,"[1] and dispenses with the verb *guft* (= "it said"), and appends a note: "The One (God) is enough; probably a quotation. Hāfiz (Ode 416) uses the same expression 'He who knows the One, knows all.'" With all respect, I differ, for *guft* seems the necessary verb in the line, governed by *dil* = "the heart." The *Alif-i-kafat* is, however, a recognised oriental idiom, meaning "The *Efficient* Alif," *i.e.*, the one necessary letter, meaning "the One God," referred to again in the fourth line as *kess*, literally "Some-one = The One" and "One letter," *i.e.*, the Alif representing God. The whole quatrain is mystical and doctrinal.

29.

This quatrain is C. 56, P. 63, L. 61, S. P. 43, B. 58, N. 44, and W. 47, and we get the echo of it in F. v. 32, 34, and 47:

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see, etc.

Cf. M., ll. 3891-2. And again:

When you and I behind the Veil are past, etc.

F. infused into this quatrain the sentiment of M., ll. 146-153.

1. Literally, "there is not a way for anyone."

2. *ta'biyah* (or *ta'biyat*), an Arabic word signifying "an array set out," as of soldiers or furniture, etc. For this word C. has *shu'badeh-yi jān*[2] = "juggling about of the soul." It will be observed that the coupling of these words gives quite a new construction to the whole line.

3. C. and W. for *hich* read *tirah*,[3] obliterating the double negative and giving us "save in the *dark* heart," etc. N. is identical with this.

4. C. is identical with this; but L., N., and W. begin: *afsūs ki īn fasānahā*[4] = "Pity (it is) that these fables are not short." The line translates literally, "Drink wine, for such fables are not short," meaning, "It will take long to expound the fable (or illusion) of human life." The Paris MS. reads, "Hear thou that such fables," etc. *Cf.* M., ll. 152-3.

30.

This quatrain is C. 108, P. 155, L. 49, S. P. 51, B. 46, N. 51, and W. 54, and in it we find the germ of more than one of F.'s quatrains dealing with *the Secret*. The whole verse is a protest against the mystery made of holy things by the self-styled "initiates."

1. C., P., N., and W. for *rāz* read *sirr*.[5] Note in these two lines the words *sirr* and its broken Arabic plural *asrār*, and its synonym *rāz*. *rāz-i-nīhān* means idiomatically a *profound* secret, such as the place of one's death, future events, etc.

2. S. P. and N. (alone) begin the line "*rāz az hemeh bulbulān*,"[6] etc., "the secret must be hidden from every nightingale." P. and L. begin "*rāz az hemeh āblihān*," etc., a slight variant of this MS.

(1) الف كَفَتْ (2) شعبدهٔ جان (3) تيره (4) افسوس كه اين فسانها
(5) سرّ (6) راز از همه بلبلان

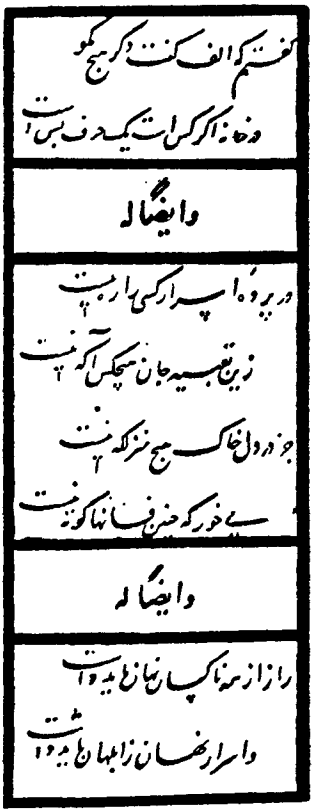
گفتم که آلف گفت دگر هیچ مگو
درخانه اگر کس است یك حرف بس است

۲۹

در پردهٔ اسرار کسی را ره نیست
زین تعبیه جان هیچکس آگه نیست
جز در دل خاك هیچ منزلگه نیست
می خور که چنین فسانها کوته نیست

۳۰.

راز از همه ناکسان نهان باید داشت
واسرار نهان زابلهان باید داشت



15

I said the Alif. My heart said:[1]—"Say no more.
If One is in the house, one letter is enough."

29.

No one can pass[1] behind the curtain *that veils* the secret,
the mind of no one is *cognizant* of what is there;[2]
save in the heart of earth we have no[3] haven.
Drink wine,[4] for to such talk there is no end.

30.

The mystery[1] must be kept hidden from all the ignoble,
and the secrets must be withheld from fools.[2]

3. This line in C., P., N., and W. has the same meaning, but is constructed differently.[1] L. and N. for *bejāi* read *bejān-i-mardamān*,[2] giving us, "Consider how you yourself act towards the souls of men." L., "men *and* souls," *ū* for the *izāfat*.

4. *chashm* means "eyes" and "hope" (*vide post*, q. 80, note 2). This passage might be rendered, "Our regard (for them)," etc., *sed quære*. *Cf.* Dante, *Convivio*, iii. 8.

31.

This quatrain is P. 25, C. 87, L. 195, S. P. 31, N. 31, and W. 35. Compare q. No. 95 (*post*). This quatrain inspired F. v. 71:

The Morning Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your tears wash out a Word of it.

And the same idea reappears in the parallel quatrain F. v. 73:

With Earth's first Clay they did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote,
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

N. quotes in a note a parallel passage from Anwary:—"If the affairs of this world are not governed by Fate, why do the projects of men turn out contrariwise to their desires? Yes, it is Fate that leads men irresistibly towards good and bad, and that is why their endeavours come always to naught."[3] Compare Ephesians iii. 9: "The mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God." *Cf. Paradiso*, xx. 52: "'l giudicio eterno non si trasmuta."

1. C., L., N., and W. for *zīn pīsh* read *bar lūh*[4] = upon the Tablet. Compare *lūh ū kalam* in q. 15.

2. C., L., N., and W. read *āsūdah*,[5] meaning the same.

3. P., C., L., N., and W. read *andar takdīr*[6] = In Destiny.

32.

This quatrain is L. 105, B. 101. I do not find it in C., N., or W., but it is the fifth of the examples given in de T.'s pamphlet.

1. *fasl-i-gul*, the time of flowers (esp. roses) = the Spring.

2. *kisht* = a sown field as opposed to a wild prairie; so F. in F. v. ii., "the sown," *vide* qq. 40 and 45. The *lab-i-kisht* is the raised embankment of grass round a cultivated field. Compare the passage in Jami's Beharistan (6th Garden): "We went out one spring day with a company of friends and acquaintances to enjoy the air of the fields and obtain a view of the desert."

3. Literally, "With one, two, three people," etc.

4. *sirisht* means either "shaped" or "natured." L. for *āhl* reads *tāzeh*,[7] giving us "with a few *young* houri-shaped playmates."

(1) بنگر كه بجاي مردمان خود چه كني (2) بجان
(3) اگر محول كار جهانيان نه قضا است
چرا مجاري احوال به خلاف رضا است
بلي قضا است بهر نيك و بد عنانكش خلق
از آن سراست كه تدبير هاي جملة خطا است
(4) بر لوح (5) آسوده (6) اندر تقدير (7) تازه

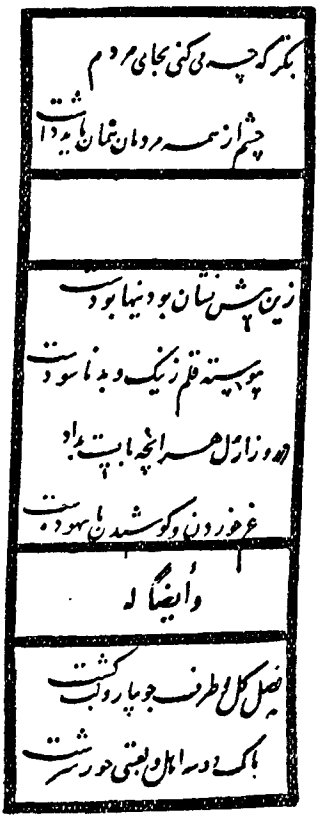
بنگر که چه می کنی بجای مردم
چشم از همه مردمان نهان باید داشت

۳۱

زین پیش نشان بودنیها بودست
پیوسته قلم ز نیک وبد ناسودست
در روز ازل هر انچه بایست بداد
غم خوردن وکوشیدن ما بیهوده ست

۳۲

فصل گل وطرف جویبار ولب کشت
بایك دو سه اهل ولعبتی حور سرشت



16

Consider thine actions towards *thy fellow* men:[3]
our hopes[4] must be concealed from all mankind.

31.

From the beginning[1] was written what shall be;
unhaltingly the Pen *writes, and* is heedless[2] of good and bad;
on the First Day[3] He appointed everything that must be—
our grief and our efforts are vain.

32.

In the spring,[1] on the bank of the river and on the bank of the field,[2]
with a few companions[3] and a playmate houri-shaped,[4]

5. Independent alike of Islam and Judaism, the two principal creeds fo wed in Irān.

33.

This quatrain is C. 90, P. 148, L. 199, S. P. 90, B. 196, N. 90, W. 92, and inspired F. v. 67:

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

He got his verse mainly, however, from M., l. 1866.

1. N. and W. for *ten* read *'umr* = existence—a frequent interchange in the MSS.

2. Jihun = the river Oxus. Compare line 399 in "Prometheus Unbound": δακρυσίστακον ἀπ' ὄσσων ῥαδινῶν δ' εἰβομένα ῥέος παρειὰν νοτίοις ἔτεγξα παγαῖς = "shedding from tender eyes a trickling river of tears, I wet my cheeks with fountains of rain."

3. C., P., L., and W. read *chashm*,[1] giving us "my strained eyes."

4. It is interesting to note the interchange of "f" for "p" in Persian. *Firdūs* = paradise; *Farsi* = Persian; *Peri* = fairy; *Farsang* = parasang (Gr.), etc.

34.

This quatrain is C. 51, P. 323, L. 95, B. 91, and W. 108, and contains the original inspiration of F. i. 12:

"How sweet is mortal sovran'ty!" think some:
Others, "How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave the Rest;
Oh, the brave music of a *distant* Drum!

As F. ii. 13, it practically reached its final form:

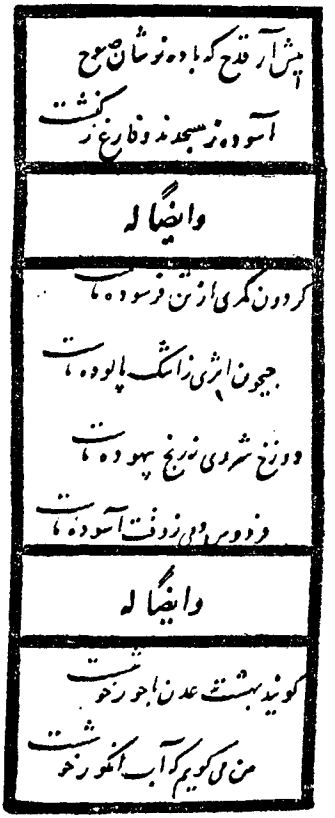
Some for the glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

1. L. and W. read *mara chu sur*[2] for *behisht-i-'Adan*, meaning "for me like a nuptial banquet with houris," etc. Paris MS. has a synonymous variant.

2. The second line in C. reads, "And that that after-life will be pleasant with music and brightness."[3]

(1) چشم (2) مرا چو سور (3) و آن هالم با نوا و با نور خوش ست

پیش آر قدح که باده نوشان صبوح
آسوده ز مسجدند وفارغ زکنشت



۳۳

گردون کمری از تن فرسودهٔ ماست
جیحون اثری ز اشک پالودهٔ ماست
دوزخ شرری ز رنج بیهودهٔ ماست
فردوس دمی ز وقت آسودهٔ ماست

۳۴

گویند بهشت عدن با حور خوشست
من می گویم که آب انگور خوشست

17

bring forth the cup, for those that drink the morning draught are independent of the mosque and free from the synagogue.[5]

33.

The heavenly vault is the girdle of my weary body,[1]
Jihun[2] is a water-course worn by my filtered tears,[3]
hell is a spark from my useless worries,
Paradise[4] is a moment of time when I am tranquil.

34.

They say that the garden of Eden[1] is pleasant to the houris:
I say that the juice of the grape is pleasant.[2]

3. This is W.'s line, which cannot be improved upon. It is a common Persian proverb. Compare the last line of q. 40 (*post*). L. for *be-dar* reads *be-shu*, synonymous.

4. C., L., and W. for *birāder* read *shinūdan*[1] = to hear.

5. This line refers to the kettledrums suspended at the gates of oriental palaces to summon soldiers, etc. Compare Gulistan, ch. v., story 20:

> Till thou hearest the morning call from the Friday mosque,
> Or the noise of kettledrums on Atabek's palace-gate.[2]

Compare also the distich in Fitzgerald's translation of M. in L. R. vol. ii., p. 463:

> Or lust of worldly Glory—hollow more
> Than the Drum beaten at the Sultan's Door.

Cf. M., ll. 2163 and 2753.

35.

This quatrain is C. 80, P. 284, L. 188, B. 185, and W. 107. In the first two lines we recognise the sentiment of F. i. 23, v. 24, which remained unaltered in all the editions:

> Ah! make the most of what we yet may spend,
> Before we too into the Dust descend;
> Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
> Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

And in the last line we recognise the last lines of F. v. 63, which alone remain as the last lines of F. i. 26. This (F. i. 26) is undoubtedly inspired by this ruba'i:

> Oh! come with old Khayyām, and leave the Wise,
> To talk; one thing is certain, that life flies;
> One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies—
> The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

It occurs also as in the last line of F. ii., 23, which was omitted in F. iii. and iv. *Cf. Purgatorio*, xiv. 86: "O gente mamma, perchè poni il core là 'v' è mestier di consorto divieto?"

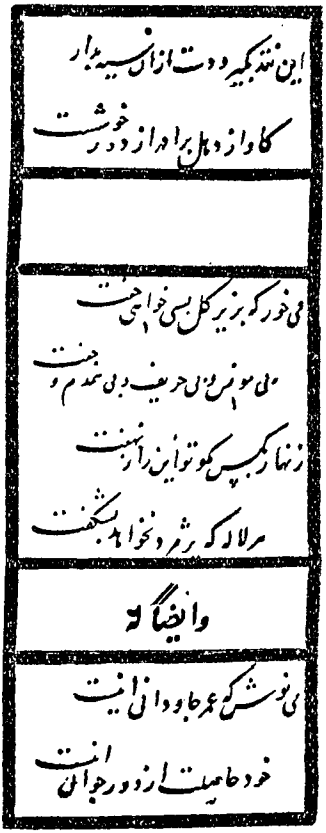
1. It is open to conjecture whether this word should be read *gil*[3] = clay, or *gul*[4] = roses; and in C. there is a *zammah*, making it *gul*;[4] and W. affixes a *kasrah*, making it *gil*.[3] *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

36.

This quatrain is B. 93; it is found by W. only in this MS. and the Lucknow edition, where it is 97, and it is reproduced as W. 106.

1. Literally, "This is your very interest from the period of your youth." L. reads "your very self."[5]

(1) شنيدن (2) تاشنوي ز مسجد آدينه با نك صبح
يا از در سراي اتابك غريو كوس
(3) كِل (4) گُل (5) خود خاصيست



این نقد بگیر و دست ازان نسیه بدار
کاواز دهل برادر از دور خوشست

۳۵

مي خور که بزیر گِل بسي خواهي خفت
بي مونس وبي حریف وبي همدم وجفت
زنهار بکس مگو تو این راز نهفت
هر لالهٔ پژمرد نخواهد بشکفت

۳۶

مي نوش که عمر جاودانی اینست
خود حاصلت از دور جواني اینست

18

Hold fast this cash and let that credit go,[3]
for the noise of drums, brother,[4] is pleasant from afar.[5]

35.

Drink wine, for thou wilt sleep long beneath the clay[1]
without an intimate, a friend, a comrade, or wife;
take care that thou tell'st not this hidden secret to anyone:—
The tulips that are withered will never bloom again.

36.

Drink wine, for this is life eternal,
this is thy gain from the days of thy youth;[1]

2. W.'s text reads (from the Lucknow edition): "*It is* the season of roses and wine and drunken friends." [1]

3. *i.e.*, "for that is the only thing worth living for."

37.

I do not find this quatrain in C., L., N., or W., nor does F. appear to have used it.

1. Note the objective *rā* governing all that goes before it.

2. Literally, "after my heart," *i.e.*, "in my heart's opinion."

38.

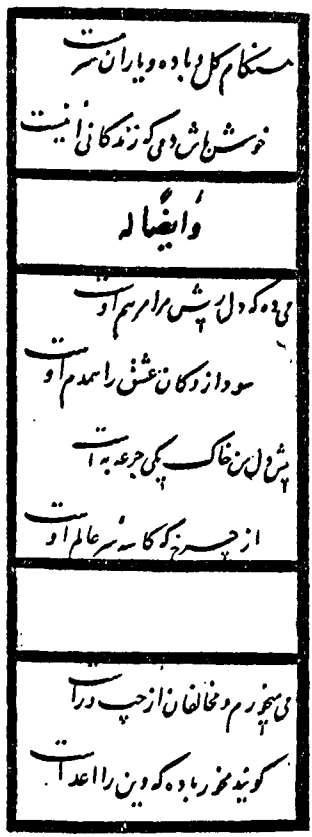
This quatrain is C. 81, P. 261, L. 189, S. P. 93, B. 186, N. 93, and W. 95, and we find in it the sentiment of F. v. 61, which made its first appearance as F. ii. 63, and was never altered, though F. had C. 81 before him when he made his first edition:

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse,—why, then, Who set it there?

Mr. Dole (D., p. 118) derives this from a quatrain N. 226 and W. 265, but he had not studied the Calcutta and Bodleian MSS. It is true that F. had N. before him when he made his second edition, but this C. and B. quatrain is nearer the sentiment of his own, and N.'s translation takes unwarrantable liberties with his text.

(1) هنگام گل ست و مل و یاران سرمست

هنگام گل و باده و یاران مست
خوش باش دمي که زندگاني اینست



۳۷

مي‌ده که دل ریش مرا مرهم اوست
سودازدگان عشق‌را همدم اوست
پیش دل من خاك یکي جرعه به است
از چرخ که کاسهٔ سر عالم اوست

۳۸

مي میخورم ومخالفان از چپ و راست
گویند مخور باده که دین‌را اعداست

19

a season of roses, and wine, and drunken companions[2]—
be happy for a moment for THIS is life![3]

37.

Give me wine which is a salve for my wounded heart,
it is the boon companion of those who have trafficked in love;[1]
to my mind[2] the dregs of a single draught are better
than the vault of heaven which is the hollow of the world's skull.

38.

I drink wine, and *my* enemies, from left and right
say:—"Do not drink wine, for it is the foe of religion."

1. A reference to the permission given to Muhammadans in ch. ii. of the Qur'ān and elsewhere to slay all foes of Islam.

39.

This quatrain is B. 55, and is found by W. only in this MS. and in the Lucknow edition, where it is 58, and it is reproduced as W. 105.

1. L. begins, "Wine! thou art a melted ruby."[1] All the texts teem with references to the ruby that "kindles in the vine" (F. v. 5), and the idea of the "molten ruby" is commonly recurrent in oriental verse. Compare the passage in the Beharistān (7th Garden):

Wine is said to be a molten ruby,

* * *

Whoever beheld that cornelian wine
Cannot discern it from melted cornelian;
Both are of one essence, but in nature,
The one is solid, the other fluid.

The one powdered colours the hand, the other tasted mounts to the head.

2. Literally, "that is laughing with wine."

3. L. begins, "Cup, thou art a charm"[2] (or hope). The change in these two lines from the second to the third person is noteworthy.

40.

This quatrain is C. 107, L. 89, S. P. 92, B. 85, N. 92, and W. 94, and we get again in it the images of the earthly cash and heavenly credit (F. v. 13), and the sensuous repose of the desert verses (F. v. 11 and 12) before referred to.

1. N. begins *bud*—"*was* an inhabitant of Heaven"; whilst C. and W. read, "Made an inhabitant of pleasant Heaven or," etc.[3] L. reads *kerd* for *guft*, "*Made* me to dwell," etc.

(1) لعل تو مي مذاب (2) چشم تو پياله (3) كرد اهل بهشت خوب يا

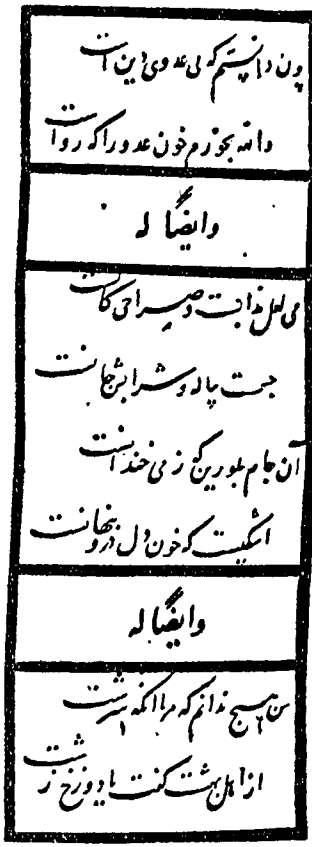
چون دانستم که مي عدوي دين است
والله بخورم خون عدورا که رواست

۳۹

مي لعل مذابست وصراحي کانست
جسمست پياله وشرابش جانست
آن جام بلورين که ز مي خندانست
اشکيست که خون دل در و پنهانست

۴۰.

من هيچ ندانم که مرا آنکه سرشت
از اهل بهشت کرد يا دوزخ زشت



20

When I knew that wine was the foe of religion,
I said:—"By Allah! let me drink the foe's blood, for *that* is lawful."[1]

39.

Wine is a melted ruby[1] and the cup is the mine thereof;
the cup is a body[3] and its wine is the soul thereof;
that crystal cup that is bubbling over[2] with wine
is a tear in which the heart's blood is hidden.

40.

I know not whether he who fashioned me
appointed[1] me to dwell in heaven or in dreadful hell,

2. Literally, "an idol."

3. C., L., N., and W. for "food" and "wine" read "goblet"[1] and "lute,"[2] from which F. doubtless got his "Thou beside me *singing* in the wilderness."

4. *i.e.*, "These are what I am enjoying (as ready cash) in this life, whilst you are only expecting them (credit) in Heaven."

41.

This quatrain is C. 62, P. 45, L. 80, S. P. 95, B. 76, N. 95, W. 96, and contains the inspiration for F. v. 72 (F. i. 52):

> And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
> Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
> Lift not your hands to *It* for help, for It
> As impotently moves as you or I.

Cf. M., l. 24: "The sky is like a bird that flutters in the direction commanded by God." Compare q. 154.

1. N. reads "Everything good."[3]

2. *nihād* is "a thing placed," therefore *nihād-i-beshr* = human nature.

3. *kazā and kadr:* "The decree existing in the divine mind from all eternity, and the execution and declaration of the decree at the appointed time; the Recording Angels" (Steingass, Dict.).

4. C. and N. read *dar rāh-i-'ishk*,[4] in the way of (divine) love.

42.

This quatrain is C. 114, P. 149, L. 215, S. P. 98, B. 212, N. 98, and W. 99. We get in it an echo of q. 10, *ante*.

1. *waraki-zi-'ishk* is eminently symbolical. It may be interpreted "a love story"; so in French, "*une page d'amour*." N. and W. read for this *tarabi-zi-'akl*,[5] "a joy from wisdom"; whilst C. and L. have *rakami-zi-'akl*,[6] "the study of wisdom," and the verb is in the negative.[7]

(1) جامي (2) بربطي (3) هر نيكي (4) در ره عشق (5) طربي ز عقل
(6) رقمي ز عقل (7) بنكاشت

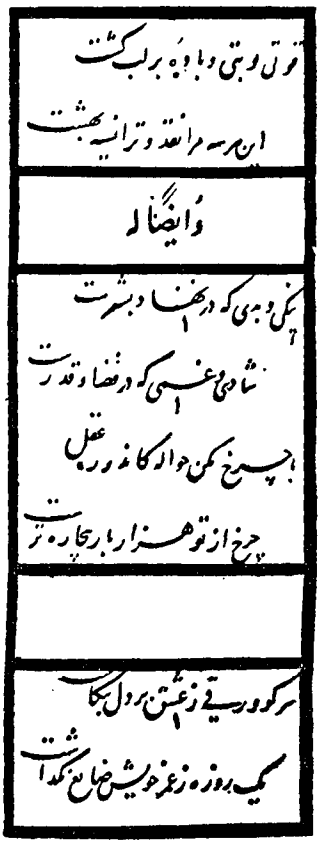
قوتي وبتي وبادهٔ برلب کشت
این هرسه مرا نقد وترا نسیه بهشت

۴۱

نیکي وبدي که در نهاد بشرست
شادي وغمي که در قضا وقدرست
با چرخ مکن حواله کاندر ره عقل
چرخ از تو هزار بار بیچاره‌ترست

۴۲

هر کو ورقي زعشق بر دل بکاشت
یک روزه زعمر خویش ضایع نگذاشت



21

but some food, and an adored one,[2] and wine,[3] upon the green bank of a field—
all these three are cash to me: thine be the credit-heaven![4]

41.

The good[1] and the bad that are in man's nature,[2]
the happiness and misery that are predestined[3] for us—
do not impute *them* to the heavens, for in the way of Wisdom[4]
those heavens are a thousandfold more helpless than thou art.

42.

Whosoever has engrafted the leaf of love[1] upon his heart,
not one day of his life has been wasted;

2. C., P., N., and W. for *ten* read *khūd; i.e., his own* comfort. L. reads *jān; i.e.*, "the comfort of his *soul*."

43.

This quatrain is C. 47, L. 110, and W. 104 (W. does not collate C.), and it is included as E. C. 4. It is the original of one of F.'s most beautiful verses, F. v. 17 (F. i. 18):

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

1. L. and C. read, "In every desert where there is a tulip-bed."[1]

2. L. and C. read, "Those tulips have come there from the blood of a king."[2]

3. L. and W. for *shākh* read *barg*[3] = leaf.

4. This admiration for moles is universal in the East. Compare Beharistān, 4th Garden: "He fell madly in love with her attractions, distracted by her curls and her mole." And so Hāfiz:

If that lovely maid of Shirāz would accept my heart,
I would give for the black mole on her cheek the cities of
Samarcand and Bokhārā.[4]

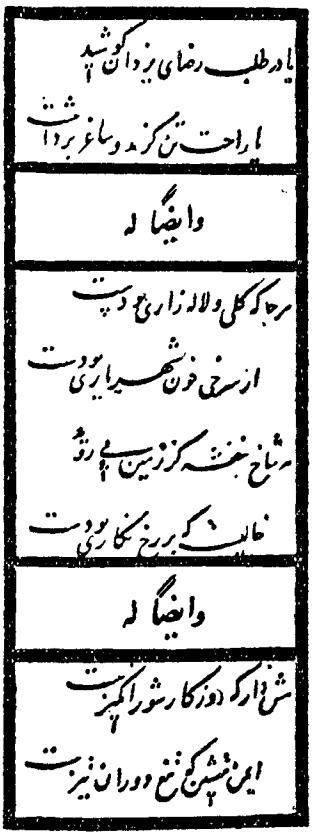
44.

This quatrain is C. 109, P. 165, L. 83, B. 79, and W. 103.

1. Literally, "Sit not secure."

(1) در هر دشت که لاله زاري بود است (2) ان لاله از خون شهرياري
(3) برگ (4) اگر آن ترك شرازي بدست ارد دل مارا
بخال هندوش بخشم سمرقند و بخارا

یا در طلب رضای یزدان کوشید
یا راحت تن گزید وساغر برداشت



۴۳

هر جا که گلی ولاله زاری بودست
از سرخی خون شهریاری بودست
هر شاخ بنفشه کز زمین می روید
خالیست که بر رخ نگاری بودست

۴۴

هُش دار که روزگار شورانگیزست
ایمن منشین که تیغ دوران تیزست

22

either he strives to meet with God's approbation,
or he chooses bodily[2] comfort and raises the wine-cup.

43.

Everywhere that there has been a rose or tulip-bed,[1]
there has been *spilled* the crimson blood of a king;[2]
every violet shoot[3] that grows from the earth
is a mole that was *once* upon the cheek of a beauty.[4]

44.

Be prudent, for the means of life are uncertain;
take heed,[1] for the sword of destiny is keen.

45.

It will be observed that this quatrain, which is not to be found in C., N., or W., is practically a paraphrase of q. 40 (*ante*). Line 2 is practically identical with line 4 of q. 40, whilst line 4 is identical with line 4 of q. 18 (*ante*). The quatrain is probably spurious. Compare also q. 32 (*ante*) and q. 76 (*post*). P. 221 is almost identical, and L. has a corresponding quatrain, No. 37 (B. 34), the first three lines of which read:

A goblet, and wine, and a cup-bearer on the bank of the field;
Let all these be mine, and mayst thou enjoy all heaven;
Hearken not to discourse concerning heaven and hell from anyone.[1]

1. See note 2, q. 32, *ante*.

2. Compare q. 40, l. 4. "Cash" = present enjoyment; "credit" = future bliss. It will be observed that, though the Persian is here practically identical, the rendering is different. The laws of Persian prosody, to which Omar ever paid strict attention, require that lines 2 and 4 should not end with a word identical in sound *and* meaning. *be-hisht*, therefore, at the end of line 2, is the third person singular of the aorist tense of the verb *hishtan*[2] = to rob.

3. Compare q. 18, l. 4.

46.

This quatrain is P. 183, B. 225, and W. 135 (taken by him from this MS. and the Lucknow edition, where it is No. 228), and is one of the pair (with q. 94, *post*) from which F. derived his allusion to chess in F. v. 69. *Cf.* also C. 336.

1. To the Persian the Chinese type of countenance was singularly beautiful. *chin* means also porcelain (or a porcelain idol). Compare Beharistān (7th Garden):

"When my love arranged the entangled hyacinth lock of hair,
She placed the stamp of envy upon the heart of Chinese painters."

(1) جامي و مي و ساقی بر لب کشت (2) هشتن
این جمله مرا وهم ترا گشتي تهست
مشنو سخن بهشت و دوزخ از کس

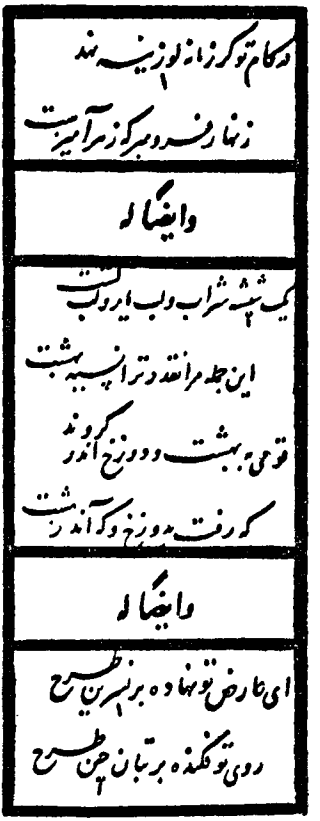
در گام تو گر زمانه لوزینه نهد
زنهار فرو مبر که زهر آمیزست

۴۵

یك شیشهٔ شراب ولب یار ولب کشت
این جمله مرا نقد وترا نسیه بهشت
قومی به بهشت و دوزخ اندر گروند
که رفت بدوزخ وکه آمد زبهشت

۴۶

ای عارض تو نهاده بر نسرین طرح
روی تو فگنده بر بتان چین طرح



23

If fortune place almond-sweets in thy very mouth,
beware! swallow them not, for poison is mingled therein.

45.

One jar of wine and a lover's lips, on the bank of the sown field[1]—
these have robbed me of cash, and thee of the credit.[2]
The whole human race is pledged to heaven or hell,
but who ever went to hell, and who ever came from heaven?[3]

46.

O thou, whose cheek is moulded upon the model of the wild rose,
whose face is cast in the mould of Chinese idols,[1]

2. W. says the Lucknow edition for *Babil* reads *māil* (= "fond"). It may do so in his copy, but it certainly does not in mine, where it reads distinctly *mātl-ra*,[10] which neither I, nor anyone I have been able to consult, understand. *shah-māt* means "check-mate" at chess, but the termination forbids us to seek for an interpretation in this analogue. Mr. Ellis of the British Museum suggests that the *m* is inserted in error, and that the scribe meant to say *Ātl*, the ancient name for the province of Astrakhan. The suggestion is an interesting and valuable one. At the same time, I think it not improbable that the error is in my (later) edition of L., for we find this word *māil* in B., which was taken from the 1878 edition of L. to which W. refers.

3. The Persian chessmen referred to are respectively, *āsp* = horse = knight; *rukh* = cheek = castle, whence our term rook (?); *fil* = elephant = bishop; *bizak* = flag = pawn; and *farzīn* = queen. The pawns are often called *piādehgān*[1] = footmen. P. and W. give *fil*, which is the Persian, instead of *pil*, which is Arabic. Owners of the familiar ivory chessmen that come from the East will recognise the above terms. The game is called in Persian *shatranj*,[2] "the hundred cares," or *shah-i-ranj*,[3] "the royal care," or *shash rang*,[4] "the six ranks."

47.

This quatrain varies a good deal in the texts. It is C. 123, P. 51, L. 229, S. P. 105, B. 226, N. 105, W. 134, and E. C. 2, and it inspired F. v. 8, which made its first appearance as F. ii. 8, and was never altered:

Whether at Naishapúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

This was doubtless one of the quatrains of which F. was "reminded" by N.'s edition, for "Naishapúr" occurs only in that text (of those before F.). C. and L., like this, have "Baghdad."

1. W. for *chūn 'umr hemī ravad* reads *chūn jān ba-lab āmad*[5] = "since the soul comes to the lips," a familiar oriental figure for the approach of death. Note F. ii. 46, v. 43:

"And, proffering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink";

and hundreds of quotable passages from the Persian poets; as, for instance, in the Gulistan, chap. i. story 16, "Many a man was at the point of death."[6] *Cf.* M., ll. 340, 3031, 2501, *et passim*.

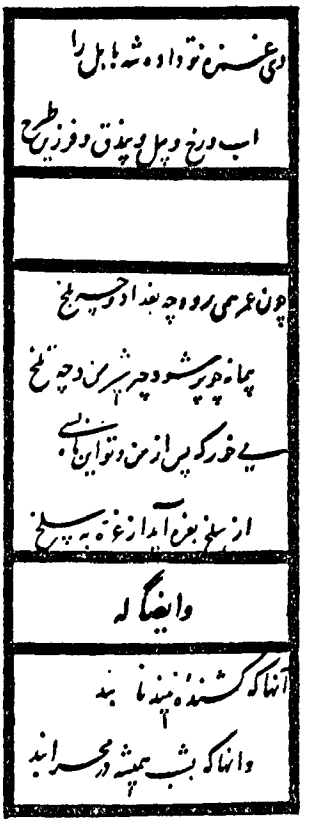
2. The texts we are using are equally divided. The texts of N. and W. give us Nishapur, and L. and the MSS. Baghdad.

3. Balkh was one of the capitals of Khurasán. Being a rhyme word, it never alters; but it is not surprising that F. discarded it for the more euphonious Babylon. Babil (Babylon) and Baghdad are often interchanged as synonyms in oriental literature.

4. The readings of these two first lines vary very much, beyond indeed the power of perfect collation in a note. The first line of C., L., and N. runs: "Since life passes what is sweet and what is bitter."[7] Line 2 of N. is line 1 of W. There is a parallel passage to be found in the Gulistan, chap. i. story 1:

(*The notes to page* 165 *are continued on page* 166).

دي غمزهٔ تو داده شه بابل را
اسپ ورخ وپيل وپيذق وفرزين طرح



۴۷

چون عمر همي رود چه بغداد وچه بلخ
پيمانه چو پر شود چه شيرين وچه تلخ
مي خور كه پس ازمن وتو اين ماه بسي
از سلخ بغرّه آيد از غرّه به سلخ

۴۸

انها كه كشندهٔ نبيذ نابند
وانهاكه بشب هميشه در محرابند

24

yesterday thy amorous glance gave to the Shah of Babylon[2]
the moves of the Knight, the Castle, the Bishop, the Pawn,
and the Queen.[3]

47.

Since life passes;[1] what is Baghdad[2] and what is Balkh?[3]
When the cup is full, what matter if it be sweet or bitter?[4]
Drink wine, for often, after thee and me, this moon
will pass on from the last day of the month to the first, and
from the first to the last.[5]

48.

Of those who draw the pure date wine[1]
and those who spend the night in prayer,[2]

When the pure soul is on the point of departure,
What if one dies on a throne or on the face of the earth.[8]

5. Here will be observed an echo of F.'s concluding quatrains. The P. MS. for "Drink wine!" reads the equally recurrent "Be happy!"

48.

This quatrain is P. 214, B. 283, and W. 222, derived from this MS., and No. 287 of the Lucknow edition.

1. L. reads *sherāb* for *nabiz*. = "pure wine." P. reads "continual draughts of date wine" [11] = *mudām*. *Vide* note 2, q. 117.

2. Literally, "and those who by night are always at the Mihrab." (*Vide* q. 2, note 1.) L. for *hemīsheh* gives the synonym *mudām*.[9] There are other equally unimportant variations in L.

(1) پیادهگان (2) شطرنج (3) شه رنج (4) شهی رنگ (5) چون
جان بلب آمد (6) بسي جان بلب آمد (7) چون میگذرد همر چه
شیرین و چه تلخ (8) چون آهنك رفتن کند جان پاك
چه بر تخت مردن چه بر روي خاك
(9) مدام (10) ما تلرا (11) مدام با نبید

---

3. *i.e.*, "Not one is sure; all are at sea." *Cf.* M., l. 387. *Cf.* Shahbistarī, *Gulshan i rāz*, l. 27.

4. *i.e.*, God. Compare F. v. 51: "They change and perish all—but He remains."

49.

This quatrain is C. 140, P. 127, L. 264, B. 260, W. 217, and is a good specimen of the quatrains that have "carpe diem" for their text. There is a suggestion also in it of q. 68.

1. *pūyidan* means literally "to run to and fro, to search."

2. L. reads "this single moment of companionship."[1]

3. *Cf. Paradiso:* "l'uso de' mortali è come fronda in ramo, che sen va, ed altra viene."

50.

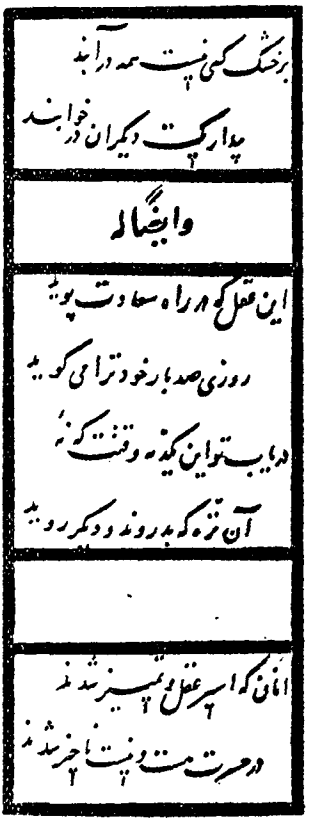
This quatrain occurs only in this MS. and L. 262 (in which there are unimportant variations), and is reproduced in W. 216. It contains, I think, the inspiration of F. v. 54.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape,
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit.

1. *temiyiz*, literally "discernment."

(1) یکدمهٔ صحبت

بر خشك كسي نيست همه درآبند
بيدار يكيست ديگران در خوابند



۴۹

این عقل که در ره سعادت پوید
روزي صد بار خود ترا مي گوید
دریاب تو این یکدمه وقتست که نه
آن تره که بدروند ودیگر روید

۵۰

آنان که اسیر عقل وتمییز شدند
در حسرت هست ونیست ناچیز شدند

25

not one is on the dry land, all are in the water.[3]
One is awake:[4] the others are asleep.

49.

This intellect that haunts[1] the path of happiness
keeps saying to thee a hundred times a day:—
"Understand in this single moment of thine existence,[2] that thou art not
like those herbs which when they gather them spring up again."

50.

Those who are the slaves of intellect and hair-splitting,[1]
have perished in bickerings about existence and non-existence;

2. W. reads *bākhabarān* = "wise ones," but this is not in this MS., to which alone he refers in his note.

3. The obscurity of the meaning here baffles satisfactory translation.

51.

This quatrain is C. 129, P. 55, L. 232, S. P. 157, N. 157, W. 176, de T. 17, and doubtless inspired F. v. 47:

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds,
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

It varies considerably in the texts under consideration. Fitzgerald's last line contains an echo of the first line of q. 18 (*vide ante*).

1. N. reads for this line, "From *my creation the Age* (derived) no advantage."[1] C. and P. are identical with N., preserving *gardunrā* for *dawrānrā*.

2. C., P., N., L., and W. read "*burdan*"[2] for "*raftan*," which gives a passive rather than an active meaning to the process of departure.

3. C., P., L., N., and W. read *jāh ū jalālish*[6] for *jemāl wa jāhash*, which conveys the same idea.

4. N. reads this line (in conformity with his line 1), "What might be the object of my creation or extinction."[3] C., L., and P. retain the expression *az bahr* = "on account of," as in this MS.

52.

This quatrain varies a good deal in the texts. The parallel quatrains are C. 117, L. 358, S. P. 112, and N. 112, and it forms the sixth of de T.'s examples from this MS. L. 371 and B. 367 are *corresponding* qq.

1. *i.e.*, "The Path of (Divine) Love leads to destruction," *i.e.*, to spiritual annihilation. *Cf.* M., ll. 1059-1062. C. and N. for *andar rāh-i-'ishk* read *az defter-i-'umr*[4] = "from the Book of Existence." Compare Hāfiz:

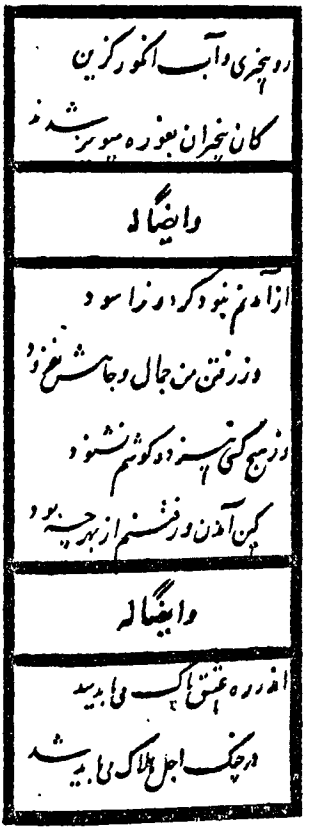
The path of love is a path to which there is no end,
In which there is no remedy for lovers but to give up their souls.[5]

2. C., L., and N. for *chang* read the weaker form *dast* = "hands."

3. Literally, "we must perish."

(1) ز اوردن من نبود دورانرا سود (2) بردن (3) کاوردن وبردن من آیاز چه بود
(4) از دفتر عمر (5) راهست راه عشق که هیچس کناره نیست
آنجا جز آنکه جان بسپارند چاره نیست
(6) جاه و جلالش

رو بیخبری وآب انگور گزین
کان بیخبران بغوره میویز شدند



واینگاه

از آمدنم نبود گردون را سود
وز رفتن من جمال وجاهش نفزود
وز هیچ کسی نیز دو گوشم نشنود
کین آمدن و رفتنم از بهر چه بود

واینگاه

اندر ره عشق پاك می باید شد
در چنگ اجل هلاك می باید شد

26

go, thou ignorant one,[2] and choose *rather* grape-juice,
for the ignorant from *eating* dry raisins have become *like* unripe grapes *themselves*.[3]

51.

My coming was of no profit to the heavenly sphere,[1]
and by my departure[2] naught will be added to its beauty and dignity;[3]
neither from anyone have my two ears heard
what is the object of this my coming and going.[4]

52.

We must be effaced in the way of love,[1]
we must be destroyed[3] in the talons of destiny;[2]

4. N. for *fārigh ma-nishin* reads *khūsh khūsh marā*[1] = gaily to us. This line in C. reads, "Whenever your head rises superior to wisdom."[2]

5. N. is identical with this, but C. reads, "The end is that we must go below the dust,"[3] in which we recognise the line F. v. 24, l. 3, "Dust into Dust and under Dust to lie."

53.

This quatrain is P. 310, L. 296, S. P. 122, B. 292, N. 122, and W. 149. It contains, like many other quatrains, the key-note of the whole poem.

1. Note the ironical contrast between *hamdam-i-pukhta*, "the *mature* friend," and *may-i-khām*, "the *new* wine." L. reads the line, "To-day that is the end *of existence* nothing remains but the cup."[4] This line of B. is line 4 in L. *Vide* q. 117, note 3.

2. Literally, "in our hand" or "to our hand."

3. L. reads "grasp again."[5]

54.

I do not find this quatrain in C., P., L., S. P., B., N., or W. Its first line, coupled with q. 95 (*q. v.*), gave Fitzgerald the inspiration for his F. v. 71, and the rest of the quatrain suggested no doubt to him q. 107 of F. ii., a quatrain that appeared in that edition only:

> Better, oh better, cancel from the Scroll
> Of Universe one luckless Human Soul,
> Than drop by drop enlarge the Flood that rolls
> Hoarser with Anguish as the Ages roll.

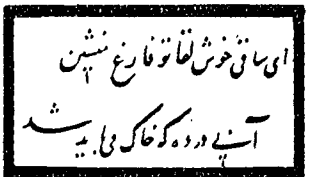
It will be observed that F. missed the significance of the original.

1. Literally, "does not become of another colour." Compare the Arabic expression, "It is Written!"[6]

2. *khūn-i-jigar* means literally, "bleeding of the liver," a universal orientalism to signify profound grief.

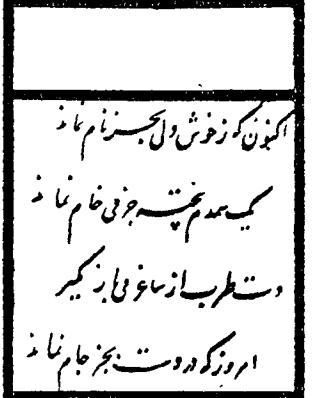
(1) خوش خوش مرا (2) هـر چند تو سرفراز عالم شدهٔ (3) اخر بة بزير خالد مي بايد شد (4) امروز كة دردسست بجز جام نماندة (5) باز بگير (6) مكتوب

اي ساقئ خوش لقا تو فارغ منشين
آبي دردہ كه خاك مي بايد شد



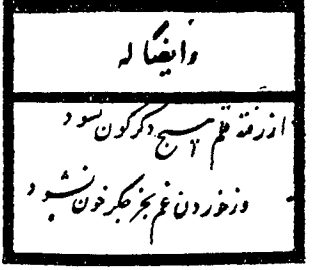
۵۳

اكنون كه زخوش دلي بجز نام نماند
يك همدم پخته جزمي خام نماند
دست طرب از ساغر مي باز مگير
امروز كه در دست بجز جام نماند



۵۴

از رفته قلم هيچ دگر گون نشود
وزخوردن غم بجز جگر خون نشود



O sweet-faced Cup-bearer, sit thou not idle,[4]
give to me water, for dust I must become.[5]

53.

Now that nothing but the mere name of our happiness remains,
the only old friend that remains is new wine;[1]
withhold not the merry hand from the wine-cup[3]
to-day that nothing but the cup remains within our reach.[2]

54.

What the Pen has written never changes,[1]
and grieving only results in deep affliction;[2]

3. A somewhat similar expression, *khūn khūrdan*, "to eat blood"; *i.e.*, to suffer affliction.

4. *i.e.*, "You do not influence any part of your destiny." Compare Matthew vi. 27: "And which of you by being *anxious* can add one cubit unto his stature" (or "age").—*Revised Version.*

55.

This quatrain is not to be found in any of the texts under consideration, and it is not surprising that it has been avoided in the European editions, for it is one of the most obscure and involved quatrains in the collection. I am indebted to Mr. Whinfield and Dr. E. Denison Ross for my rendering.

1. *ma'lūli* signifies "sick people," here taken to refer to the morally diseased. It might be translated "the love-sick."

2. There is a play upon words here: *mashgūli*, besides meaning "occupation" or "commerce," is also a Sufi term, meaning "having spiritual concentration."

3. The Darvish is a religious mendicant; the word (like that denoting fakirdom) has a secondary meaning—"poor, indigent." (*Vide* q. 119, *post.*)

4. Another instance of Omar's affection for the use of words of similar sound. *makbūli* is a term applied to Darvishes and the Faithful generally; *i.e.*, the accepted (of God)—the Elect.

56.

This quatrain is P. 79, B. 241, and is W. 215, drawn from this MS., and No. 244 of the Lucknow edition. There is an echo of F. v. 46 in it, but this was, no doubt, inspired by a quatrain in Nicolas's text (N. 137, W. 161), as F. himself suggests. I think that the poet intends in this quatrain to compare mortals (earthly bodies) with the planets (heavenly bodies).

1. Literally, "and come again with time."

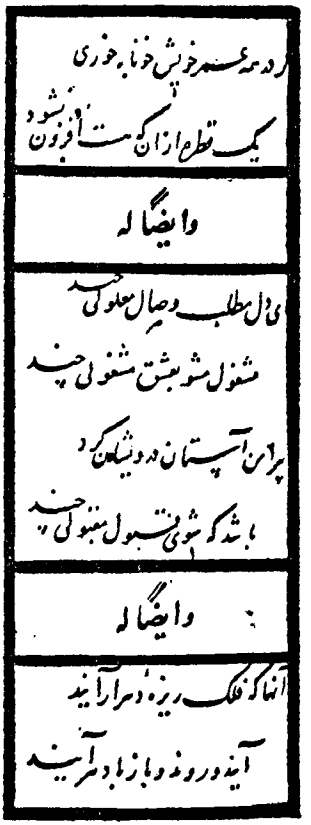
کر در همه عمر خویش خونابه خوری
یك قطره ازآن که هست افزون نشود

۵۵

ای دل مطلب وصال معلولی چند
مشغول مشو بعشق مشغولی چند
پیرامن آستان درویشان گرد
باشد که شوی قبول مقبولی چند

۵۶

آنها که فلك ریزهٔ دهر آرایند
آیند و روند وباز با دهر آیند



28

even though, all thy life, thou sufferest anguish,[3]
not one drop becomes increased beyond what it is.[4]

55.

O heart, for a while seek not the company of the frail ones;[1]
cease for a while to be engrossed with the commerce[2] of love.
Frequent the thresholds of the darvīshes[3]—
perhaps thou mayest be accepted for awhile by the accepted people.[4]

56.

Those who adorn the Heavens for a fragment of time,
come, and go, and come again as time goes on;[1]

2. L., for "in the pocket of," reads "beneath the."[2]

3. L. reads "who in God's own time will rise up."[3] P. reads "who until they are annihilated will come again."[5]

57.

This quatrain is P. 298, L. 313, B. 309, and W. 236. The meaning is very obscure, and is involved in verbal gymnastics.

1. Literally, "fallacies."

2. This contracted "if" comes from the beginning of the next line.

3. Literally, "after this."

4. These latter two lines depend upon the double meaning of *khurūs* = "cock" and "jar." W. reads *azjah*[1] (meaning "lime") for *arra* in the last line, and renders the two lines:

> If they will shut their mouths with lime, like jars,
> My jar of grape juice I will then forego.

He appends the following note: "B. reads *arra*, of which I can make no sense. *bar fark niham*, 'I will put aside'; *bar fark* (line 4), 'on their mouths.'" I think he stretches the translator's licence too far here. I cannot hear of any authority for his rendering. In the Paris MS. and the Lucknow edition also, it is quite clearly *arra*, which means simply a cock's comb or a saw. We have here two double puns (so to speak), each word playing on both its meanings in both places. L. simplifies line 3 greatly by using "*sabū-i-maī*"[4] for "*khurūs*." In line 4 we get *hamchu khurusem*; the second meaning of *khurus*, "like a jar," or "like a cock."

5. *i.e.*, They wish to kill me (by striking my head with a saw). Dr. Denison Ross sends me the following rendering from St. Petersburg: "Those who set the foundations of faith upon hypocrisy, who come and draw a distinction between soul and body, if they wish to place a saw upon my head (*i.e.*, kill me), I, after this, will (none the less) place on my head the wine-jar" (*i.e.*, will continue to drink wine).

58.

This quatrain is P. 141, L. 270, B. 266, and W. 214, and it is one of the quatrains that inspired F. v. 26. (The others were C. 236 (N. 120, W. 147) and No. 140 of this MS., *q. v. post.*)

1. W. says this quatrain is a hit at the astrologers of the period. Omar plays on the word *aiwan*, which may mean also "a palace"; he refers at once to the inhabitants of earth and to the planetary bodies.

2. Literally, "Are the cause of hesitation to wise men."

(1) اژه (2) در زیر (3) با خداي دهر آسایند (4) سبوي مي (5) که تا بمیرند دگر آیند

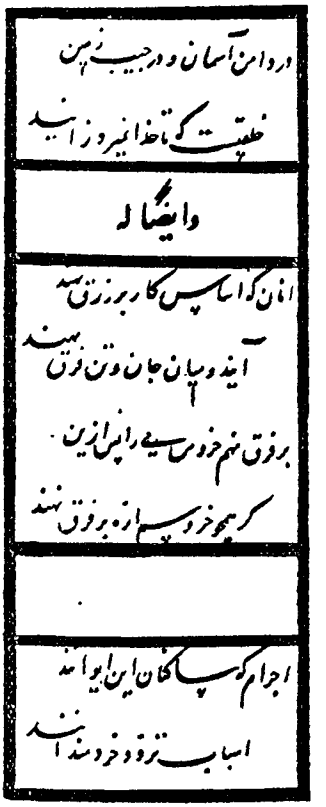
در دامن آسمان و در جیب زمین
خلقیست که تا خدا نمیرد زایند

۵۷

آنان که اساس کار بر زرق نهند
آیند و میان جان و تن فرق نهند
بر فرق نهم خروس می را پس ازین
گر همچو خروسم ارّه بر فرق نهند

۵۸

اجرام که ساکنان این ایوانند
اسباب تردّد خردمندانند



29

in the skirt of Heaven, and in the pocket of[3] earth,
are creatures who, while God dies not, will yet be born.[3]

57.

Those whose beliefs are founded upon hypocrisy,[1]
come and draw a distinction between the body and the soul;
I will put the wine jar on my head, if,[2] when I have done so,[3]
they place a comb upon my head,[5] as if I were a cock.[4]

58.

The bodies which people this heavenly vault,[1]
puzzled the learned.[2]

3. *ishān ki muddeber-and* = "those who regulate."

59.

This quatrain is C. 249, P. 112, L. 253, B. 250, W. 213, E. C. 16, and contains (*inter alia*) the germ of F. v. 79, which made its first appearance as F. ii. 85:

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—
Sue for a Debt he never did contract
And cannot answer—Oh, the sorry trade!

1. "I am not that man (to whom) fear comes from my non-existence." Note the uses of *nīm* and *bīm* in these two first lines.

2. C., L., and W. read *bīm* for *nīm*, making it "that *fear* is pleasanter to me than this *fear*." E. C. translates practically as I have from this MS. As we have it here, life here and life hereafter are considered as one vast whole, divided into two halves, existence and non-existence.

3. P. reads, "It is a life lent to me in this world."[1]

60.

This quatrain is C. 135, P. 223, L. 245, S. P. 106, N. 106, W. 136, and E. C. 12, and contains the inspiration of F. i. 38:

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan
Draws (F. ii. 49) to the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!

which is much closer to the original, and finer, I think, than the final form F. v. 48:

A Moment's Halt, a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste,
And lo! the Phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

(1) جانیست درین جهان مرا هاریتي

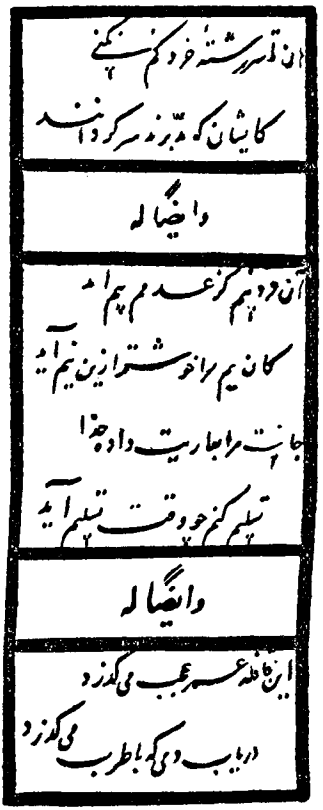
هان تا سر رشتهٔ خرد گم نکنی
کایشان که مدبّرند سر گردانند

۵۹

آن مرد نیم کز عدمم بیم آید
کان نیم مرا خوشتر ازین نیم آید
جانیست مرا بعاریت داده خدا
تسلیم کنم چو وقت تسلیم آید

۶۰

این قافلهٔ عمر عجب می گذرد
دریاب دمی که با طرب می گذرد



30

Beware lest thou losest the end of the string of wisdom,
for *even* the controllers[3] themselves become giddy.

59.

I am not the man to dread my non-existence,[1]
for that half seems pleasanter to me than this half;[2]
this is a life which God has lent me,[3]
I will surrender it when the time of surrender comes.

60.

This caravan of life passes by mysteriously;
mayest thou seize the moment that passes happily!

1. *harīfan* = companions, fellow-workers.

2. C., P., L., and W. read *pīsh ar piāleh*,[1] which means the same.

61.

This quatrain is W. 212 and de T. 7. I have not identified it in C., P., or L., which surprises me. It is the original of F. i. 70 (F. v. 94), which never varied:

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My threadbare Penitence a-pieces tore.

1. Referring to "thee" of the first line.

2. The "old barren Reason" of F. v. 55.

62.

This quatrain is C. 196, P. 311, L. 350, B. 346, N. 463, W. 208, E. C. 11, and is the original of F. v. 95, which varied but inappreciably in the several editions:

And much as Wine has played the Infidel
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

The first two lines in all the other texts (C., P., L., N., and W.) vary greatly from this, but are, *inter se*, practically identical. The same reading as theirs is found in the Atash Kadah of Azr. It is as follows:

As long as Venus and the Moon revolve conspicuously in the sky,
No one shall see anything better than ruby wine.[3]

N. reads *nāb*[3] = pure, for *la'l* = ruby; and C. reads *khūshter* = sweeter, for *behter* = better. In N. this quatrain is the last but one, out of its dīwān or alphabetical order, by way of apology.

1. This "veil" of modesty, temperance, or reputation figures largely in Persian *belles-lettres*. In this MS. we find it in quatrains 61, 62, 65, 101, and 125. Compare also the passage in the Introduction to Sa'adi's Gulistan:

"He tears not the veil of reputation of his worshippers even for grievous sins,
And does not withhold their daily allowance of bread for great crimes."[4]

(1) پیش از پیاله (2) تا زهره ومه در اسمانند پدید
بهتر ز مئي لعل کسي هیچ ندید
(3) ناب (4) پردهٔ ناموس بندگان بگناه فاحش ندرد
و وظیفهٔ روزي بخطاي منکر نبرد

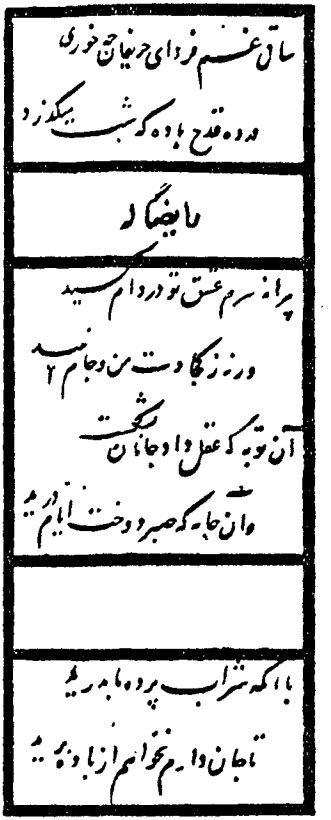
ساقي غم فردای حریفان چه خوری
دردہ قدح بادہ کہ شب میگذرد

٦١

پیرانہ سرم عشق تو در دام کشید
ورنہ زکجا دست من وجام نبید
آن توبہ کہ عقل داد جانان بشکست
وآن جامہ کہ صبر دوخت ایّام درید

٦٢

با آنکہ شراب پردہ ما بدرید
تا جان دارم نخواهم از بادہ برید



31

Cup-bearer, why grieve about the to-morrow of thy patrons?[1]
give us a cup of wine,[2] for the night wanes.

61.

Being old, my love for thee led my head into a snare;
if not, how comes it that my hand *holds* the cup of date-wine?
My sweetheart[1] has destroyed the penitence born of reason,[2]
and the passing seasons have torn the garment that patience
sewed.

62.

Although wine has rent my veil,[1]
so long as I have a soul I will not be separated from wine;

2. This "they" belongs, as indicated, to the fourth line.

63.

This quatrain is only to be found in this MS., and is reproduced as W. 235. Its sentiment is recognisable in F. v. 61, and in the great quatuor F. v. 78-81, but F. made no closer use of it.

64.

This quatrain (in varied forms) is C. 242, L. 340, S. P. 151, B. 336, N. 151, W. 172. In it, as in q. 63, we find the sentiment of F. v. 79 and perhaps 94. Line 1 of this quatrain is No. 2 in L., N., and W., which begin with line 2 of this quatrain.

1. C., N., and W. (ll. 2) read *dar sar* (as at the beginning of line 1), "in my head," a rare expression, though as W. notes, the Persians generally regard the head as the seat of all human passions. Compare the line in N. 139 (L. 386, B. 386, a quatrain neither in W., C., nor in this MS.), "That hollow head that you see is so sensual."[1] Note in ll. 1 and 2 the conjunctive pronoun "*m*" (my) separated from *dast* and from *sar*, as is frequent in Persian poetry. L. reads "*dast*" for "*kef*."

2. N. and W. read "always"[2] for "all the year round."

(1) ان کاسهٔ سر که بوالهوس بيني (2) در دست همیشه

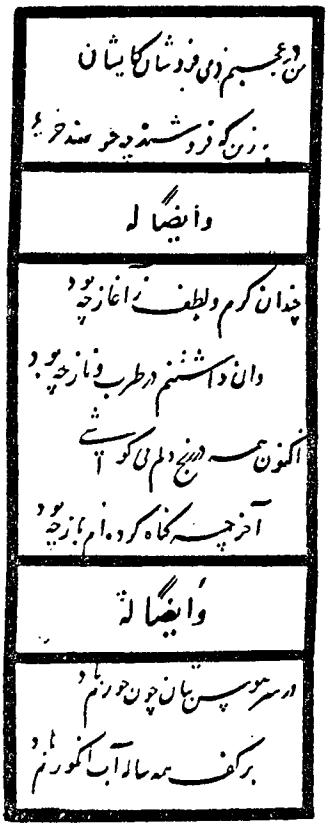
من در عجبم زمي فروشان کايشان
به زين که فروشند چه خواهند خريد

٦٣

چندان کرم ولطف ز آغاز چه بود
وان داشتنم در طرب وناز چه بود
اکنون همه در رنج دلم مي کوشي
آخر چه گناه کرده ام باز چه بود

٦٤

در سر هوسَش بتان چون حورم باد
بر کف همه ساله آب انگورم باد



32

I am in perplexity concerning vintners, for they[3]—
what will they buy *that is* better than what they sell?

63.

So much generosity and kindness at the beginning, why was it?
and that maintenance of me with delights and blandishments, why was it?
Now Thine only endeavour is to afflict my heart;
after all, what wrong have I done—once more, why was it?

64.

In my mind[1] may there be desire for idols houri-like,
in my hand may there be, all the year round,[2] the juice of the grape;

3. W. (alone) reads for *khuda-īzadat*,[1] your God. L. reads: "Certain people tell me God will give repentance."[6]

4. N. and W. read "gives"[2] for "will not give"; *i.e.*, "(even if) he gives it, I will none of it."

5. *dūram bad* answers here to the exclamation "*procul esto!*"

65.

This quatrain is C. 172, L. 312, S. P. 142, B. 308, N. 142, and W. 165, and it contains the germ (*inter alia*) of F. v. 93-95, inculcating the vanity of regrets over soiled reputation or lost honour, and the futility of repentance.

1. The Wuzu ablution, or ceremonial washing before prayers, which consists in washing first the hands, then the inside of the mouth, then throwing water on the forehead, washing the whole face, the arms, and lastly the feet. (Steingass.)

2. *Vulg.*, "to whitewash" = *nikū kerdan*.[3]

3. N. and W. for "Be happy" read "give wine, for now this veil," etc.[4] L. is identical with this MS., and C. begins "Drink wine, for this veil," etc.[5]

4. N. appends a note to the effect that this is an epigram against the fatalism of the Qur'ān with regard to pre-ordained punishment, which the Sufis deny as being contrary to the infinite mercy of God.

66.

This quatrain in this identical form occurs only in this MS. Q. 89 (*q. v.*, *post*) is, however, so closely allied to it as to suggest that one or the other has been added by a later scribe. Compare also q. 146.

1. A Persian acquaintance of mine reads this *gul* (rose) instead of *gil* (clay). Both readings are within the spirit of the poem, but the weight of evidence is, I think, on the side of *gul*. *Vide* note 1, q. 35.

2. *khavār kerdan* = to despise.

(1) ایزدت (2) بد هد (3) نکو کردن (4) مي ده که کنون پرده
(5) مي نوش که این (6) کوبند کسان مرا خدا توبه دهاد

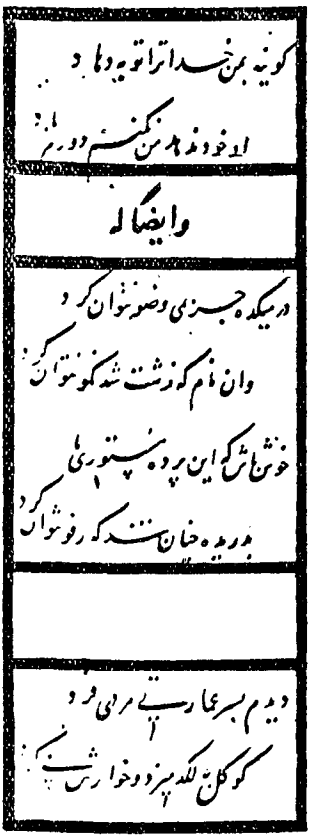
گویند بمن خدا ترا توبه دهاد
او خود ندهد من نکنم دورم باد

٦٥

در میکده جز بمي وضو نتوان کرد
وان نام که زشت شد نکو نتوان کرد
خوش باش که این پردهٔ مستورئي ما
بدریده چنان شد که رفو نتوان کرد

٦٦

دیدم بسر عمارتي مردي فرد
کو گِل به لگد میزد وخوارش مي کرد



33

they say to me, "May God[3] give thee repentance!"
He himself will not give[4] it; I will none of it; let it be far off![5]

65.

In the tavern thou canst not perform the Ablution[1] save with wine,
and thou canst not purify[2] a tarnished reputation;
be happy,[3] for this veil of temperance of ours
is so torn that it cannot be repaired.[4]

66.

I saw upon the terrace of a house a man, alone,
who trampled upon the clay,[1] holding it in contempt;[2]

3. This expression, which occurs similarly in qq. 89 and 146, refers to the language of the unknown world. Steingass gives as a rendering "language expressed by one's condition," therefore "as well as it could," but the rendering given here is more correct in this poem.

4. *lakad khūrdan*, literally "to eat kicks."

67.

This quatrain is P. 230, L. 291, S.P. 153, B. 287, N. 153, W. 174, and is the original of F. v. 6:

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
"Red Wine!" the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

The reference to "David's lips" comes not from this MS., but from M., l. 625, and C. 89 (*et passim*), David being, in Oriental poetry, the type of a sweet singer, as is Joseph of male beauty. *Cf.* M., l. 3813. Compare the Gulistān (ch. v., story 10), "That David-like throat had changed, his Joseph-like beauty had faded."[1] Persian poetry is filled with references to the love of the Nightingale for the Rose. *Cf.* M., ll. 742-6. *Vide* q. 135, note 2.

1. Literally, "the cloud."

2. Literally, "from the cheek of the rose-garden."

3. Pehlevi (or Pahlawi) was the language of the ancient Persians. F. calls it in a note, "the old heroic Sanskrit," but this is a philological error. L., N., and W. read *ba zabān-i-hāl*, as in the preceding quatrain. *Vide* q. 66, note 3.

4. Yellow is the colour indicative, in Persian literature, of illness, answering to our word "sallow." Compare q. 69, line 2. *Cf. Vita Nuova*, viii.: "Lo viso mostra lo color del core."

68.

This quatrain is C. 151, P. 336, L. 277, S.P. 156, B. 273, N. 156, W. 175, E.C. 31. The last two lines give us the origin of the last two in F. v. 15:

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

1. E. C. translates "my," but *sar-at* can only mean "*your* head.' P., C., L., N., and W., for *bar sar-at*, read *ghammahāt*[2] = "your sorrows."

2. Literally, "a night attack," leading to the inference in line 4.

3. P., L., and W. are identical with this; C. and N. read the line:

"Order, oh Idol, some rose-coloured wine."[3]

Note the use of the particle *ta* = "some" (the equivalent of "piecee" in Pidgin-English); it occurs often in Persian.

(1) آن حلق داودي متغير شده وجمال يوسفي بربان آمده (2) غمهات
(3) فرماي بتا تا مي

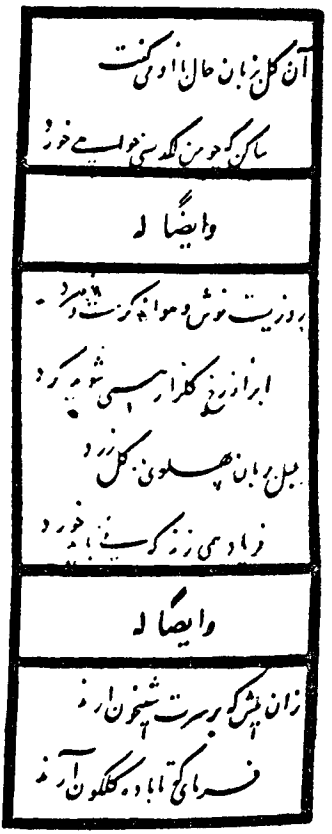
آن گِل بزبان حال با او مي گفت
ماکن که چو من لکد بسي خواهي خورد

٦٧

روزيست خوش وهوا نه گرمست نه سرد
ابر از رخ گلزار همي شويد گرد
بلبل بزبان پهلوي با گل زرد
فرياد همي زند که مي بايد خورد

٦٨

زان پيش که بر سرت شبيخون آرند
فرماي که تا باده گلگون آرند



34

that clay said to him in mystic language:[3]—
"Be still, for like me thou wilt be much trampled upon."[4]

67.[1]

It is a pleasant day, and the weather is neither hot nor cold;
the rain[1] has washed the dust from the faces of the roses;[2]
the nightingale in the Pehlevi tongue[3] to the yellow[4] rose
cries ever:—"Thou must drink wine!"

68.

Ere that *fate* makes assault[2] upon thy head,[1]
give orders that they bring thee rose-coloured wine;[3]

4. Literally, "gold." These two lines refer to the practice in the East of burying treasure to hide it when a night attack (line 1) of dacoits or robbers is anticipated. Omar whimsically compares this practice with the resurrection of the body after death, which he doubts.

5. E. C. translates "poor brain-sick fool!" which would aptly translate P.'s variant, which, however, he had not seen.

69.

This quatrain is C. 158, P. 212, L. 308, S. P. 109, N. 109, and W. 139. It is the original of F. v. 91:

Ah! with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash the body whence the life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side;

which made its first appearance as F. i. 67, with the last two lines:

And in the Winding-sheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

Cf. the story of Hippocrates in M., ll. 2360-2364.

1. *zinhar* = Beware! C., L., N., and W. begin, "Oh Friends! sustain me," etc.[1]

2. Compare q. 67, note 4. C., L., N., and W. read "cheek"[2] for "face." *kah-ruba* means, literally, "attracting straws"; hence "amber," the ἤλεκτρον of the Greeks. *Cf. Gulshan i rāz*, l. 194.

3. N. and W. read *chūn murdah shavam*,[3] and C. and L. read *chūn fawt shavam*,[4] which mean the same.

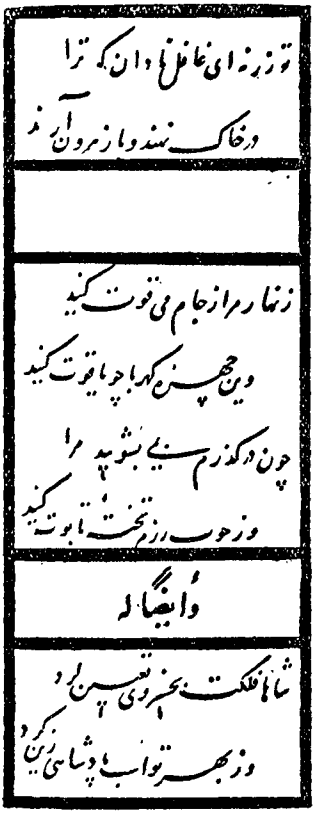
70.

This quatrain occurs only in this MS. (of those under consideration). It is probably a casually interpolated address to Malik Shah.

1. Literally, "thy heaven."

(1) اي همنفسان مرا ز مي فوت شوم (2) چهره (3) چون مردهٔ شوم (4) چون

تو زر نه‌ٔ اي غافل نادان که ترا
در خـاك نهند وباز بيرون آرند



٦٩

زنهار مرا زجـام مي قوت کنيد
وين چهرهٔ کهربا چو ياقوت کنيد
چون در گذرم بمي بشوئيد مـرا
وز چوب رزم تخته تابوت کنيد

V.

شاها فلکت بخسروي تعيين کرد
وز بهر تو اسپ پادشاهي زين کرد

35

thou art not treasure,[4] O heedless dunce,[5] that thee
they hide in the earth and then dig up again.

69.

Take heed[1] to stay me with the wine-cup,
and make this amber face[2] like a ruby;
when I die,[3] wash me with wine,
and out of the wood of the vine make the planks of my coffin.

70.

O Shah! thy destiny[1] appointed thee to sovereignty,
and saddled for thee the horse of empire;

2. *ta* in line 3, and *na-nihād* in line 4, go together. Literally, "until he did not place."

71.

This quatrain is P. 119, L. 294, S. P. 164, B. 290, N. 164, W. 182, and is No. 8 of de T.'s examples.

1. *Cf.* M., l. 3316. Literally, "it has no water." One of the many figurative uses of *āb*. "It has no splendour," vulgarly speaking, *cf.* "it doesn't hold water." *Cf.* M., l. 1749.

2. *khābish*; the third pers. sing. termination *sh* governs all the antecedents.

3. *Cf.* M., l. 3167: "Can he who shares the torment and passion of love find rest by day or night?" *Cf.* also M., ll. 3499-3509, and *Purgatorio*, xviii. 103: "Ratto, ratto, chè il tempo non si perda per poco amor."

72.

This quatrain is C. 176, L. 357, S. P. 175, B. 353, N. 175, and W. 190. In it we recognise the sentiment of F. v. 27 (concerning which, however, *vide post*, q. 121), and also F. v. 32:

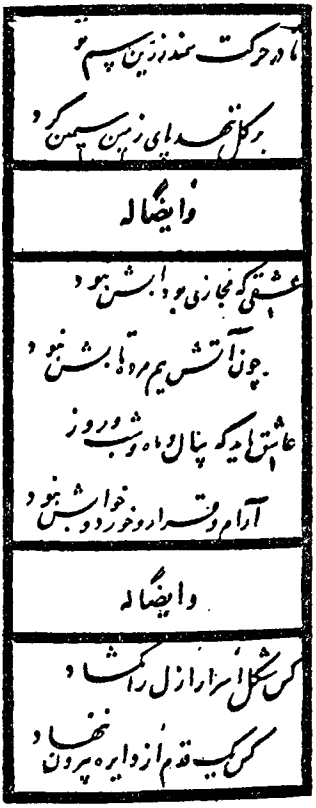
> There was the Door to which I found no Key;
> There was the Veil through which I might not see; etc.

Compare Tennyson's lines in "In Memoriam":

> So runs my dream, but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night;
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.

1. *i.e.*, the orbit of human understanding

تا در حرکت سمند زرّین سم تو
بر گل ننهد پای زمین سیمین کرد



۷۱

عشقي که مجازي بود آبش نبود
چون آتش نیم مرده تابش نبود
عاشق باید که سال وماه و شب وروز
آرام وقرار وخورد وخوابش نبود

۷۲

کس مشکل اسرار ازل را نکشاد
کس یك قدم از دایره بیرون ننهاد

36

when thy golden-hoofed charger moved,[2]
setting foot upon the clay, the earth became gilded.

71.

A love that is insincere has no value;[1]
like a fire half-dead, it gives nó heat.
A *true* lover, throughout the month, and year, and night, and day,[3]
takes neither rest, nor peace, nor food, nor sleep.[2]

72.

No one has solved the tangled secrets of eternity,
no one has set foot beyond the orbit,[1]

2. Literally, "since in my seeing." C., L., N., and W. read *man mi-nigaram*,[1] "I see."

3. Literally, "impotence is to the hand of," etc. *Cf. Paradiso*, vii. 62: "Molto si mira e poco si discerne."

73.

This quatrain is C. 179, L. 256, S. P. 176, B. 253, N. 176, W. 191, and we find in it the germ of F. v. 41, which made its first appearance as F. ii. 55.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

Cf. Paradiso, xv. 146: "il mondo fallace il cui amor molte anime deturpa."

1. N. and W., for "live thou," read "that thou mayst be."[2] L. reads *jehan bemiri*,[3] "worldly empire."

2. *Vide* the original MS. The transcription of this word is doubtful, but the best sense is made with *begusil*. C., L., N., and W. so read it, and I have so transcribed it.

3. This line varies considerably in the texts. N. and W. read "Be happy in that thou *art* (for) this revolving sky."[4] C. reads "Be happy, for bereft of me and thee, these months and years."[5] L. reads "Be happy a moment, inasmuch as this revolving sky."[6]

4. C. and L. follow this MS. N. and W. for "days" read "revolutions."[7]

74.

This quatrain occurs only in this MS., and is reproduced as W. 211, and this and q. 82 contain that flower-sentiment which one traces in F. v. 40, which made its first appearance in a slightly modified form as F. ii. 43.

1. *nestrin* has many flower-meanings; one finds it used to mean narcissus principally, but also dog-rose, white rose, and clover.

(1) من مينگرم (2) كه باشي (3) جهان بميري (4) خوشباش چنانكه
هست اين دور فلك (5) خوشباش كه بور از من و تو اين مة و سال
(6) خوش باش دمي چنانكه اين دور فلك (7) دوري

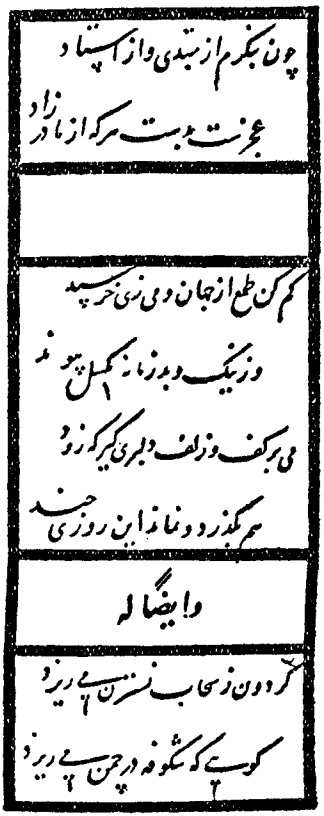
چون بنگرم از مبتدي واز استاد
عجزست بدست هرکه از مادر زاد

٧٣

کم کن طمع ازجهان ومي زي خرسند
وز نيك وبد زمانه بگسل پيوند
مي برکف و زلف دلبري گير که زود
هم بگذرد ونمانند اين روزي چند

٧٤

گردون زسحاب نسترن مي ريزد
گوئي که شکوفه در چمن مي ريزد



37

since, so far as I can see,[2] from tyro to teacher,
impotent are the hands[3] of all men born of woman.

73.

Set limits to thy desire for worldly things and live[1] content,
sever[2] the bonds of thy dependence upon the good and bad of life,
take wine in hand and *play with* the curls of a loved one; for quickly[3]
all passeth away—and how many of these days[4] remain?

74.

The heavens rain down blossoms[1] from the clouds,
thou mayest say that they shed blossoms into the garden;

2. W. reads this to mean a violet *jug*, but I fail to find his authority.

75.

This quatrain is C. 202, P. 324, L. 356, S. P. 182, B. 352, N. 182, and W. 197. It contains a humorous protest against the doctrine of predestination, whose highest expression we find in F. v. 80. There is also here a strong suggestion of F. v. 61, which made its first appearance as F. ii. 63.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

1. Literally, "sensible."

2. N. and W. for *man binazd* read *ū nazd-i-khuda*,[1] *that* (wine-drinking of mine), etc.

3. The other texts read *az āzal*,[2] *from* earliest eternity, for *bi āzal*, on the Day of Creation. Concerning *āzal*, *vide post*, q. 107, note 1.

76.

This quatrain is C. 173, P. 189, L. 315, B. 311, and is No. 9 of de T.'s examples. The exact meaning is very involved and obscure, and I am indebted to Dr. Denison Ross and Mr. Whinfield for assistance in unravelling it. We find in it the idea conveyed by F. v. 24:

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End

(1) او نزد خدا (2) از ازل

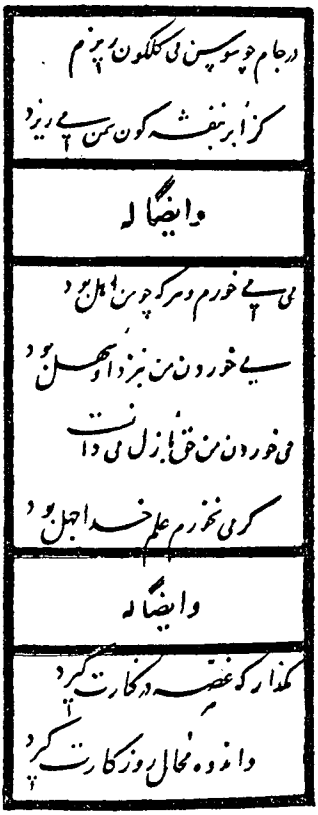
در جام چو سوسن می گلگون ریزم
کز ابر بنفشه گون سمن می ریزد

۷۵

می می‌خورم وهرکه چو من اهل بود
می خوردن من بنزد او سهل بود
می خوردن من حق بازل می‌دانست
گر می نخورم علم خدا جهل بود

۷۶

مگذار که غصه در کنارت گیرد
واندوه محال روزگارت گیرد



38

in a lily-like cup I pour rosy wine,
as the violet clouds[2] pour down jessamine.

75.

I drink wine, and every one drinks who like me is worthy of it;[1]
my wine-drinking is but a small thing to Him;[2]
God knew, on the Day of Creation,[3] that I should drink wine;
if I do not drink wine, God's knowledge was ignorance.

76.

Do not allow sorrow to embrace thee,
nor an idle grief to occupy thy days;

1. *Vide* q. 32, note 2, and compare also q. 45. Line 3 in L. reads, "Drink wine! on the verge of the verdure and of the flowing stream."[1] P. reads, "Forsake not, for a moment, the bank of the river and the margin of the stream."[3]

77.

This quatrain is C. 165, P. 283, L. 305, B. 301, S. P. 179, N. 179, W. 194, and is the original of F. v. 59:

> The Grape that can with Logic absolute
> The Two-and-seventy jarring Sects confute;
> The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
> Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute.

1. Literally, "bear away." P. reads, "the calamities of time."[4]
2. *i.e.*, wine.
3. Literally, "you drink."
4. P., N., and W. read, *yek men*,[2] one measure. As to *men*, *vide* q. 155, note 2.

78.

This quatrain is C. 174, P. 282, L. 243, S. P. 180, B. 240, N. 180, W. 195.

(1) مي خور بكنار سبزه و آب روان (2) يكمن (3) مگذار دمي كنار خوض ولب جوي (4) كشرت و قلت

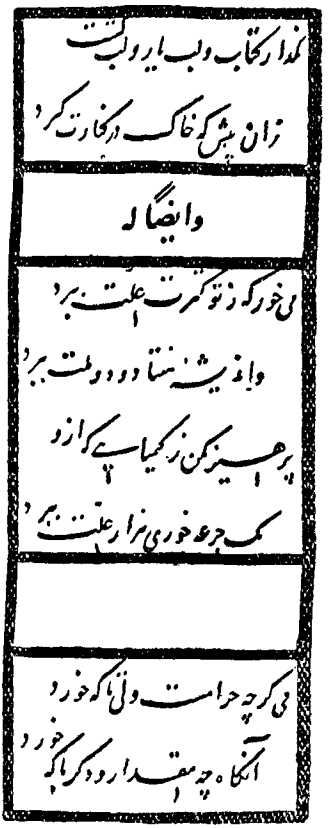
مگذار کتاب ولب یار ولب کشت
زان پیش که خاك درکنارت گیرد

٧٧

مي خور که زتو کثرت علّت ببرد
واندیشهٔ هفتاد و دو ملّت ببرد
پرهیز مکن زکیمیائي که ازو
یك جرعه خوري هزار علّت ببرد

٧٨

مي گرچه حرامست ولي تاکه خورد
آنگاه چه مقدار ودگر با که خورد



39

forsake not the book, and the lover's lips, and the green bank of the field,[1]
ere that the earth enfold thee in its bosom.

77.

Drink wine, that will banish[1] thy abundant woes,
and will banish thought of the Seventy-two Sects;
avoid not the alchemist,[2] for, from him,
thou takest[3] one draught,[4] and he banishes a thousand calamities.

78.

Even though wine is forbidden, for all that *it depends upon* who drinks it,
and then in what quantity, and also with whom he drinks it;

1. This line varies very much in the texts. C. and P. read, "Whenever you have collected these four conditions."[1] L. is the same, substituting *ān-gāh*[2] for *har gāh*. N. ends the line *āmad jam'*,[3] "are collected."

2. In L. the fourth line is the second repeated. N.'s line reads, "After that who would drink save wise men."[4]

79.

This quatrain is P. 281, L. 293, B. 289, and is not elsewhere. It recalls the lines in the Gulistān (ch. 1, story 2):

"Many famous men have been buried underground,
Of whose existence upon earth not a trace has remained,
And that old corpse which had been surrendered to the earth
Was so consumed by the soil that not a bone remains."[5]

1. Note the double preposition *bi-khāk dar*, etc.

2. L. reads *khumrah*[6] = a synonym.

3. L. reads *'umr* = existence.

80.

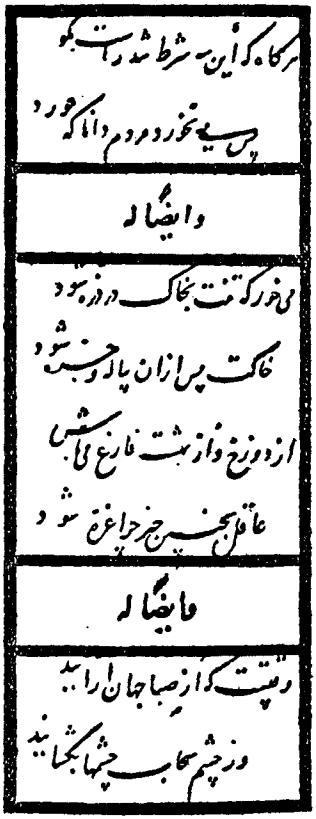
This quatrain is C. 204, P. 157, L. 272, S. P. 186, B. 268, N. 186, and W. 201, and has been referred to as one of the originals of F. v. 4, in the notes to q. 13, *ante*.

1. Literally, "zephyrs." C., L., N., and W. read *sebzah*,[7] verdure.

2. This is line 4 in the other texts, and varies considerably. C. reads, "In the eyes of the clouds (*or*, in hope of rain) the veils are parted."[8] L., N., and P. read *dīda*,[9] synonym for *chashm-ha*. The use of the word *chashm*, meaning "hopes" and "eyes," imparts obscurity to this line. L. and N. make their meaning clear.

(1) هر گاه که این چهار شرط جمع آید (2) انکاه (3) آمد جمع (4) بس مي
بجزاز مردم دانا که خورد (5) بس نامور که زیر زمین دفن کرده اند
کز هستیش بروي زمین یك نشان نماند
و ان پیر لاسه‌را که سپردند زیر خاك
خاکش چنان بخورد کز و استخوان نماند
(6) خمره (7) سبزه (8) در چشم سحاب پرده‌ها بکشایند (9) دیده

هرگاه که این سه شرط شد راست بگو
پس مي نخورد مردم دانا که خورد



۷۹

مي خور که تنت بخاك در ذرّه شود
خاکت پس ازان پیاله وجرّه شود
از دوزخ واز بهشت فارغ مي باش
عاقل بچنین خبر چرا غرّه شود

۸۰

وقتست که از صبا جهان آرایند
وز چشم سحاب چشمها بکشایند

40

these three conditions being as they should be; say![1]
who drinks wine if a wise man does not do so?[2]

79.

Drink wine, for thy body becomes atoms in the earth,[1]
thine earth, after that, becomes goblets and jars;[2]
be thou heedless of hell and heaven,
why should a wise man be deceived about such things?[3]

80.

Now is the time when by the spring-breezes[1] the world is adorned,
and in hope of rain it opens its eyes,[2]

3. C., L., N., and W. for "hands" read *saftān*;[1] *i.e.*, "Moses-*like*," so that *kef* retains its commoner meaning, "hand." This is line 2 in the other texts.

4. *kef* means froth, or white scum, as well as "the palm of the hand," and in this MS. seems to require the former meaning. *Sed quære.*

81.

This quatrain is C. 180, P. 231, L. 367, B. 363, S. P. 188, N. 188, and W. 203, and the first two lines suggested F. v. 39, that made its first appearance as F. ii. 42 in a slightly varied form:

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

In line 4 we get the suggestion for F. v. 60, where he describes wine as:

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul,
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

In F. 1 a note is appended to the effect that this refers to Mahmoud the Gaznavi, who conquered India, which was peopled by swarthy idolaters. Fitzgerald took this quatrain as a whole from a story in M. (ll. 3117-3138).

1. N. and W. for *be-khāk* read *be-jām*[2] = reading "pours into the cup," which robs the distich of much of its poetic force. I cannot trace their authority in the MSS. As to the custom of throwing a little wine upon the earth, like the Greek libation, before drinking, *see* F.'s note. F. had also before him C. 296 (N. 247, W. 286, and not in this MS.), whose last two lines read: "If your hand holds a cup of ruby wine, spill one drop and drink to the dregs."[3]

2. C. reads "in the eye of someone,"[4] and L. "in my eye." *Cf.* M., l. 2342.

3. *bād*, poetic form, variation of *bādeh* = wine.

82.

This quatrain is only to be found in the Paris MS., where it is 152, and in L., where it is 271 (B. 267), and whence it was reproduced as W. 210, and in the opening lines of this and q. 74 we find the echo of the opening lines of F. 40:

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly vintage from the soil looks up, etc.

1. Literally, "the face of the tulip holds the dew." Compare Hāfiz: "The dewdrops trickle over the faces of the tulips;"[5] and, again, "Come, Sāki, for the cup of the tulip is full of wine."[6]

(1) صفتان (2) بجام (3) جامي ز مئي لعل گرت دست دهد
يكعطره رها كن و تماشى مينوش
(4) كسي (5) ميچكد ژاله بر رخ لاله (6) ساقي بيا كه شد قدح لاله پر زمي

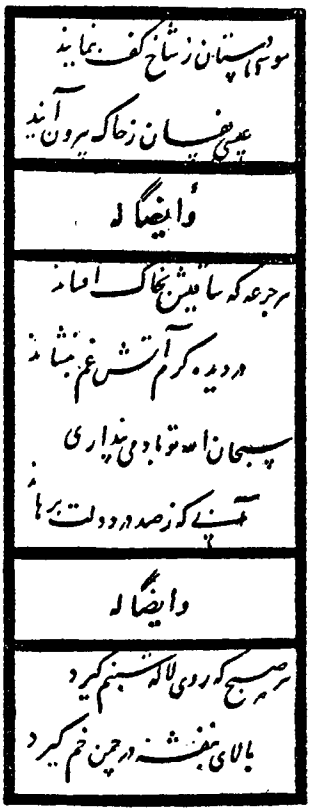
موسي دستان ز شاخ کف بنمايند
عيسي نفسان زخاك بيرون آيند

٨١

هر جرعه که ساقيش بخاك افشاند
در ديدهٔ گرم آتش غم بنشاند
سبحان الله تو باد مي پنداري
آبي که زصد درد دلت برهاند

٨٢

هر صبح که روي لاله شبنم گيرد
بالاي بنفشه در چمن خم گيرد



41

the hands[3] of Moses appear like froth[4] upon the bough,
the breath of Jesus comes forth from the earth.

81.

Every draught that the Cup-bearer scatters upon the earth[1]
quenches the fire of anguish in some afflicted eye.[2]
Praise be to God! thou realizest that wine[3]
is a juice that frees thy heart from a hundred pains.

82.

Every morning the dew bedecks the faces of the tulips,[1]
the crests of the violets in the garden are bent downward ;

2. Literally, "from the rosebud pleasure comes to me."

3. *i.e.*, "whose petals are closed." W., copying L., begins the line, "(*Even*) *if*[1] it gathers," etc., which is better than this *kū*,[2] which is a contraction of *ki ū*.[3]

83.

NOTA.—The first line of 83 is line 1 of W. 205, the rest of which is 84, and *vice versâ*.
" " 84 " W. 234 " " 83 "

This quatrain is only to be found in this M.S., whence it became W. 234. This and 84 are the originals of F. v. 101, which varied in all the editions. F. v., however, is as good as any, for us:

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the Spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

The first two lines come more especially from q. 84.

84.

This quatrain is P. 226, L. 290 (as here), S. P. 191, B. 286, N. 192, and W. 205 (with line 1 of W. 234). Here again we remark the coincidence of two apparently connected quatrains coming together in a dīwān arrangement.

(1) کر (2) کو (3) که او

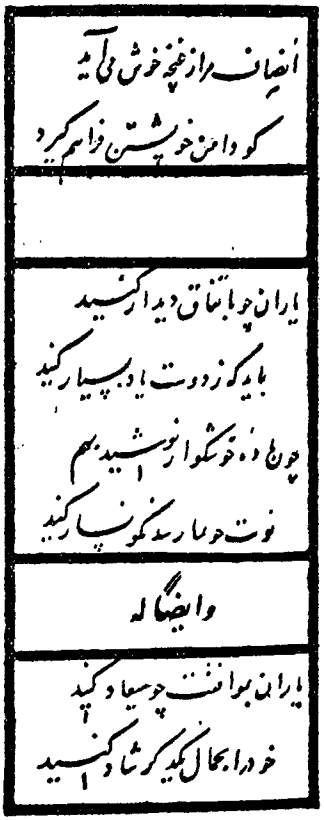
انصاف مرا ز غنچه خوش مي آيد
کـو دامن خـويشتن فـراهم گيرد

۸۳

يارن چـو باتفاق ديدار کـنيد
بايد که ز دوست ياد بسيار کنيد
چـون بادهٔ خوشگوار نوشيد بهم
نوبت چو بما رسد نکونسار کنيد

۸۴

يارن بموافقت چو ميعـاد کنيد
خـودرا بجمال يکدگر شاد کنيد



42

verily, most pleasing to me is the rosebud[2]
which gathers its skirts close around itself.[3]

83.

Friends, when ye hold a meeting together,
it behoves ye warmly to remember your friend;
when ye drink wholesome wine together,
and my turn comes, turn *a goblet* upside down.

84.

Friends, when with consent ye make a tryst together,
and take delight in one another's charms,

1. *mughanah* means anything connected with the Mughs or Magians (*i.e.*, the Guebres, or Fire-worshippers), and came to be a synonym for age, superiority, excellence, in which sense it is used here. S. Rousseau has a very interesting note upon the history of this word at p. 176 of his "Flowers of Persian Literature" (London, 1801).

2. *du'a* means here the invocation, or salutation before drinking. (*Cf.* "Your health!" and "toasts" in general.)

85.

In this identical form this quatrain is not in any of the texts under consideration; but in a more or less varied form it is C. 171, P. 332, L. 310, S. P. 193, and N. 194. A quatrain identical in sentiment, but quite different in expression, is C. 221, L. 389, and N. 191, and I do not find either of these in W. Compare q. 139.

1. C., P., and L. read this line, "One Cup is worth a thousand men and their religions.[1] *dil-ū-dīn* = "heart and faith," is a common Eastern phrase. *Cf.* M., l. 1707.

2. Whether the scribes who made my copies of C. and P. erred or not, I cannot tell, but they read *memleket chunīn*[2] "(a thousand) such empires." Perhaps the *nun* is interpolated. *Sed quære*, it being in both MSS.

3. In C., L., and N. this line reads, "What is there on the face of earth sweeter than wine."[3]

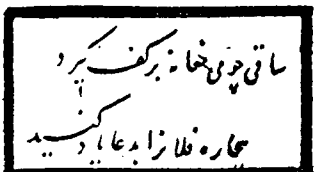
86.

This quatrain is P. 20, B. 410, and W. 256, taken from this and L. 414. The first line of L. is the second of this, the second of L. being the first of this slightly altered.

1. L. reads, "Sever thyself from the bonds of wife and children."[4] *Cf.* *Gulshan i rāz*, ll. 944-956, an absolutely identical passage.

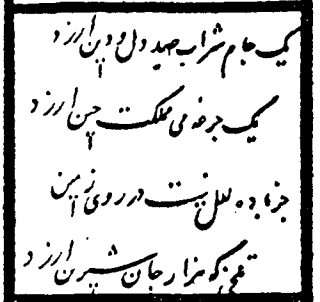
(1) یك جام هزار مرد با دین ارزد (2) مملکت چنین (3) در روي زمین چیست ز باده خوشتر (4) خودرا تو ز بند زن

ساقي چو مي مغانه بر کف گيرد
بيچاره فلانرا بدعا ياد کنيد



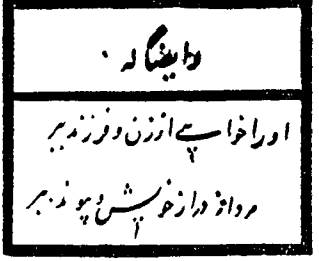
۸۵

يك جام شراب صد دل و دين ارزد
يك جرعهٔ مي مملکت چين ارزد
جز بادهٔ لعل نيست در روي زمين
تلخي که هزار جان شيرين ارزد



۸۶

اورا خواهي از زن و فرزند ببر
مردانه در از خويش و پيوند ببر



43

when the Cup-bearer takes *round* in his hand the Mugh[1] wine,
remember a certain helpless one in your benediction.[2]

85.

One cup of wine is worth a hundred hearts and religions,[1]
one draught of wine is worth the empire of China,[2]
saving ruby wine there is not, on the face of earth,[3]
any acrid thing that is worth a thousand sweet souls.

86.

If thou desirest Him, be separated from wife and children,
bravely move thine abode from thy relations and friends;[1]

2. L. uses the word *sadd-i-rāh*[1] for *band-i-rāh*. Compare New Testament (Matthew xix. 21, *et passim*): "If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

87.

This quatrain is L. 403, S. P. 202, B. 399, N. 203, and E.C. 9.

1. *āzāda*, which means "free, noble, venerable," is often used in poetry to mean the lily, and also the cypress, which is quite within the sentiment of the poem.

2. *a'ālim-i-khāk* means equally the earth or the human body. L. and N. read, "since thou knowest that all creatures are earth."[2]

3. N. reads, "that passes in two days."[3] One may compare these lines with the Gulistān (Introduction):

> "The intention of this design was that it should survive,
> Because I see no stability in my existence.'[4]

Cf. Vita Nuova: "frale vita, 'l suo durar com' e leggero!"

88.

I have not found this quatrain in any of the texts under consideration. It contains something of the sentiment of F. v. 60, quoted *sub* q. 81.

(1) سد راه (2) چون میداني که عالمی آمده خاك (3) که دو روز بگذرد
(4) غرض نقشیست کز ما باز ماند
که هستي‌را نمي بینم بقاي

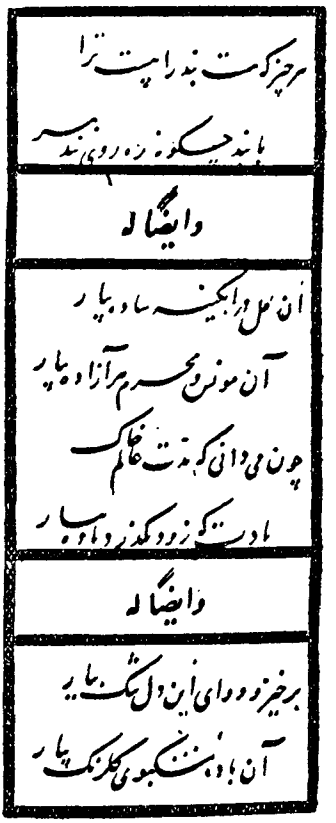
هر چیز که هست بند راهست ترا
بابند چگونه ره روي بند ببر

۸۷

آن لعل در آبگینهٔ ساده بیار
آن مونس و محرم هر آزاده بیار
چون مي داني که مدّت عالم خاك
بادیست که زود بگذرد باده بیار

۸۸

بر خیز و دواي این دل تنگ بیار
آن بادهٔ مشکبوي گلرنگ بیار



44

whatever *is*, is an hindrance[3] on the road for thee,
how canst thou journey with these hindrances?—remove them!

87.

Bring *me* that ruby in a clear glass,
bring *me* that companion and intimate of all excellent people:[1]
since thou knowest that the duration of this earthly world[2]
is a wind that quickly passes by,[3]—bring *me* wine.

88.

Arise! bring physic to this oppressed heart,
bring that musk-scented and rose-coloured wine;

1. Literally, "the ingredients of the antidote." It is interesting to note that Steingass defines *mufarrih* "a species of exhilarating medicine in which rubies are an ingredient"; this accords with line 4, and the whole sentiment of Omar.

89.

This quatrain is C. 261, P. 100, L. 411, S. P. 210, B. 407, N. 211, and W. 252. Compare with it q. 66, and also q. 146. It is the original of F. v. 37, the first version of which, F. i. 36, is even closer to the Persian:

For in the Market-place one Dusk of Day
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd: "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

F. in his note tells the story told by the Taj-i-dar in the Mantik-ut-tair of Ferīd-ud-dīn 'Attār of the prophet who found that the same spring water that was sweet in itself became bitter in an earthenware cup. (M., ll. 2345-2359.) To whom the cup spoke as follows:

The Clay that I am made of, once was Man,
Who dying, and resolved into the same
Obliterated Earth, from which he came
Was for the Potter dug, and chased in turn
Through long vicissitude of Bowl and Urn:
But howsoever moulded, still the pain
Of that first mortal Anguish would retain,
And cast and re-cast, for a Thousand years
Would turn the sweetest Water into Tears.

Fitzgerald's Translation, L. R., vol. ii., p. 467.

1. N. for "fresh" reads "*tārik*"[1] = a heap or lump. L. reads *pārah*[2] = a piece.

2. *Vide* note 3, q. 66.

3. L. for "well" reads *garāmi*[3] = reverently.

90.

I find this quatrain only in P. 266, S. P. 196, and N. 196, which are identical with it.

(1) تارك (2) پاره (3) گرامي

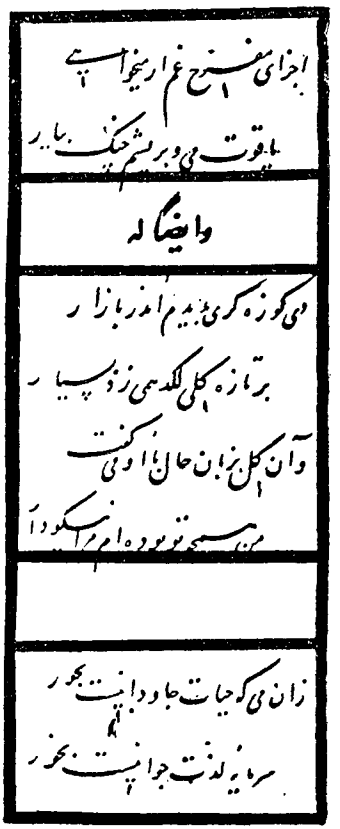
اجزاي مفرح غم ار ميخواهي
ياقوت مي و بريشم چنگ بيار

٨٩

دي كوزه‌گري بديدم اندر بازار
بر تازه گلي لكد همي زد بسيار
وآن گل بزبان حال با او مي گفت
من همچو تو بوده ام مرا نيكو دار

٩٠

زان مي كه حيات جاودانست بخور
سرمايهٔ لذّت جوانيست بخور



45

if thou desirest the elements[1] of sorrow's antidote,
bring ruby wine and the silk *stringed* lute.

89.

I saw a potter in the bazaar yesterday,
he was violently pounding the fresh[1] clay,
and that clay said to him, in mystic language,[2]
"I was once like thee—so treat me well."[3]

90.

Drink of that wine that is eternal life,
it is the stock-in-trade of youthful pleasure, drink!

91.

This quatrain is C. 260, L. 410, S.P. 199, B. 406, N. 200, and W. 244. All vary more or less. In L. lines 2 and 4 are transposed. *Cf.* Qur'ān ii. 172: "There is no piety in turning your faces to the east or west, but he is pious who believeth in God . . . and disburseth his wealth to the needy." *Cf.* Dante, *Convivio*, iv. 28: "Iddio non vuole religioso di noi se non il cuore."

1. The *sunnat* are the Traditions of Muhammad supplementing the Qur'ān, and held in almost equal reverence.

2. The *farīzāt* are the ordinances of God. Therefore the word *hakk*,[1] which in the other texts takes the place of the objective *rā*, is pleonastic. N. reads the line, "Of religious exercises perform (only) those commanded by God."[2]

3. Literally, "mouthful," *i.e.*, share your goods with others

4. N. and W. read, "and do not seek to afflict anyone."[3] C. reads, "and do not afflict (your) fellow-mortals."[4] In L. the line reads, "Do not make designs upon the life or property of anyone."[5]

5. W. for *dar 'uhda* reads *hem wa'da*,[6] a synonym implying obligation.

92.

I do not find this quatrain in C., P., L., S. P., N., or W.

1. *magar* expresses doubt, and answers to he phrase "*sed quære.*"

2. *i.e.*, the Cup.

(1) حقّ (2) از طاعتها فریضهٔ حقّ بکذار (3) و معجوي کسرا آزار (4) و خلق
جهانرا مآزار (5) در خون کسي ومال کسي قصد مکن (6) هم وعده

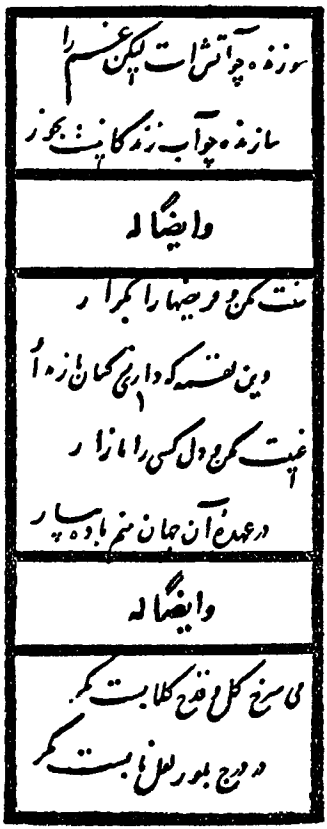
سوزنده چو آتش است لیکن غم را
سازنده چو آب زندگانیست بخور

۹۱

منّت مکن و فریضها را بگزار
وین لقمه که داری ز کسان باز مدار
غیبت مکن و دل کسی را مازار
در عهدهٔ آن جهان منم باده بیار

۹۲

می سرخ گل و قدح گلابست مگر
در درج بلور لعل نابست مگر



46

it burns like fire, but sorrows
it makes like the water of life—drink!

91.

Follow not the Traditions,[1] and leave alone the Commands,[2]
withhold not from anyone the morsel[3] that thou possessest:
neither slander, nor afflict the heart of anyone,[4]
I guarantee you[5] the world beyond—bring wine!

92.

Wine is rose-red, and the cup is *filled with* the water of roses,
—maybe,[1]
in the crystal casket[2] is a pure ruby,—maybe,

93.

This also I do not find in the texts under consideration. It contains the inspiration of F. v. 93-4:

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
  Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?

1. Compare Hāfiz: "Let us break again our vows of repentance in the midst of the roses."[1]

94.

This quatrain is C. 280, P. 31, L. 443, S. P. 230, B. 439, N. 231, W. 270, and is No. 27 of E. C.'s specimens. It is the original of F. v. 69:

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
  Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The first two lines in F. i. 49 read:

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays.

In all the other texts under consideration, except the Paris MS., the first two lines are transposed. *Vide* note to q. 108, *post*.

1. Literally, "From the manner of truth, and not from the manner of metaphor."

(1) تا بشکنیم توبه دگر درمیان گل

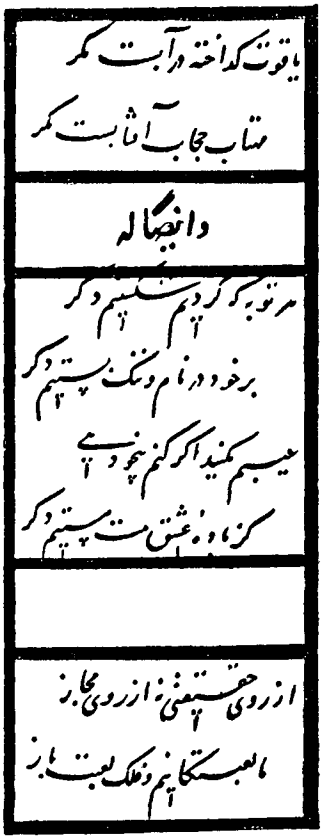
یاقوت گداخته در آبست مگر
مهتاب حجاب آفتابست مگر

۹۳

هر توبه که کردیم شکستیم دگر
بر خود در نام ونگ بستیم دگر
عیبم مکنید اگر کنم بیخودئی
کز بادهٔ عشق مست هستیم دگر

۹۴

از روی حقیقتی نه از روی مجاز
ما لعبتکانیم وفلك لعبت باز



47

a melted ruby is in the water,—maybe,
moonlight is the veil of the sun,—maybe.

93.

Every vow we make, we break again,[1]
we shut once more upon ourselves the door of fame and fair repute;
blame me not if I act as a fool,
for once more am I drunken with the wine of love.

94.

To speak plain language, and not in parables,[1]
we are the pieces and heaven plays the game,

95.

This quatrain is P. 59, L. 430, S. P. 215, B. 426, N. 216, and W. 257. Together with q. 54 (*q. v., ante*), it supplied the inspiration for F. v. 71 and 98:

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

Would but some wingèd Angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

1. P., N., and W. read, "Why grieve so much about this protracted affliction."[1]

2. P., L., N., and W. read "suffering"[2] for "the times.

3. *Vide* note 1, q. 15, *ante*.

4. Literally, "does not come back."

96.

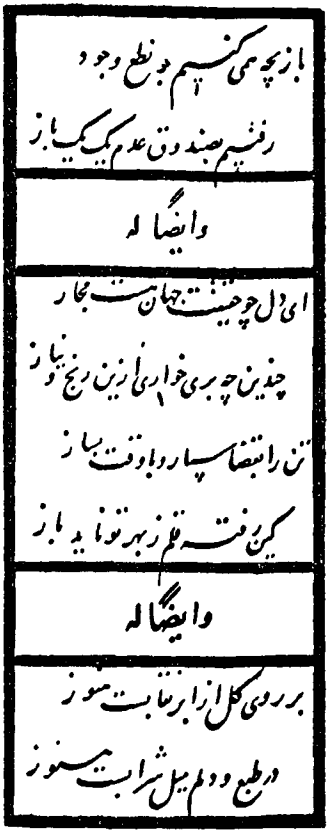
This quatrain is P. 264, L. 439, S. P. 223, B. 435, and N. 224.

1. Literally, "a veil of cloud."

2. L. and N. omit this *ū*, connecting nature and heart with the *izāfat*.

(1) چندین چه خوری تو غم ازین رنج دراز (2) درد

بازیچه همي کنیم بر نطع وجود
رفتیم بصندوق عدم یك یك باز



۹۵

اي دل چو حقیقت جهان هست مجاز
چندین چه بري خواري ازین رنج ونیاز
تن را بقضا سپار وبا وقت بساز
کین رفته قلم زبهر تو ناید باز

۹۶

بر روي گل از ابر نقابست هنوز
در طبع ودلم میل شرابست هنوز

48

we are played together in a baby-game upon the chessboard of existence,
and one by one we return to the box of non-existence.

95.

Oh, heart! since in this world truth itself is hyperbole,
why art thou so disquieted with this trouble and abasement?[1]
resign thy body to destiny, and adapt thyself to the times,[2]
for, what the Pen has written,[3] it will not re-write for thy sake.[4]

96.

On the face of the rose there is still a cloud-shadow,[1]
in my nature and heart[2] there is still a desire for wine;

3. L. reads "time"[1] for "place"—*i.e.*, "What time is this for sleep?" *Vide* q. 97, note 2.

4. P., L., and N. read "Drink"[2] for "Give."

5. Compare Hāfiz:

It is morning, oh Sāki, fill the cup with wine,
The rolling vault of heaven does not linger, make haste!
The Sun of Wine rises from the east of the cup,
If thou seekest the pleasure of mirth, bid farewell to sleep.[7]

97.

This quatrain is C. 271, P. 262, L. 425, S. P. 227, B. 421, N. 228, and W. 267, and in the last line we find the inspiration of F. v. 64:

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road
Which to discover we must travel too.

1. "To throw dust upon"[3] is a common Persian idiom for expressing contempt, or for counting as nothing.

2. Literally, "There is time (or place) yet for," etc.

3. For *'abūdat* C. reads *'itāb āmad*[4]="rebuke comes," and N. *'atā bāshad*,[5] "favours there may be," and for *nemāz* (*vide* note 2, q. 2) both read *mijāz*[8]=longing.

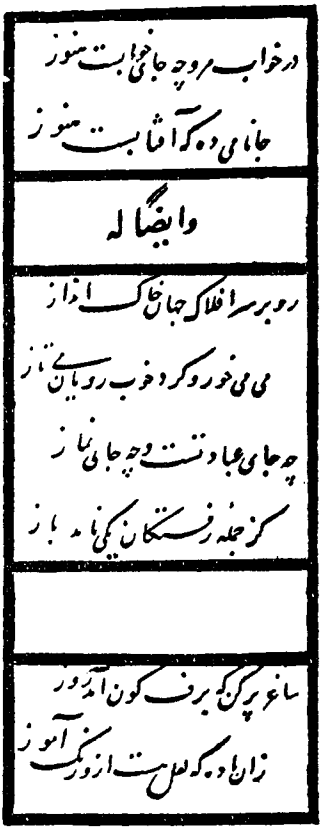
4. N. and W. read "travellers."[6] *Cf.* M., l. 3206, which F. probably had in his mind.

5. P. reads "moon-faced"[9] for "fair of face."

98.

I do not find this quatrain in any of the texts under consideration.

(1) وقت (2) خور (3) خاك انداختن (4) عتاب آمد (5) عطا باشد
(6) روندگان (7) صبحست ساقیا قدحی پر شراب کن
دور فلك درنگ ندارد شتاب کن
خورشید مي زمشرق ساغر طلوع کرد
کر برگ عیش مطلبي ترك خواب کن
(8) مجاز (9) ماه رویان



49

sleep not, what right hast thou to sleep yet?[3]
give me[4] wine, sweetheart, for it is still daylight.[5]

97.

Go! throw dust upon[1] the face of the heavens,
drink wine, and consort with the fair of face;[5]
what time is this[2] for worship? and what time is this for supplication?[3]
since, of all those that have departed,[4] not one has returned?

98.

Fill the cup! for the day breaks white like snow,
learn colour from the wine that is ruby;

99.

This quatrain is C. 276, P. 346, L. 435, S. P. 229, B. 431, N. 230, and W. 269, practically without variation.

1. *takbīr zadan* is to make renunciation of self and all things worldly, by means of the formula *Allah akhbar*, before beginning prayer. Hence the *takbīr* comes to signify any renunciation; thus, to pronounce the *takbīr* of anyone is to renounce his friendship. Here Omar indulges in an irreverent jest, and renounces the *nemāz* themselves, it being orthodox to renounce *something*.

2. *gardūn darāz kerdan:* to stretch the neck means in Persian idiom "to passionately desire."

100.

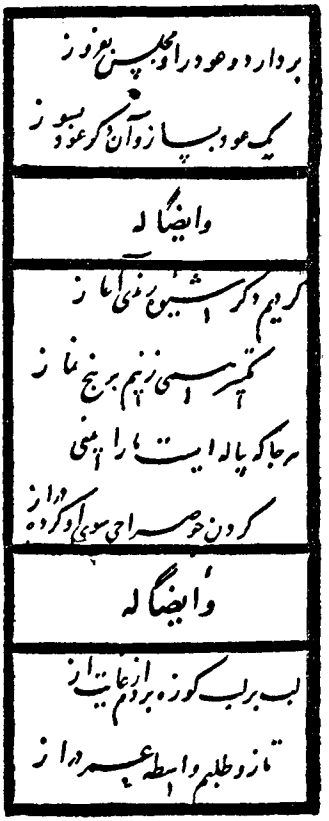
This quatrain is C. 283, P. 99, L. 446, B. 442, W. 274, and is No. 25 of E.C.'s examples. It forms the original of F. v. 35:

Then to the Lip of this poor earthern Urn
I lean'd the Secret of my Life to learn;
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd, "While you live,
Drink! for, once dead, you never shall return."

1. C. reads *āz ghāyat nāz*,[1] with great persuasiveness.

3. Literally, "the cause or means of long life."

(1) از غایت ناز



بردار دو عودرا ومجلس بفروز
یك عود بساز وآن دگر عود بسوز

۹۹

کردیم دگر شیوهٔ رندي آغاز
تکبیر همي زنیم بر پنج نماز
هرجا که پیاله ایست مارا بیني
گردن چو صراحي سوي او کرده دراز

۱۰۰

لب برلب کوزه بردم از غایت آز
تا زو طلبم واسطهٔ عمر دراز

50

take two fragrant aloe logs, and brighten the assembly,
make one into a lute, and burn the other.

99.

We have returned to our wonted debauch,
we have renounced[1]—the Five Prayers!
wherever the goblet is, there thou mayst see us,
our necks stretched out[2] like that of the bottle.

100.

In great desire[1] I pressed my lips to the lip of the jar,
to enquire from it how long life might be attained;[2]

3. Literally, "and said in secret." L. reads this line, "In mystic language it told me this secret."[2] P. reads:

"The cup said to me in mystic language,
I was a soul like thee, enjoy the moment like me."[1]

4. Compare Gulistān, ch. i., story 9.

I spent my life in precious hopes, alas!
That every desire of my heart will be fulfilled;
My wishes were realised, but to what profit? since
There is no hope that my past life will return.[3]

101.

This quatrain is C. 294, P. 154, L. 468, S. P. 239, B. 464, N. 240, and W. 280. It contains the sentiment of the shortness of life and duration of eternity which signalises many of F.'s finest verses. (*Cf.* M., ch. xxvii.) P. 172 repeats this ruba'i with very slight verbal change.

1. L. reads "days"[4] for "hours."

102.

This quatrain is C. 291, P. 202, L. 454, S. P. 241, B. 450, N. 242, and W. 282, and we find in it the germ of F. v. 42:

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall not be less.

It will be observed that the original form of this verse was much closer to the original Persian, F. i. 47, the last three lines of which run:

End in the Nothing all things end in—yes—
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.

1. C. for "wine" reads "love,"[5] and L. for "with wine" reads "full of wine."[6]

2. The familiar *lāla rūkh*, L. and N. read "with a smooth-cheeked one";[7] C. reads "fresh-cheeked."[8]

(1) با من بزبان حال میگفت سبو
عمري چو تو بوده ام دمي با من ساز
(2) با من بزبان حال میگفت این راز
(3) درین امید بنسر شد دریغ عمر عزیز
که انچه در دلمست از درم فراز آید
امید بسته بر آمد ولي چه فایده زانکه
امید نیست که عمر گذشته باز آید

(4) روزه (5) عشق (6) باده پر مستي (7) با ساده رخي (8) با تازه رخي

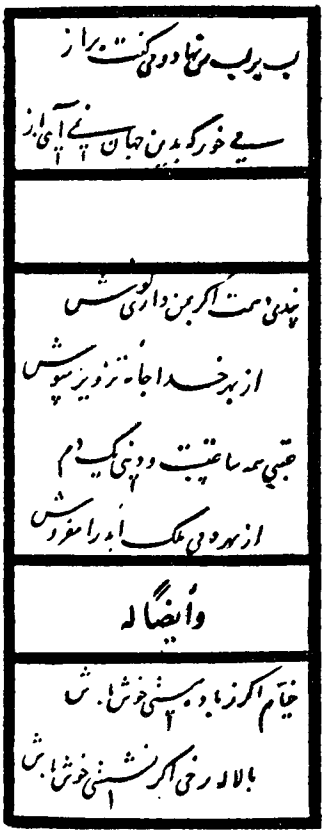
لب برلب من نهاد ومي گفت براز
مي خور كه بدين جهان نمي آيي باز

۱۰۱

پندي دهمت اگر بمن داري گوش
از بهر خدا جامهٔ تزوير مپوش
عقبي همه ساعتست ودنيي يک‌دم
از بهر دمي ملک ابدرا مفروش

۱۰۲

خيّام اگر زباده مستي خوش باش
با لاله رخي اگر نشستي خوش باش



51

it joined its lip to mine and whispered[3]:—
"Drink wine, for, to this world, thou returnest not."[4]

101.

I will give thee counsel if thou wilt give ear to me,
for the sake of God do not wear the garment of hypocrisy,
the hereafter will fill all hours,[1] and the world is but a moment,
do not sell the kingdom of eternity for the sake of one moment.

102.

Khayyām, if thou art drunk with wine,[1] be happy,
if thou reposest with one tulip-cheeked,[2] be happy,

3. C. reads this line, "Since in this world of nothingness you must pass away";[1] and P., L., and N., "Since the end of this world's business is annihilation."[2] Compare lines 3 and 4 of q. 150, which are almost identical.

103.

This quatrain is C. 301, P. 102, L. 470, S. P. 242, B. 466, N. 243, W. 483, and E. C. 26. It gave to F. three verses of the section, called in F. i. *kūsa nāmah*, "The Book of Pots." They are F. v. 82, 83, and 87:

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
  Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay:

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
  And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd, perhaps, but never talked at all.

* * * * *

Whereat some one of the loquacious lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
  "All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

The quatrain in C. is practically identical with the lines transposed thus: 1, 4, 3, 2.

1. L. and N. read this line, "Every one of them said to me in mystic language"[3] (*ba zabān-i-hāl*).

104.

I do not find this quatrain in any of the texts under consideration, excepting the Paris MS., where it is No. 248.

1. Here we have a play upon the words *rāh* = wine and *rūh* = "the incorporeal spirit, the breath of God, the Qur'ān, *i.e.*, Revelation" (Steingass). Paris MS. reads, "that wine which they call pure spirit."[4]

2. Compare q. 7, note 2. Paris MS. begins the line, "A restorer[5] (architect) of a ruined heart."

(1) در عالم نیستي چو مي باید رفت (2) چون عاقبت کار جهان نیستي است
(3) هر یك بزبان حال با من گفتند
(4) ان باده که روح ناب میخوانندش (5) معمار

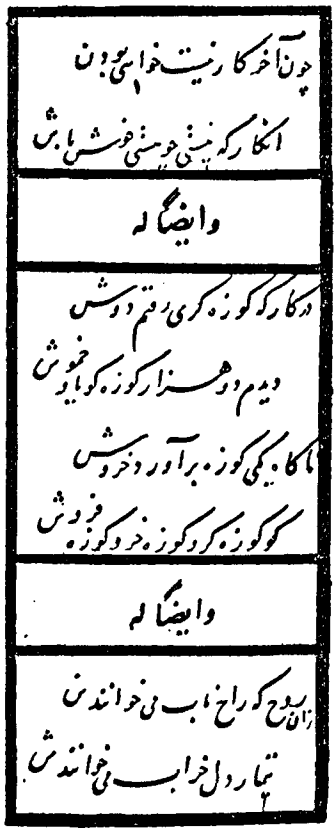
چون آخر کار نیست خواهي بودن
انگارکه نیستي چو هستي خوش باش

۱۰۳

در کارگه کوزه‌گري رفتم دوش
دیدم دو هزار کوزه گویا وخموش
ناگاه یکي کوزه بر آورد خروش
کو کوزه‌گر وکوزه‌خر وکوزه‌فروش

۱۰۴

زان روح که راح ناب مي خوانندش
تیمار دل خراب مي خوانندش



52

since the end of all things is that thou wilt be naught;[3]
whilst thou art, imagine that thou art not,—be happy!

103.

I went last night into the workshop of a potter,
I saw two thousand pots, *some* speaking, and *some* silent;
suddenly one of the pots cried out aggressively[1]:—
"Where are the pot maker, and the pot buyer, and the pot seller?"

104.

Of this spirit, that they call pure wine,[1]
they say:—"It is a remedy for a ruined heart"[2];

3. P. for "cups" reads "half-men measures."[1] *Vide* note 2, q. 145.

4. Here we have another of the ingenious puns which are typical of the poem: *khair*="good," *sharr*="wicked," and so he gets the juxtaposition of *khair āb*="good water," and *sharr-āb*="wicked water," or *sharāb*, which means "wine."

105.

This quatrain is P. 26, L. 469, S. P. 248, B. 465, N. 249, and W. 288. It does not vary.

1. *hasbatan Allah*, a common Arabic interjection.

2. Literally, "By the head of the Tomb of the Prophet of God."

106.

This quatrain is L. 471, S. P. 249, B. 467, N. 250, and W. 291. It does not vary, save infinitesimally.

(1) رطل

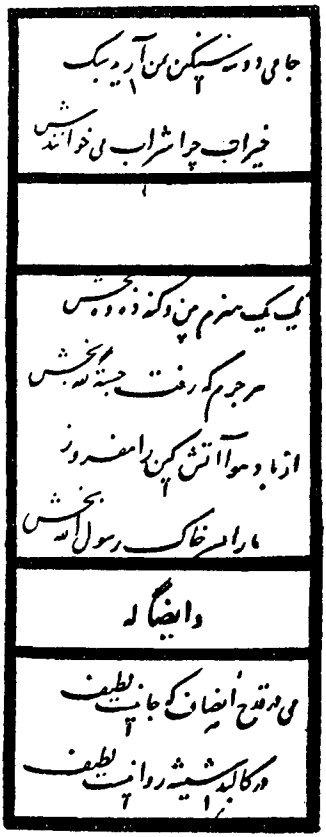
جامي دو سه سنگين بمن آريد سبك
خيراب چرا شراب مي خوانندش

۱۰۵

يك يك هنرم بين وگنه ده ده بخش
هرجرم كه رفت حسبةً لله بخش
از باد و هوا آتش كين را مفروز
مارا بسر خاك رسول الله بخش

۱۰۶

مي در قدح انصاف كه جانيست لطيف
در كالبد شيشه روانيست لطيف



53

set quickly before me two or three heavily filled cups,[3]
why do they call a good water "wicked water"?[4]

105.

Regard my virtues one by one, and forgive my crimes ten by ten,
pardon every crime that is past, its reckoning is with God![1]
let not the wind and air fan the flame of thy rancour,
by Muhammad's tomb! forgive me.[2]

106.

Verily wine in the goblet is a delicate spirit,
in the body of the jar, a delicate soul reposes,

1. The other texts read the last word *man* = "*my* friend."
2. In which case *hich girān* should be rendered "no dull person."

107.

This quatrain is C. 312, L. 489, B. 484, and W. 304. It contains the sentiment that appears in many of F.'s quatrains, but nowhere more strongly than in F. v. 54:

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape,
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit.

The whole quatrain suggests one of Sa'di's "Maxims": "Life is in the keeping of a single breath. The world is an existence between two annihilations."[1] (Gulistān, ch. viii., maxim 33).

1. *āzal* in Persian dogma is eternity without beginning, *i.e.*, "*from* all time" as opposed to *ābad*, eternity without end, *i.e.*, "*to* all eternity."

108.

This quatrain is C. 332, P. 40, L. 505, S. P. 266, B. 501, N. 267, W. 310, de T. 10, E. C. 28, and is the original of F. i. 46:

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

In its final form, F. v. 68, it runs as follows:

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go,
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

and it is coupled with F. v. 69, quoted *sub* q. 94. *Cf.* M., l. 7, and the story of Āyāz (l. 3368), from which F. took his verse, F. v. 70.

1. E. C.'s "at which we gaze bewildered" is, I think, too free.

2. These lanterns are of varying shapes. In Persia, says Nicolas, it is made of two copper basins separated by a shade of waxed calico about a yard high. The lower one contains the candle, and the upper one has a handle for the arm of the ferrásh who carries it. The shade is folded like the familiar "Chinese lantern." Ornaments are painted on the cloth, and it is to the vacillation of these as the carrier shifts it from one hand to another that Omar refers. The editor of the *Calcutta Review* appends a note at the foot of E. C. as follows: "These lanthorns are very common in Calcutta. They are made of a tall cylinder, with figures of men and animals cut out of paper and pasted on it. The cylinder, which is very light, is suspended on an axis, round which it easily turns. A hole is cut near the bottom, and the part cut out is fixed at an angle to the cylinder, so as to form a vane. When a small lamp or candle is placed inside, a current of air is produced which keeps the cylinder slowly revolving."

(1) جان در حمایت یکدمست و دنیا وجودی میان دو عدم

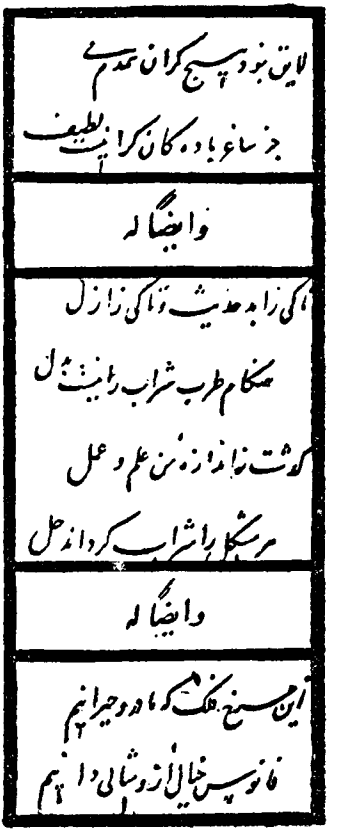
لایق نبود هیچ گران همدم مي
جز ساغر باده کان گرانست لطیف

۱۰۷

تا کي ز ابد حدیث وتا کي ز ازل
هنگام طرب شراب‌را نیست بدل
بگذشت ز اندازهٔ من علم وعمل
هر مشکل‌را شراب گرداند حل

۱۰۸

این چرخ فلك که ما درو حیرانیم
فانوس خیال ازو مثالي دانیم



54

nothing heavy[2] is worthy to be the friend of wine[1]
save the wine-cup, for that is, at the same time, heavy and delicate.

107.

Where is the limit to eternity to come, and where to eternity past?[1]
now is the time of joy, there is no substitute for wine:
both theory and practice have passed beyond my ken,
but wine unties the knot of every difficulty.

108.

This vault of heaven, beneath which we stand bewildered,[1]
we know to be a sort of magic-lantern:[2]

3. E. C. exactly conveys the meaning: "The sun is the candle, the world the shade" (or globe).

4. C. and P. read, "that are bewildered in it," repeating the *hirānīm* of line 1, which makes me think it is an error of the copyist. There are several signs of weariness on the part of the scribe in the verse in my copies. *Sed quære.*

109.

This quatrain is C. 331, L. 503, S. P. 281, B. 499, N. 282, W. 322, and does not vary. It accounts for many such lines as in F. v. 93 and 94, *q. v. sub.* q. 93 *ante*, and, what is more interesting, it contains a strong suggestion of the quatrain F. v. 81, which has baffled so many commentators. *Vide*, however, note 3 to q. 1, *ante;* and *cf.* M., ll. 3229-3253:

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man,
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

110.

This quatrain I do not find in any of the texts under consideration.

1. *'azm kerdan* is "to make intention."

2. *nāb*, here and elsewhere in this poem, means "pure" in the sense of being "undiluted."

3. The *Zisyphus vulgaris*, or common Syrian jujube-tree. Its fruit is made into sweetmeats, and its juice is used for coughs, but the British jujube-lozenge takes nothing from it but its name.

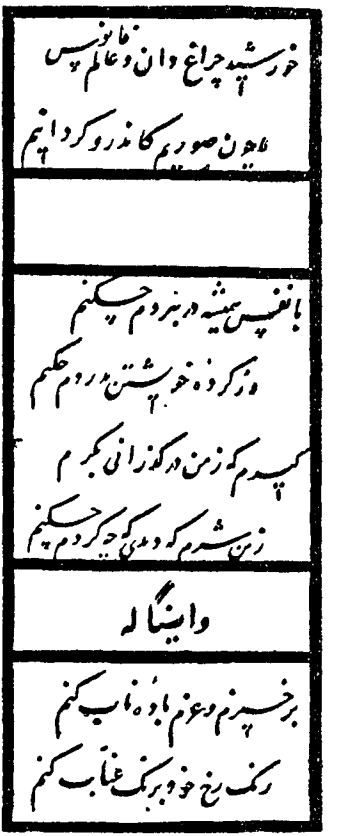
خورشید چراغ دان وعالم فانوس
ما چون صوریم کاندر و گردانیم

۱۰۹

بانفس همیشه در نبردم چکنم
وز کرده خویشتن بدردم چکنم
گیرم که زمن در گذراني بکرم
زین شرم که دیدي که چه کردم چکنم

۱۱۰

بر خیزم و عزم باده ناب کنم
رنگ رخ خود برنگ عنّاب کنم



55

know thou that the sun is the lamp-flame and the universe is the lamp,[8]
we are like figures that revolve in it.[4]

109.

I do not always prevail over my nature,—*but* what can I do?
and I suffer for my actions,—*but* what can I do?
I verily believe that Thou wilt generously pardon me
on account of my shame that Thou hast seen what I have done,—*but* what can I do?

110.

Let me arise and seek[1] pure[2] wine,
make thou the colour of my cheek like that of the jujube fruit,[3]

4. Literally, "professing exuberance."

III.

This quatrain is C. 356, P. 118, L. 554, S. P. 276, B. 547, N. 277, and W. 320.

1. Literally, "intellect."

2. L., N., and W. read "*sadd*"[1] = "100 years."

3. *dahr* means also "eternity." C. reads *jirm*,[2] "in the body."

4. The other texts begin this line, "Pour thou wine into the cup," etc.[3]

112.

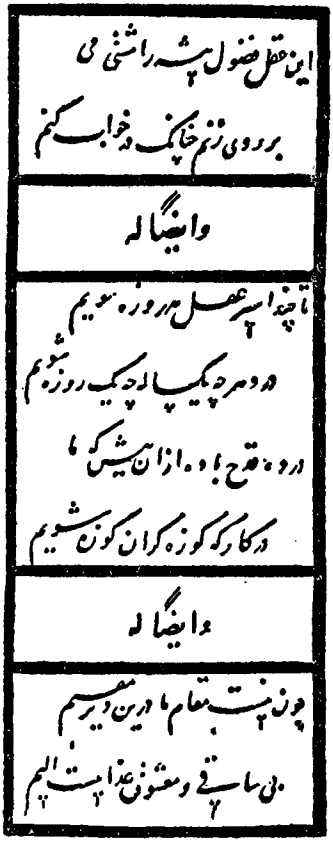
This quatrain is C. 344, L. 537, S. P. 283, B. 532, N. 284, and W. 324. The first line suggests F. v. 48: "A moment's halt, a momentary taste of Being," etc.

1. Compare *makām*, a halting-place, and *mukim*, which signifies a more permanent abode.

2. Literally, "food is painful."

3. L. for *sāki* reads *mai*—wine C., N., and W. end the line, "is a great error."[4]

(1) صد (2) جرم (3) دردة بكاسة مي (4) خطائيست عظيم



این عقل فضول پیشه‌را مشتی می
بر روی زنم چنانکه در خواب کنم

واینگاله

تا چند اسیر عقل هر روزه شویم
در دهر چه یکساله چه یك روزه شویم
درده قدح باده ازان پیش که ما
در کارگه کوزه‌گران کوزه شویم

واینگاله

چون نیست مقام ما درین دیر مقیم
بی ساقی ومعشوق عذابیست الیم

56

as for this meddling[4] intellect, a fist-full of wine
will I throw in its face, to make *it* sleep.

III.

How long shall we continue slaves to every-day problems?[1]
what matter whether we live one[2] year, or one day, in this world?[3]
pour out a cup of wine,[4] before that we
become pots in the workshop of the potters.

II2.

Since our abode in this monastery is not permanent[1]
without the Cup-bearer and the beloved,[2] it is painful to support
life;[3]

4. N. translates "of the creation or eternity (end) of the world"

5. C., L., and N. read *mard i salim*,[1] simpleton.

113.

This quatrain is C. 372, P. 147, L. 514, S. P. 286, B. 509, N. 287, and W. 327.

1. *i.e.*, "Thy service is fraught with reproaches." L. for *sadd* reads *ze* = "from"; *i.e.*, on account of (sins I incur reproaches).

2. C. repeats the *malāmat be-kashim*, which makes sense, but is probably a clerical error.

3. *i.e.*, "If life and thy severity are faithful to one another." ("If thy severity continues all my life"—*nfa kerdan* = to perform a promise.)

4. N. reads *kem āz ān gāh* = "less than that time," for *kem āz ānki*, but the latter is more probably correct. C. for "till" reads "upon" (*bā*).

114.

This quatrain is C. 369, P. 234, L. 522, S. P. 288, B. 517, N. 289, and W. 329. We find again an echo of F. v. 94 in this quatrain which expresses the poet's scorn of penitence.

1. Literally, "science or doctrine." A synonym of *'ilm*,[3] in conjunction with which it occurs frequently in Persian.

2. Literally, "I only practise the science of," etc. The other texts for *rāi* read *yād*,[2] "I only *remember*," etc.

(1) مرد سليم (2) ياد (3) علم

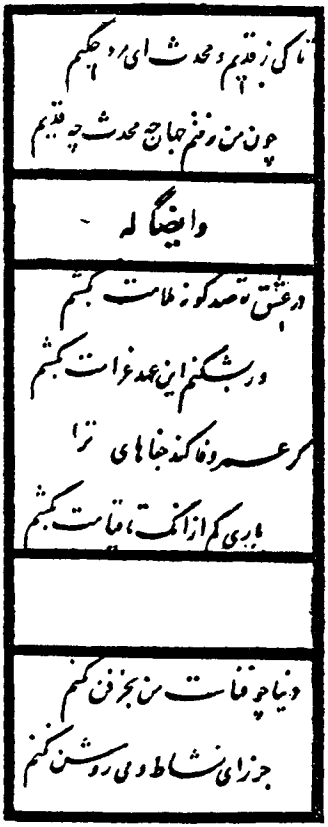
تاکي زقديم و محدث اي مرد حکيم
چون من رفتم جهان چه محدث چه قديم

۱۱۳

در عشق تو صد گونه ملامت بکشم
ور بشکنم اين عهد غرامت بکشم
گر عمر وفا کند جفاهاي ترا
باري کم ازانکه تا قيامت بکشم

۱۱۴

دنيا چو فناست من بجز فن نکنم
جز راي نشاط ومي روشن نکنم



57

how long of ancient creeds or new,[4] O philosopher?[5]
when I have left *it* what matter if the world be old or new?

113.

In loving Thee I incur reproaches for a hundred sins,[1]
and if I fail in this obligation I pay a penalty:[2]
if *my* life remain faithful to Thy cruelty,[3]
please God, I shall have less than that to bear till the Judgment Day.[4]

114.

The world being fleeting, I practise naught but artifice,[1]
I hold only[2] with cheerfulness and sparkling wine;

3. L. reads this line in different words: "They say, God will grant thee pardon for wine (drinking)."[1]

4. Compare q. 64, line 4.

115.

This quatrain is C. 374, P. 340, L. 532, B. 527, S. P. 284, N. 285, and W. 325.

1. *niyāz* means here "with humility, fawning." N. reads it to mean, "Though I come to the mosque from a sense of duty," *sed quære*.

2. P., L., N., and W. begin *hakka*[2] = "really," also "O God!"

3. The other texts read the stronger form, "I stole,"[3] for this, which equals "I abstracted" (literally, made less).

4. The *sejjādeh*[4] is the Muslim prayer-mat upon which the *sejjā*[5] or ceremonial prostration is performed.

5. *i.e.*, that prayer-mat.

6. *i.e.*, to steal others.

116.

This quatrain is C. 345, P. 227, L. 539, S. P. 289, B. 534, N. 290, and W. 330. F. has taken one of his *Kuza Nameh* verses from this, F. v. 89:

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."

There is a quatrain in the texts N. 115, etc., ending in *d*, which has an almost identical meaning, though the phraseology is much varied.

1. N. and W. read this line, "In the hand of destiny I become like a bird's feather (floating away)."[6] C. reads "And by the hand of destiny I am rooted up."[7]

(1) گویند خدا ترا ز مي توبة دهاد (2) حقّا (3) دزدیدم (4) سجّاده
(5) سجّا (6) در دست اجل چو مرغ پَر کنده شوم (7) وز دست اجل
ز بیخ کنده شوم

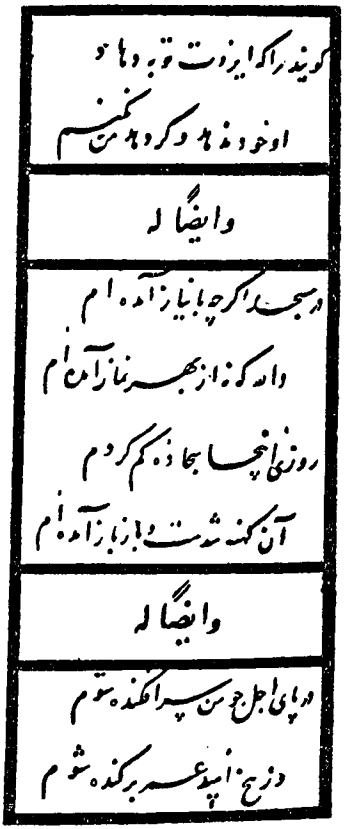
گویند مرا که ایزدت توبه دهاد
او خود ندهد وگر دهد من نکنم

۱۱۵

در مسجد اگرچه با نیاز آمده أم
والله که نه از بهر نماز آمده أم
روزي اینجا سجّاده کم کردم
آن کهنه شدست وبازباز آمده أم

۱۱۶

در پاي اجل چو من سرافگنده شوم
وز بیخ أمید عمر بر کنده شوم



58

they say to me:—"May God grant thee penitence." [3]
He himself does not give it, and if He gives it, I will none of it.[4]

115.

Although I have come with an air of supplication[1] to the mosque,
by Allah![2] I have not come to pray;
I came one day and stole[3] a prayer-mat[4]—
that sin[5] wears out, and I come again and again.[6]

116.

When I am abased beneath the foot of destiny
and am rooted up from the hope of life,[1]

2. N. and W. read "May it be that with the perfume of the wine I may revive for a moment."[1] C. reads "So long as it is full of the perfume of wine I may live";[2] and L. reads "May it be that when it is very moist (or 'moist with wine,'[4] the lithograph is bad) I may live."[3] P. is the same as here.

117.

I do not find this quatrain in any of the texts under consideration. We get in it an echo of F. v. 77, *q. v. ante sub* q. 2.

1. *dāna* = grain or seed scattered to attract birds, also science, learning.

2. *mudām* gives a meaning of perpetuity; it has also the meaning of "wine drunk all day long," as opposed to *sabūh*,[5] the morning draught (*vide* q. 32, l. 3), or *ghābūk*,[6] the evening draught (Steingass).

3. *i.e.*, "Wise or strong in a tavern, than ignorant or weak in a *sauma'ah*," which means, especially, a Christian cell or hermitage. *Vide* q. 24, note 1, and *cf.* M., l. 1356. *Cf.* also M., l. 1887.

118.

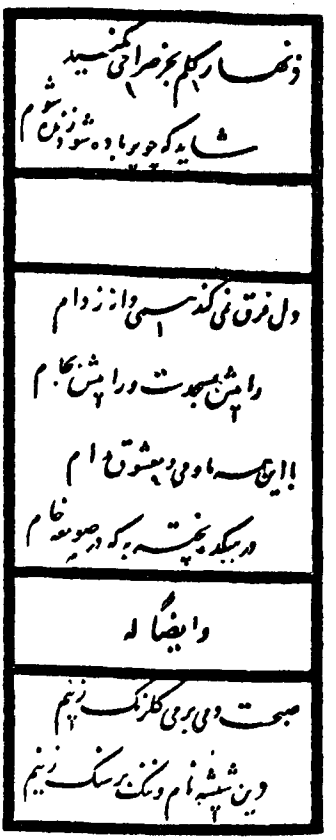
This quatrain is L. 571, S. P. 293, B. 564, N. 294, and W. 332, and is invariable. In this we have echoes of F. v. 93-5, and also of F. v. 41, which made its first appearance as F. ii. 55:

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

1. *i.e.*, "inhale the fumes of," literally, "strike."

(1) باشد که ببوي مي دمي زنده شوم (2) تا بو که پر از باده شود زنده شوم
(3) باشد که زیاده تر شد زنده شوم (4) ز باده تر (5) صبوح (6) غابوق

زنهار گلم بجز صراحی مکنید
شاید که چو پر باده شود زنده شوم



117

دل فرق نمي کند همي دانه زدام
رائيش بمسجدست و رائيش بجام
با اين همه ما ومي ومعشوق مدام
در ميکده پخته به‌که در صومعه خام

118

صبحست دمي بر مي گارنگ زنيم
وين شيشه نام وننگ بر سنگ زنيم

59

take heed that thou makest nothing but a goblet of my clay,
haply when it is full of wine I may revive.[2]

117.

My heart does not distinguish between the bait[1] and the trap,
one counsel urges it towards the mosque, another towards the cup;
nevertheless the wine-cup, and the loved one, and I continually[2] *together*,
are better, cooked, in a tavern, than raw, in a monastery.[3]

118.

It is morning: let us for a moment inhale[1] rose-coloured wine,
and shatter against a stone this vessel of reputation and honour;

2. *i.e.*, "Let us cease to strive to earn salvation." Literally, "Let us withdraw our hands from our long hope."

3. Literally, the "skirt," or "fringe," of the lute.

119.

This is also, as far as I have found, only in this MS. We recognise the sentiment of F. v. 11 and 12. It is No. 14 of E. C.'s examples.

1. *cf.* "We have renounced the pomps and vanities of the world."

2. *i.e.* "at the price of." *Cf.* M., l. 2599.

3. *cf. Gulshan i rāz*, l. 699.

120.

This quatrain is P. 265, L. 523, S. P. 299, B. 518, N. 300, and W. 336, and it is the original of F. v. 56:

For "Is" and "Is NOT," though with Rule and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine,

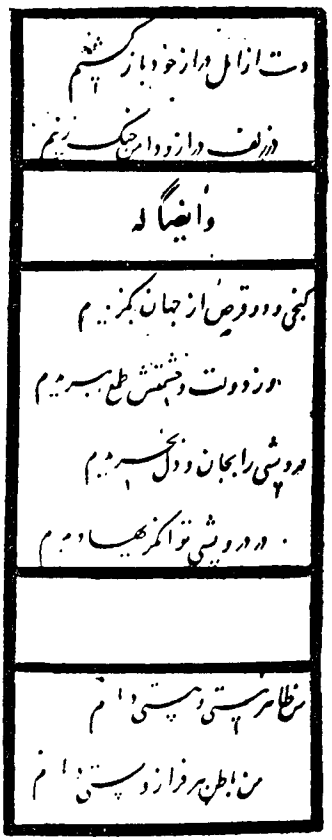
which is a great improvement upon F. i. 41, its original form. The quatrain is of course a sneer at his own algebraïcal and astronomical studies. *Cf.* Dante, *Rime* C. xviii.: "Ah com' poca difesa mostra signore a cui servo sormonta!"

1. *zāhir* is "exoteric," as opposed to *bātin*, "esoteric," in line 2.

2. N. reads, "all that is powerfully exalted."[1]

(1) فراز دستي

دست از امل دراز خود باز کشیم
در زلف دراز ودامن چنگ زنیم



۱۱۹

کنجي ودو قرص از جهان بگزیدم
وز دولت وحشمتش طمع ببریدم
درویشي را بجان ودل بخریدم
در درویشي توانگریها دیدم

۱۲۰

من ظاهر نیستي وهستي دانم
من باطن هر فراز وپستي دانم

60

let us cease to strive after what has long been our hope,[2]
and play with long ringlets and the handle[3] of the lute.

119.

We have preferred a corner and two loaves to the world,
and we have put away greed of its estate and magnificence;[1]
we have bought poverty with our[2] heart and soul—
n poverty we have discerned great riches.[3]

120.

I know the outwardness[1] of existence and of non-existence,
I know the inwardness of all that is high and low;[2]

3. Literally, "with all this." *Cf.* q. 1, l. 3.

4. The other texts read, "I am weary[1] of my knowledge." Compare Gulistān, ch. i., story 9:

> "My life has lapsed in ignorance;
> I have done nothing; be on your guard!"[2]

121.

This quatrain is L. 544 (and B. 538), whence it becomes W. 353; it is the source of F. v. 27 and 28:

> Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
> About it and about; but evermore
> Came out by the same door wherein I went.
>
> With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
> And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
> And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
> "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

1. L. and W. read "hear."[3]

2. In L. this line reads, "We came up from the earth and depart upon the wind,"[4] which even more closely suggests the observation attributed by Attār to Nizām-ul-Mulk when dying: "Oh God! I am passing away in the hand of the Wind." M., l. 4620. *Cf.* also M., ll. 1559 and 2288.

122.

This quatrain is C. 411, P. 58, L. 618, S. P. 319, B. 610, N. 322, and W. 365.

1. L., N., and W., for "mysteries" read "vicissitudes."[5]

2. L., N., and W., for "of the world" read "and annoyance."[6]

3. C., L., and N., for "all the same" read "of little account" = easy.

(1) بیزارم (2) روزگارم بشد بنادانی
من نکردم شما حذر بکنید
(3) بشنو (4) از خاك بر آمدیم و برباد شدیم (5) احوال (6) و رنج (7) آسان

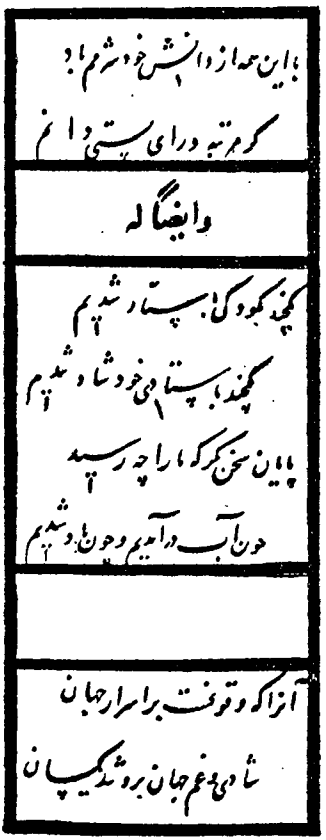
با این همه از دانش خود شرمم باد
گر مرتبهٔ ورای مستی دانم

۱۲۱

یکچند بکودکی باستاد شدیم
یکچند بامتادیِ خود شاد شدیم
پایان سخن نگر که مارا چه رسید
چون آب در آمدیم وچون باد شدیم

۱۲۲

آنرا که وقوفست بر اسرار جهان
شادی وغم جهان برو شد یکسان



61

nevertheless[3] let me be modest[4] about my own knowledge
if I recognise any degree higher than drunkenness.

121.

For a while, when young, we frequented a teacher,
for a while we were contented with our proficiency;
behold[1] the foundation of the discourse:—what happened to us?
we came in like water and we depart like wind.[2]

122.

To him who understands the mysteries[1] of the world,
the joy and sorrow of the world[2] is all the same;[3]

4. N. reads *be-sū*,[1] meaning the same.

5. W. begins the line, "Thou wilt have pain[2] (and also the remedy)." The meaning of the line is obscure. W. appends the note, "'Twill all be one a hundred years hence." I should like to render *khwāhi* here by the German "*meinetwegen*," or the French "*à la bonne heure!*" There is no good English equivalent; in q. 2 I have rendered it "an Thou wilt."

123.

This quatrain is C. 410, L. 617, S. P. 324, B. 609, N. 327, and W. 368, and is practically invariable.

1. The word *rind* is also used to designate the Sufis, who were Omar's pet detestation.

2. *nemāz*. *Vide ante, passim.*

3. *rūzeh* means "a day's allowance of food," and, ceremonially, "a fast."

4. N. and W. omit "Omar," and end the line "Oh Friend!"[4]

5. Literally, "strike the road."

6. *i.e., but.* There is a Turkish proverb akin to this: "Be a robber, be a thief, but do not put conscience aside."[5]

124.

This quatrain is C. 402, P. 53, L. 605, B. 598, and W. 387. No. 76 in the Paris MS. (ending in *r*) is identical in meaning, and practically so in phraseology.

1. Literally, "this salt-marsh."

2. Literally, "to cut away the soul." C. ends the line, "and agony of heart and soul."[3]

(1) بسو (2) خواهي تو بدرد (3) رنج دل و جان (4) اي دوست
(5) اوغري اول خرسز اول انصافي الدن قومة

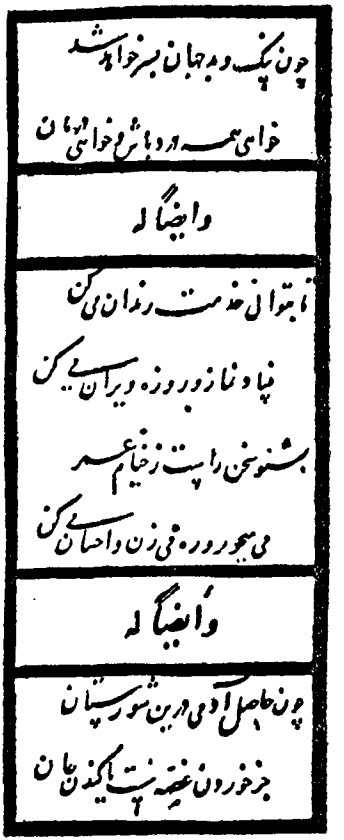
چون نیك وبد جهان بسر خواهد شد
خواهي همه درد باش وخواهي درمان

۱۲۳

تا بتواني خدمت رندان مي کن
بنیاد نماز و روزه ویران مي کن
بشنو سخن راست زخیّام عمر
مي میخور و ره مي‌زن واحسان مي‌کن

۱۲۴

چون حاصل آدمي درین شورستان
جز خوردن غصّه نیست یا کندن جان



62

since the good and the bad of the world will come to an end;[4]
what matter, since it must end? an thou wilt, be all pain, or,
an thou wilt, all remedy.[5]

123.

So far as in thee lies, follow the example of the profligate,[1]
destroy the foundations of prayer[2] and fasting:[3]
hear thou the Word of Truth from Omar Khayyām,[4]
"Drink wine, rob on the highway,[5] and[6] be benevolent."

124.

Since the harvest for the human race, in this wilderness,
is naught but to suffer affliction or to give up the ghost,[3]

125.

This is one of the quatrains that appear to be found only in this MS.

1. Literally, "the dress of face," a "veil in which figures are woven." *Vide* q. 63, note 1.

2. *Vide* q. 55, note 3. *Cf.* M., l. 3653.

3. Literally, "strike the drum of Sultanate." *Vide* q. 34, note 5. *Cf.* M., ll. 2163 and 2753.

126.

This quatrain is P. 186, L. 623, B. 615, whence it becomes W. 386. We find in it an echo of F. v. 22, and the complete sentiment of F. v. 25:

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

See also F. v. 22, *sub* q. 137.

1. Literally, "this revolving cupola." W. reads "overturned"[1] for "revolving," but gives no authority for the rendering.

2. P. and L. read "empty of all friends."[2]

(1) گردیده (2) ز جمله دوستان

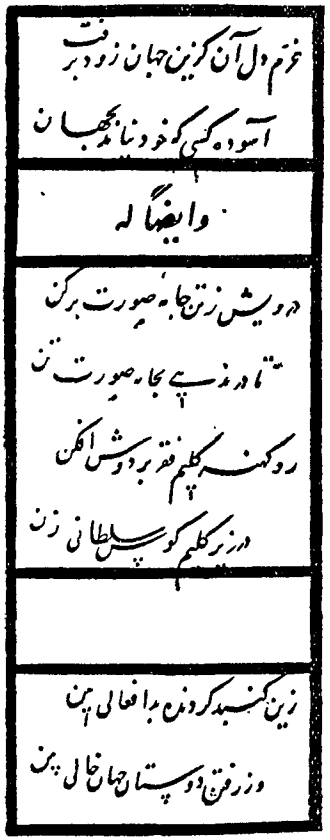
خرّم دل آن کزین جهان زود برفت
آسوده کسي که خود نیامد بجهان

۱۲۵

درویش ز تن جامهٔ صورت برکن
تا در ندهي بجامهٔ صورت تن
رو کهنه گلیم فقر بر دوش افکن
در زیر گلیم کوس سلطاني زن

۱۲۶

زین گنبد گردنده بد افعالي بین
وز رفتن دوستان جهان خالي بین



63

light-hearted is he who passes quickly from this world,
and he who never came into the world is at rest.

125.

Darvīsh! rend from thy body the figured veil,[1]
rather than sacrifice thy body for the sake of that veil
go and throw upon thy shoulders the old rug of poverty[2]—
beneath that rug thou art equal to a sultan.[3]

126.

Behold the evil conduct of this vault of heaven,[1]
behold the world—empty by the passing away of friends;[2]

3. Compare F. i. 37, quoted *sub* q. 20. L. reads this line, "Seek not to-morrow, leave yesterday alone," etc.[1]

127.

This quatrain is P. 330, L. 608, S. P. 339, B. 601, N. 342, and W. 381. F. took from it a verse that occurs only in his second edition, F. ii. 65:

If but the Vine and Love-abjuring Band
Are in the Prophet's Paradise to stand,
Alack, I doubt the Prophet's Paradise
Were empty as the hollow of one's Hand.

1. Literally, a circle or ring.

2. P. and L. read "rosy-cheeked ones."[2]

3. *zerk* here means rather "mental blindness."

4. P. and L. read this line, "Is better than practising the distemper of piety."[3]

5. P. and L. read this line, "If when dead the wine-drinkers will go to hell."[4]

6. P. and L. read this line, "Then who will see the face of heaven?"[5]

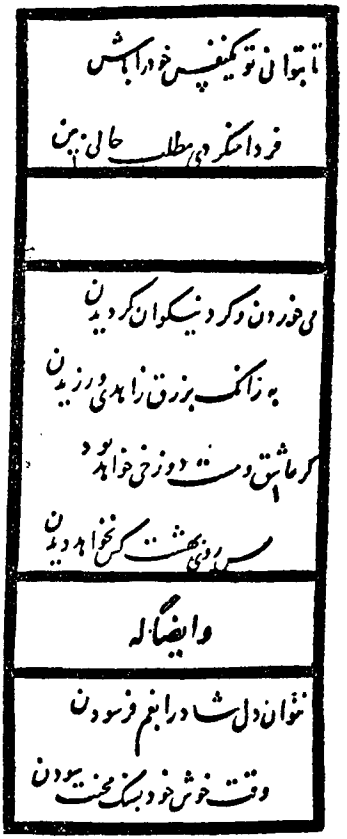
128.

This quatrain is C. 393, L. 588, S. P. 341, B. 581, N. 344, and W. 382.

1. Literally, "the stone of trial."

(1) فردا مطلب گزار دي (2) گلرخان (3) بهتر ز هـزار زاهدي و رزيدن
(4) گر مردم مي خوار بدوزخ باشند (5) پس روي بهشترا كه خواهد ديدن

تا بتواني تو يكنفس خودرا باش
فردا منگر دي مطلب حالي بين



۱۲۷

می خوردن و گرد نیکوان گردیدن
به زانك بزرق زاهدي ورزیدن
گر عاشق ومست دوزخي خواهد بود
پس روي بهشت کس نخواهد دیدن

۱۲۸

نتوان دل شادرا بغم فرسودن
وقت خوش خود بسنگ محنت سودن

64

as far as thou art able live for thyself for one moment,
look not for to-morrow, seek not yesterday, behold the present![3]

127.

To drink wine and consort with a company[1] of the beautiful[2]
is better than practising the hypocrisy[3] of the zealot;[4]
if the lover and the drunkard are doomed to hell,[5]
then no one will see the face of heaven.[6]

128.

One cannot consume one's happy heart with sorrow,
nor consume the pleasure of one's life upon the touchstone;[1]

2. Literally, "The person is invisible (absent) who knows," etc. L. and W. begin the line, "In this world he who knows," etc.;[1] and C. begins, "In the obligation of knowing," etc.[2]

3. N. appends a note, "God," a good specimen of his Sufistic tendency to "whitewash" poor Omar.

129.

This quatrain is C. 416, L. 634, S. P. 345, B. 626, N. 348, W. 390, and E. C. 3, and we recognise in it the sentiment of F. v. 23.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

1. C. begins with the familiar *mai khūr ki*, "Drink wine, for, for the sake," etc.

2. N. for "Idol" reads "Come," a probable, but harmless, misplacement of the diacritical points.[3] L. reads here, "grasp the goblet."[4] C. ends the line "for many prayers,"[5] an error, I think, of the scribe. Compare Gulistān, ch. i., story 26:

For how many years and long lives
Will the people walk over my head on the ground;[6]

and again, story 15 of ch. iii:

Wah! how—every time the plants in the garden
Sprouted—glad became my heart!
Pass by, O Friend! that in the spring
Thou mayst see plants sprouting from my clay.[7]

130.

This quatrain is C. 420, P. 36, L. 624, S. P. 348, B. 616, N. 351, and W. 393, and contains, like q. 51, the germ of F. v. 47, *q. v. sub* q. 51.

1. *i.e.*, "Our life is an incomplete thing—where is the rest of it?" The other texts for "essence" read "hope."[8] N. reads the line, "and where is the realisation of the burden of our hopes in this world."[9]

(1) در دهر که (2) در عهده (3) بیا ـ بتا (4) پیاله کش (5) که
بسیار نماز (6) چه سالهای فراوان و عمر های دراز
که خلق برسر ما بر زمین بخواهد رفت
(7) وه که هر گه که سبزه در بستان
بد میدي چه خوش شدي دل من
بگذر اي دوست تا بوقت بهار
سبزه بیني دمیده از گل من
(8) امید (9) و ز بار امید در جهان بودي کو

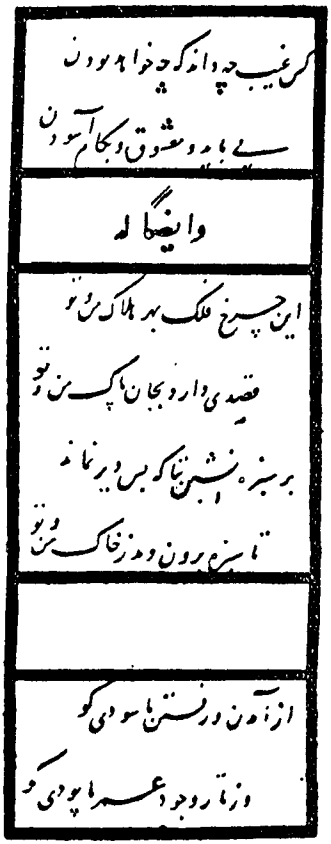
کس غیب چه داند که چه خواهد بودن
مي باید ومعشوق وبکام آسودن

۱۲۹

این چرخ فلك بهر هلاك من وتو
قصدي دارد بجان پاك من وتو
بر سبزه نشین بتا که بس دیر نماند
تا سبزه برون دمد زخاك من وتو

۱۳۰

از آمدن ورفتن ما سودي کو
وز تار وجود عمر ما پودي کو



65

no one is to be found who knows what is to be;[2]
wine, and a loved one,[3] and to repose according to one's desire,—
these things are necessary.

129.

This heavenly vault,[1] for the sake of my destruction and thine,
wages war upon my pure soul and thine;
sit upon the green sward, O my Idol![2] for it will not be long
ere that green sward shall grow from my dust and thine.

130.

What profits it, our coming and going?
and where is the woof for the warp of the stuff of our life?[1]

2. Literally, "so many delicate hands and feet."

3. The other texts read this line, "Beneath the circle of the heavens, how many pure bodies"[1] (P., L., and W., "souls"[6]).

131.

This quatrain is C. 443, P. 296, L. 670, S. P. 356, B. 662, N. 359, and W. 426. It is, with q. 16, the source of inspiration of F. v. 41, *q. v. sub* q. 16.

1. C. and N. for "*all* sciences" read "science and piety."[2]

2. Literally, "to hang, is best."

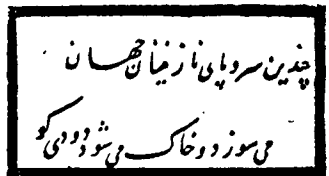
3. For *surāhi*, "bottle," L. reads "*karrābat*,"[3] flagon, or vat; N. reads "*kinnīnat*,"[4] a glass bottle; P. reads *piāleh*; and C. reads *'adwat*,[5] *i.e.*, "as much blood as you can."

132.

This quatrain is P. 300, L. 654, S. P. 361, B. 646, N. 364, and W. 409, and does not vary. The freedom of N.'s translation amounts to licence.

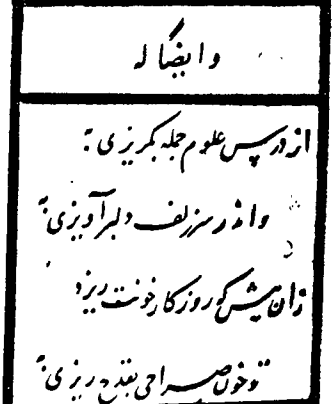
(1) در چنبر چرخ جسم چندین پاکان (2) و زهد (3) قرابة (4) قنینة
(5) عدوست (6) جان

چندين سر وپاي نازنينان جهان
مي موزد وخاك مي شود دودي کو



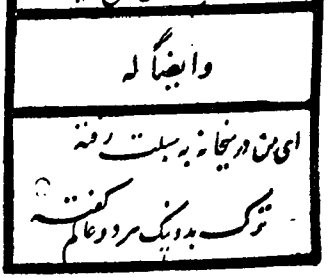
۱۳۱

از درس علوم جمله بگريزي به
واندر سر زلف دلبر آويزي به
زان پيش که روزگار خونت ريزد
تو خون صراحي بقدح ريزي به



۱۳۲

اي من در ميخانه به سبلت رفته
ترک بد ونيک هردو عالم گفته



66

How many delicate bodies[2] the world[3]
burns away to dust! and where is the smoke of them?

131.

Flee from the study of all sciences[1]—'tis better thus,
and twine thy fingers[4] in the curly locks of a loved one—'tis better thus,
ere that fate shall spill thy blood;
pour thou the blood of the bottle[5] into the cup—'tis better thus.

132.

Ah! I have brushed the tavern doorway with my moustaches,
I have bidden farewell to the good and evil of both worlds;

1. *i.e.*, at my feet. Note the vowel points in the text to make the meaning clear. *Cf.* M., l. 3224.

133.

This quatrain is C. 442, L. 672, S. P. 355, B. 664, N. 358, and W. 404.

1. For "wine" N. reads "gladness,"[1] and L. reads "rectitude,"[2] which W. thinks is a gloss by a Sufi scribe.

2. Literally, "shortness—deficiency."

3. The other texts read this line, "Wine also from the hand of Idols in a pavilion, is best."[3]

4. Kalendars (with whom we are familiar in the pages of the "Arabian Nights") are "a kind of itinerant Muhammadan monk with shaven head and beard, who abandon everything, wife, friends, and possessions, and wander about the world" (Steingass). W. calls them "bibulous Sufis." The term has come to be applied to persons who have abandoned all respectability.

5. This means "continually"; literally, "from the Moon-month to the Fish-month." *māh* is the Moon, and *māhi*, the sign Pisces, upon which, according to the Persian cosmogony, the world is supposed to rest. All Persian poetry is full of references to this condition of things. *Vide* (*e.g.*) in M. alone, ll. 38, 48, 640, *et passim*.

134.

This quatrain is C. 435, P. 34, L. 657, S. P. 360, B. 649, N. 363, and W. 408, and from this and q. 134 we get F. v. 72:

> And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
> Whereunder, crawling coop'd we live and die,
> Lift not your hands to IT for help—for it
> As impotently moves as you or I.

Cf. M., ll. 145 and 2290, which probably gave F. his first idea of this quatrain.

(1) خرمي (2) حق (3) مي هم ز كف بتان خركاهي به

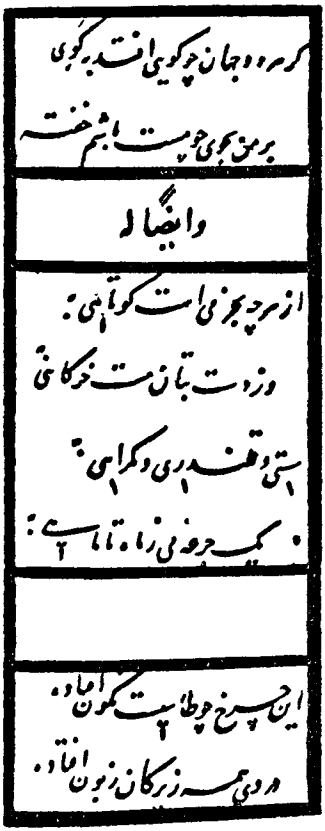
گر هردو جهان چو گوئي افتد به کوي
بر من بجوئي چو مست باشم خفته

۱۳۳

از هر چه بجز مي است کوتاهي به
وز دست بتان مست خرگاهي به
مستي و قلندري و گمراهي به
يك جرعهٔ مي زماه تا ماهي به

۱۳۴

اين چرخ چو طاميست نگون افتاده
دروي همه زيرکان زبون افتاده



67

though both the worlds should fall like balls in my street,[1]
seek me,—ye will find me sleeping like a drunkard.

133.

From everything save wine[1] abstinence[2] is best,
and *that wine* is best *when* served by drunken beauties in a pavilion,[3]
drinking, and Kalendarism,[4] and erring, are best,
one draught of wine from Mah to Mahi[5] is best.

134.

This heavenly vault is like a bowl, fallen upside down,
under which all the wise have fallen captive,

1. *i.e.*, Wine has been poured from the bottle into the cup. Blood is, in Perian literature, a synonym of hatred, and in composition "*khūn uftādan bar kess*" is to revenge oneself.

135.

This quatrain is L. 671, S. P. 366, B. 663, N. 370, and W. 414, and we find in it the source of the first distich of F. v. 9:

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?

F. i. 8 is closer to the original:

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay;

and also F. v. 14:

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

1. *i.e.*, the petals. N. translates aptly but freely, "See how the zephyr has caused the roses to open."

2. The amours of the Nightingale and the Rose occur redundantly in all Persian literature. *Vide* note to q. 67. A volume might be filled with such quotations; two will suffice here—one from Sa'adi:

The Spring is delightful, oh Rose, where hast thou been?
Dost thou not hear the lamentations of the Nightingales on account of thy delay?[1]

and one from Jalāl-ud-dīn in the Rūz-bahār:

While the Nightingale sings thy praises with a loud voice
I am all ear, like the Rose-tree.[2]

3. N. and W. read "for many times these roses."[3] L. reads the line: "Make haste! drink wine, for oh, how many roses (there are) that, by the wind."[4]

4. N. and W. read "have sprung from earth and (again) been scattered to earth."[5] L. reads "have been scattered to earth and have become dust."[6] *Cf. Inferno*, iii. 112: "si levan le foglie l'una appresso dell' altra, infin al tempo verde se cio non fosse per cagion di quai."

136.

This quatrain is C. 504, P. 207, L. 740, S. P. 362, B. 726, N. 366, and W. 411; it does not vary, and it is the original of one of the quatrains that occur only in F.'s second edition, F. ii. 14:

Were it not folly, spider-like to spin
The Thread of present Life away to win—
What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

(1) بهار خورمست اي گل كجايي
كه بيني بلبلانرا ناله و سوز
(2) تا بحمد تو نعره زد بلبل
همه گوشم چون درخت گل
(3) كه بسيار اين گل (4) هين باده خوريد كاي بسا گل كزباد (5) از خاك
بر آمدست و بر خاك شده (6) بر خاك فرو ريزد وبر خاك شده

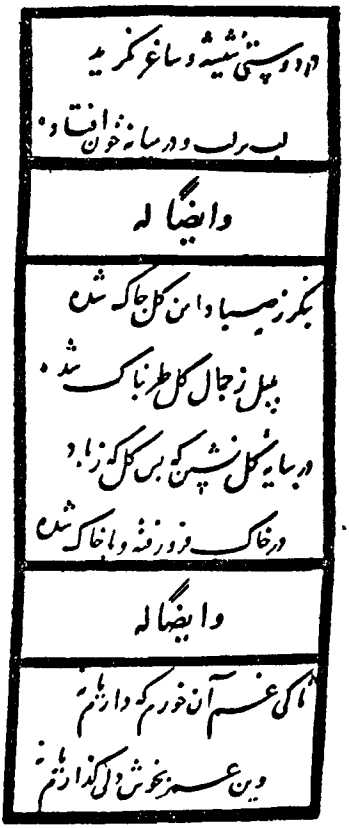
در دوستي شيشه وساغر بگزيد
لب برلب ودرميانه خون افتاده

۱۳۵

بنگر زصبا دامن گل چاك شده
بلبل زجمال گل طربناك شده
در مايهٔ گل نشين كه بس گل‌كه زباد
در خاك فرو رفته وبا خاك شده

۱۳۶

تاكي غم آن خورم كه دارم يانه
وين عمر بخوش دلي گذارم يانه



68

choose thou the manner of friendship of the goblet and the jar,
they are lip to lip, and blood has fallen between them.[1]

135.

See, the skirt[1] of the rose has been torn by the breeze,
the nightingale rejoices in the beauty of the rose;[2]
sit in the shade of the rose, for, by the wind, many roses[3]
have been scattered to earth and have become dust.[4]

136.

How long shall I grieve about what I have or *have* not,
and *whether* I shall pass this life light-heartedly or not?

1. Compare Gulistān, ch. viii.: "Life is in the keeping of a single breath." *Vide* note to q. 107.

137.

This quatrain is P. 218, L. 643, S. P. 363, B. 635, N. 367, and W. 412. We get in it an echo of F. v. 22:

> For some we loved, the loveliest and the best,
> That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
> Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
> And one by one crept silently to rest.

1. Literally, "do not give thy body."

2. N. and W. read "thy soul." [1]

3. N. reads "do not remind thy soul *of discourse*." [2]

4. Persian is full of these compound attributes. N., and W. read "sugar-lipped," [3] and L. reads "curly-headed." [4] *Cf. Lāla rukh*, tulip-cheeked, and *gul āndām*,[5] rose-bodied.

138.

This quatrain is P. 236, L. 647, S. P. 359, B. 639, N. 362, and W. 407.

1. Literally, "lay it not aside." N. and W. read this line, "do not calculate the measure of your life," etc.[6] P. and L. for "measure" read "anxiety." [7] These readings are preferable to that of this MS., which has only age to recommend it.

(1) جانرا (2) سخن (3) بشکر لب (4) سر زلف (5) لالة رخ ـ
گل اندام (6) اندازهٔ عمر بیش از شصت سنة (7) اندیشة

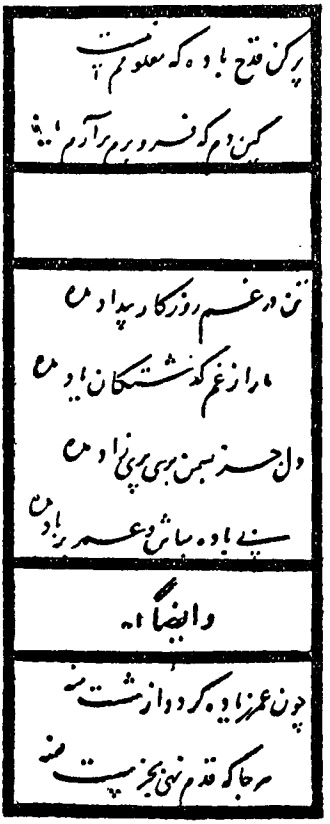
پر کن قدح باده که معلوم نیست
کین دم که فرو برم برآرم یا نه

۱۳۷

تن در غم روزگار بیداد مده
مارا زغم گذشتگان یاد مده
دل جز بسمن بری پری‌زاد مده
بی باده مباش وعمر برباد مده

۱۳۸

چون عمر زیاده گردد از شصت منه
هر جا که قدم نهی بجز مست منه



69

Fill up the wine-cup, for I do not know
that I shall breathe out this breath that I am drawing in.[1]

137.

Submit not[1] to the sorrow of this iniquitous world,
remind us[2] not of sorrow[3] for those who have passed away,
give thine heart only to one jasmine-bosomed[4] and fairy-born,
be not without wine, and cast not thy life to the winds.

138.

Though thy life pass sixty years, do not give up;[1]
wherever thou directest thy steps, walk not save *when* drunk;

2. The other texts read "hair,"[1] which is not so good.

3. *i.e.*, "Before they make thy head into a jar." P. reads "Before they make thy head and dust into jars."[6]

4. The other texts begin the line, "Go thou!"[2] L. reads "Go, sell[3] the jar, and do not let go the cup."

139.

This quatrain is P. 246, L. 650, S. P. 378, B. 642, N. 382, and does not vary. Compare q. 85, and *vide* the note to that quatrain.

1. Literally, "From whatever is not wine let the road *out* be best."

2. Ferīdūn was the sixth King of the Paish-dadian dynasty of Persian rulers. He was the son of Abten, and was elevated to the throne by the exertions of the heroic blacksmith Kaf (or Kawah) after the overthrow of the tyrant Zohāk.

3. Kaī-Khosrū was the grandson of Kaī-Kāwūs (the Greek Cyaxares). He was identical with Cyrus the Mede of Greek history, and was the most brilliant of all the kings of the Kaianian dynasty. He conquered and killed Afrasiab, extended the kingdom of Persia to Syria, Asia Minor, and Egypt, and became a personage of occidental history by his conquest of Babylon and subsequent manumission of the Jews there in captivity. (Compare Isaiah, ch. xliv., v. 28, and ch. xlv., v. 1.) See Sir John Malcom's "History of Persia" (2nd edition; London, 1829; *Murray*) and Sir Clements R. Markham's "General Sketch of the History of Persia" (London, 1874).

Compare Hāfiz: "When Hāfiz is drunk, why should he value at a grain of barley the Empires of Kāwūs and Kaī?"[5]

140.

This quatrain is C. 453, P. 260, L. 687, S. P. 380, B. 678, N. 384, W. 428, and probably inspired F. v. 26. Compare also C. 127 (L. 261, P. 86, B. 258, W. 209, N. 464), which is a corresponding quatrain:

"Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust."

1. C. reads "in the slumber," etc.[4]

(1) کلّه (2) رو (3) فروش (4) خواب (5) چو بي خود کشت
حافظ کي شمارد بيك جو مملکت کاوس و کي‌را (6) خاك و کلّت

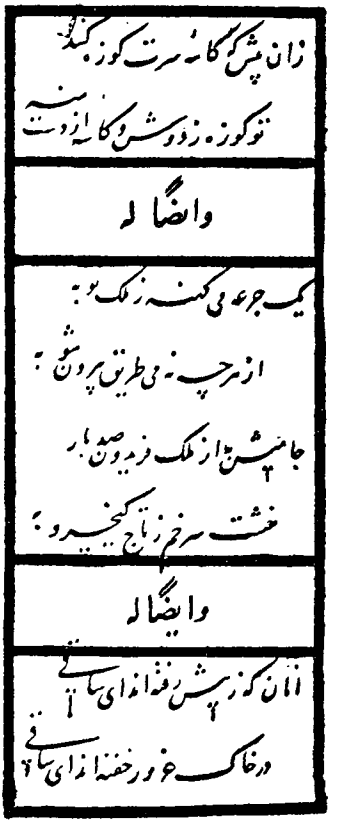
زان پیش که کاسهٔ سرت کوزه کنند
تو کوزه زدوش وکاسه از دست منه

۱۳۹

یك جرعهٔ مي کهنه زملك نو به
از هرچه نه مي طریق بیرون شو به
جامیش به از ملك فریدون صد بار
خشت سرخم زتاج کیخسرو به

۱۴۰

آنان که زپیش رفته اند اي ساقي
در خاك غرور خفته اند اي ساقي



70

before they make the hollow[2] of thy skull into a jar,[3]
lower not the jar from thy shoulder, neither relinquish the cup.[4]

139.

One draught of old wine is better than a new kingdom,
avoid any way save that of wine—'tis better so;[1]
the cup is a hundred times better than the kingdom of Ferīdūn,[2]
the tile that covers the jar is better than the crown of Kaī-Khosru.[3]

140.

Those, O Saki, who have gone before us,
have fallen asleep, O Saki, in the dust[1] of self-esteem;

141.

This quatrain is C. 476, L. 703, S. P. 384, B. 693, and N. 388.

1. Rabbi means precisely a doctor of divinity; it is a common term of respect in Persia.

2. L. reads "You threw away my rose-coloured wine[1] upon the earth."

3. *khākm ba dihān*, literally, "my earth on mouth!" a frequent expletive in the East. *khākish-ba-dihān*, "may *he* perish," etc.

4. *turfa* = strange, incomprehensible, new, etc. The other texts are easier to render; they read, "Perhaps you are drunk, my lord!"[2]

142.

This quatrain is P. 339, and is found by W. only here, and as L. 728 (W. 492).

1. L., for "baths" and "canals," reads "all capital" and "courtyards."[3]

(1) فکندي مي کلکون (2) مکر تو مستی ربّي (3) هرمایه ـ دهلیز

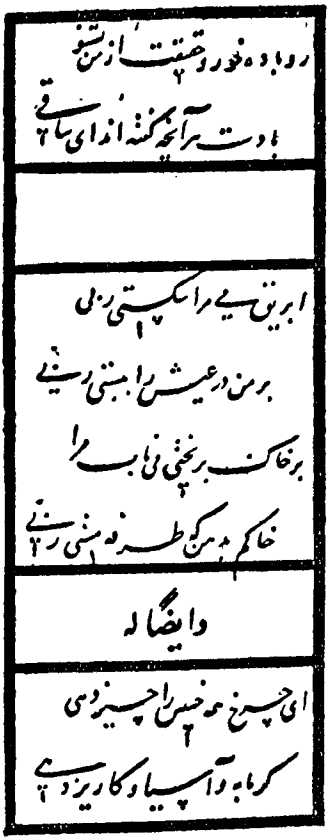
رو باده خور وحقیقت از من بشنو
باد است هرآنچه گفته اند اي ساقي

۱۴۱

ابریق مي مرا شکستي ربّي
بر من در عیش را ببستي ربّي
بر خاك بریختي مي ناب مرا
خاکم بدهن که طرفه مستي ربّي

۱۴۲

اي چرخ همه خسیس را چیز دهي
گرمابه وآسیا و کاریز دهي



71

go thou and drink wine, and hear the truth from me,
whatever they have said, O Saki, is *but* wind.

141.

Rabbi,[1] thou hast broken my jug of wine;
Rabbi, thou hast shut upon me the door of happiness;
thou hast spilled my pure wine upon the earth;[2]
may I perish![3] *but* thou art strange,[4] O Rabbi!

142.

O heaven! thou givest something to every base creature,
thou suppliest baths, and millstreams, and canals;[1]

2. Literally, "the evening loaf."

3. *tiz*, literally "fig," is used as we use it, colloquially, to mean "nothing."

4. L.'s concluding distich varies a good deal, but I think it is corrupt:

"The free man cleans out his money-bags and lays out his shop;
Perhaps he may reap profit from this heaven."[1]

143.

This quatrain is C. 495, P. 209, L. 733, S. P. 379, B. 721, N. 383, W. 427, and it is virtually invariable. It would seem to have inspired F. v. 62 (which made its first appearance as F. ii. 64):

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

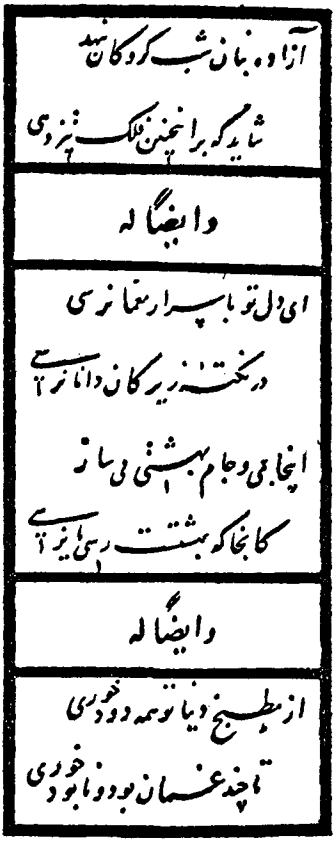
144.

This quatrain is L. 710, S. P. 392, B. 700, N. 397, and W. 439. Compare also C. 40 (L. 63, W. 57, B. 60, N. 54, S. P. 54), which is a corresponding quatrain.

1. *i.e.*, "From the scheme of the universe you suffer only hardships."

(1) آزاد میان سُست که دکّان نهند
ماید که ازین فلک مجانیز دهي

آزاده بنان شب گروگان نهد
شاید که بر اینچنین فلک تیز دهي


آزاده بنان شب گروگان نهد
شاید کہ بر اینچنین فلک تیز دہی
وایضًا له
ای دل تو باسرار معمّا نرسی
در نکتهٔ زیرکان دانا نرسی
اینجا بی وجام بهشتی می ساز
کانجا که بهشتست رسی یا نرسی
وایضًا له
از مطبخ دنیا تو همه دود خوری
تا چند غمان بود ونابود خوری

ای دل تو باسرار معمّا نرسي
در نکتهٔ زیرکان دانا نرسي
اینجا بي وجام بهشتي مي ساز
کانجا که بهشتست رسي یا نرسي

۱۴۳

ای دل تو بامسرار معمّا نرسی
در نکتهٔ زیرکان دانا نرسی
اینجا بی وجام بهشتی می ساز
کانجا که بهشتست رسی یا نرسی

۱۴۴

از مطبخ دنیا تو همه دود خوری
تا چند غمان بود ونابود خوری

72

the pure man plays hazard for his night's provisions:[2]
wouldst thou give a fig[3] for such a heaven?[4]

143.

O heart! at the mysterious secret thou arrivest not,
at the conceits of the ingenious philosophers thou arrivest not;
make thyself a heaven here with wine and cup,
for at that place where heaven is, thou mayst arrive, or mayst not.

144.

Thou eatest always smoke from the kitchen of the world;[1]
how long wilt thou suffer miseries concerning what is or is not?

2. In the other texts the last two lines vary much: "The world is a grievous detriment for those who inhabit it; renounce this detriment and everything becomes profitable for you."[1]

145

This quatrain is C. 447, P. 111, L. 707, S. P. 389, B. 697, N. 394, W. 436, and is the seventh of E. C.'s examples. It is the original of F. v. 44:

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
  Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this Clay carcase crippled to abide?

This quatrain of F. made its first appearance in the poem proper as F. ii. 49, in the form in which it appeared in the Preface to F. i.:

Oh, if my Soul can fling his Dust aside,
And naked on the air of Heaven ride,
  Is't not a Shame—is't not a Shame for Him
So long in this Clay Suburb to abide?

Cf. M., ll. 125-7.

1. C. and N. read "griefs"[2] for "dust," and for "body" L. uses the commoner word "*ten*."[3]

2. Literally, "thou becomest upon the heavens."

3. *i.e.*, The heavenly sphere in general.

4. C. uses the words "thou adornest."[4]

5. E. C. translates "in a city of clay"; but even "suburb" is better. The Arabic word *khittat* means essentially a "boundary" or "confine."

146.

This quatrain is C. 480, P. 106, L. 706, S. P. 399, B. 696, N. 404, and W. 446. It is another of the quatrains in which the idea recurs of the despised clay or jug warning its contemner of the transient nature of human life.

1. Literally, "I was head-happy." The other texts read, "I was drunk."[5]

2. *aubāsh* signifies the mob, the common herd. E. C. translates, "And at the reckless freak my heart was glad," which is strangely free for so conscientious a scholar.

(1) دنيا كه بر اهل او زيانيست عظيم
گر ترك زيان كني هما سود خوري
(2) هم (3) تن (4) كاري (5) سرمست بدم

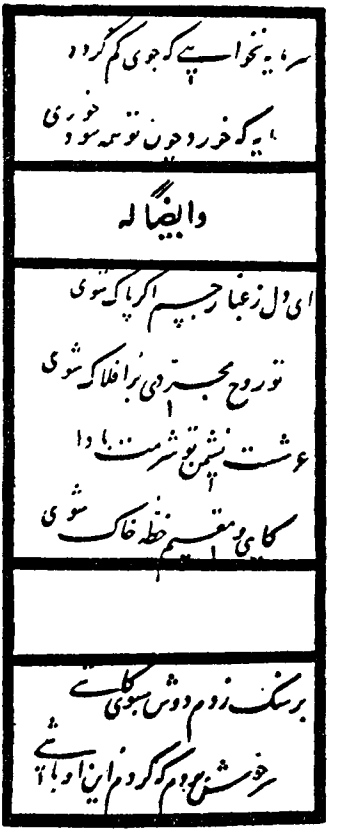
سرمایه نخواهي که جوي کم گردد
مایه که خورد چون تو همه سود خوري

۱۴۵

اي دل زغبار جسم اگر پاك شوي
تو روح مجرّدي بر افلاك شوي
عرشست نشیمن تو شرمت بادا
کـائي ومقیم خطّهٔ خـاك شوي

۱۴۶

بر سنگ زدم دوش سبوي کاشي
سر خوش بودم که کردم این اوباشي



73

thou desirest not a stock in trade, for its source weakens,
and who will consume the capital, seeing that thou consumest
all the profit ?[2]

145.

O soul! if thou canst purify thyself from the dust of the body,[1]
thou, naked spirit, canst soar in the heavens,[2]
the Empyrean[3] is thy sphere,—let it be thy shame,
that thou comest[4] and art a dweller within the confines[5] of earth.

146.

I smote the glass wine-cup upon a stone last night,
my head was turned[1] that I did so base a thing;[2]

3, 4. *Vide ante, passim.*

147.

I find this quatrain only in P. 263, and in a varied form as L. 722 (B. 711). It is a matter for comment that so careful and discriminating a collator as W. should have omitted so characteristic a quatrain.

1. Literally, "hold up." L. reads *bar gir*.[1]

2. Literally, "heart-seeking, or heart-desired."

3. This duplicated adverb is a common form of Persian superlative.

4. The second and third lines in L. read:

"Cheerfully seek the verdant spot and the bank of the stream,
For this vault of heaven out of the moon-like faces of idols," etc.[2]

148.

This quatrain is W. 432, taken from this. In a variant form it is N. 390 (not in S. P.). It contains the inspiration for F. v. 80:

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

A very similar passage occurs in the Mesnevi of Jellāl-ud-dīn Rūmī (book 1, ch. vi.), in the story of the Caliph Omar and the Ambassador, which elaborates this theory of predestination:

That same Destiny, though it should an hundred times waylay thee
Will (one day) strike a pavilion for thee in the highest vault of heaven.[3]

W. 432 (edition 1883) was retained as No. 241 in his edition of 1893; but it appears to have taken the place of one No. 224 in his original edition of 1882. This was as follows:

Thou dost with frequent snare beset the way,
The Pilgrim's wandering footsteps to betray,
And all poor wretches tangled in thy snares
Dost seize as prisoners and as rebels slay.

This edition gives no original text, but this verse is a good parallel to F.'s quatrain, and is so quoted by D.

1. N. reads this line, "On every side thou hast placed two hundred snares.[4]

2. N. and W. read, "It is *your* loss if," etc.[5]

(1) برگير (2) بخرام بسوي سبزهزار و لب جوي
كين چرخ ز صورت بتان مه روي
(3) هم قط صد بار اگر راهت زند
بر قرار چرخ فلك بار ڈاشت زند
(4) در هر طرفي در او دو صد دام نهي (5) كشمت اگر

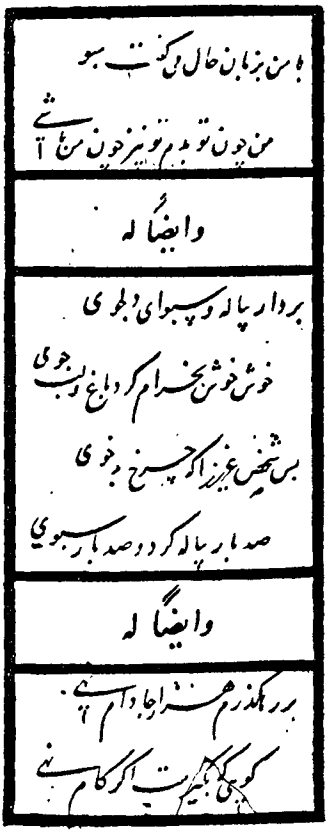
با من بزبان حال می گفت مبو
من چون تو بدم تو نیز چون من باشی

۱۴۷

بردار پیاله و سبو ای دلجوی
خوش خوش بخرام گرد باغ ولب جوی
بس شخص عزیزرا که چرخ بدخوی
صد بار پیاله کرد و صد بار سبوی

۱۴۸

بر رهگذرم هزار جا دام نهی
گوئی که بگیرمت اگر گام نهی



74

the cup said to me in mystic language,[3]
"I was like thee, and thou also wilt be like me."[4]

147.

Grasp[1] the wine-cup and the flagon, O heart's desire![2]
pleasantly, pleasantly,[3] and cheerfully, wander in the garden by the river brink;
many *are* the excellent folk whom malicious heaven[4]
has made a hundred times into cups, and a hundred times into flagons.

148.

In a thousand places on the road I walk, Thou placest snares,[1]
Thou sayest, "I will catch thee[2] if thou placest step *in them*";

3. Literally, "Not one speck of the world is free from thy wisdom."

4. N. reads these two lines:

Thou hast placed the snares thyself, and every one who steps into them
Thou catchest, and slayest, and callest a sinner.[1]

149.

This quatrain is S. P. 408, N. 413, and W. 452, and it is No. 13 of E. C.'s examples. It is with q. 155 the true and close original of the beautiful F. v. 12:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

Compare qq. 25, 32, 40, *et passim*.

1. *tangi* means also "a sack," and W. renders it "a skin of wine."

2. *dıwān* or "divan": a collection of verses in the alphabetical order of the final letters of the end rhymes (Steingass). Like this collection of quatrains, in fact.

3. *i.e.*, a bare subsistence, enough to keep life in one. Steingass renders the phrase, "the last remains of life, or, the agonies of death." W. translates "a moment of respite in life," which is hardly strong enough. "A stopper of the last breath" would accurately render the opening of the line.

4. Compare F. v. 11, line 3: "Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot."

150.

This quatrain is L. 729 and B. 717, whence (and from here) it becomes W. 500. It shares with q. 102 the sentiment of F. v. 42, *q. v. sub* q. 102.

1. Literally, "live thou justly."

(1) خود دام نهي هر كة در او كام نهد
گيري و كشي و هاضيش نام نهي

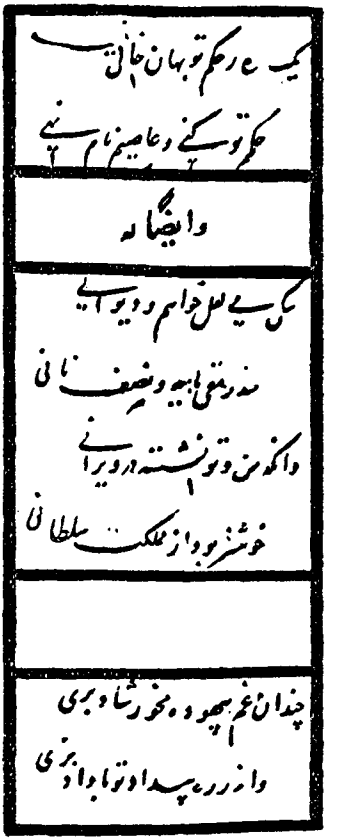
یك ذرّه زحکم تو جهان خالي نیست
حکم تو کني و عاصیم نام نهي

۱۴۹

تنگي مي٘ لعل خواهم و دیواني ،
مدّ رمقي باید و نصف نانی
وانگه من وتو نشسته در ویراني
خوشتر بود از مملکت سلطاني

۱۵۰

چندان غم بیهوده مخور شاد بزي
واندر ره بیداد تو باداد بزي



75

in no smallest thing is the world independent of Thee,[3]
Thou orderest all things, and callest me rebellious.[4]

149.

I desire a little[1] ruby wine and a book of verses,[2]
just enough to keep me alive[3] and half a loaf is needful;
and then, that I and thou, should sit in a desolate place
is better than the kingdom of a sultan.[4]

150.

Do not give way so much to vain grief,—live happily,
and, in the way of injustice, set thou an example of justice,[1]

2. Literally, "business."

151.

This quatrain is C. 485, L. 713, S. P. 415, B. 702, N. 420, and W. 459.

1. Literally, "as often as I gaze."

2. *ravan-ist* is an obscure phrase in this place. It may mean as rendered here, or "there is life from the stream Kausar." The other texts begin the line, "There is heavenly verdure and the stream Kausar."[1]

3. Kausar, in Persian mythology, is the head-stream of the Muhammadan Paradise, whence all other rivers are supposed to flow. A whole chapter of the Qur'ān is devoted to this miraculous stream. The bed is formed of gems, its water is whiter than milk, fresher than snow, sweeter than sugar, more perfumed than musk, *inter alia*. The cup-bearer charged with the duty of serving the blessed with this water in silver cups is Ali, the son-in-law of Muhammad. *Cf.* M., l. 445.

4. *kem guftan* is "to abandon, or consider as lost." N. and W. omit the word *kem*. The line refers to Winter being transformed into Spring, as Hell might be replaced by Heaven.

5. *behishti-rūī*, an oriental exaggeration for a beautiful person.

152.

This quatrain is C. 473, L. 702 (not in B.), and W. 489. It contains the inspiration of F. v. 74:

> YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
> TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair;
> Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
> Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

1. Literally, "they matured—they cooked." *Vide* q. 117, l. 4.
2. Literally, "profit, interest on capital."
3. Compare Beharistān, 1st Garden:

> Thy share has been allotted to thee from all Eternity;
> How long wilt thou distress thyself for a livelihood.

4 *aiman shudan* means "to be in safety—secure from."
5. L. reads "thy clamour."[2]

(1) از سبزه بهشتست (2) فوغاي تو

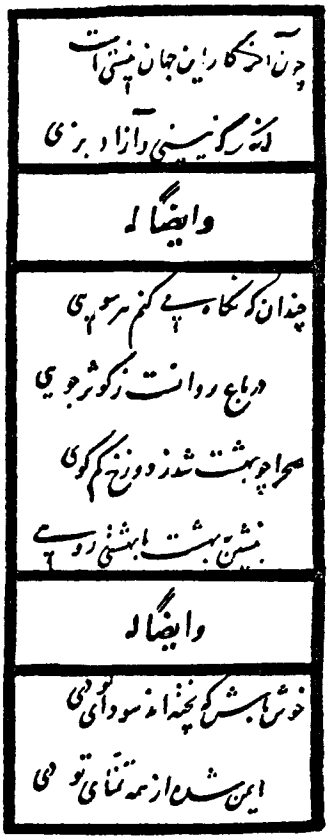
چون آخر کار این جهان نیستي است
انگار که نیستي وآزاد بزي

۱۵۱

چندان که نگاه مي کنم هر سوئي
در باغ روانست زکوثر جوئي
صحرا چو بهشت شد ز دوزخ گم گوي
بنشین به بهشت با بهشتي روئي

۱۵۲

خوش باش که پخته اند سوداي تودي
ایمن شده از همه تمنّاي تو دي



76

since the final end[2] of this world is nothingness;
suppose thyself to be nothing, and be free.

151.

Gaze as I may[1] on all sides,
in the garden flows[2] *a stream* from the river Kaúsar,[3]
the desert becomes like heaven, thou mayst say hell has disappeared,[4]
sit thou *then* in heaven with one heavenly-faced.[5]

152.

Be happy! they settled[1] thy reward[2] yesterday,[3]
and beyond the reach of[4] all thy longings[5] is yesterday;

6. Literally, "your to-morrow's business." L. reads "the place of your tomb to-morrow."[1]

153.

This quatrain is C. 498, P. 334, L. 693, S. P. 422, B. 684, N. 427, and W. 464.

1. Here we have *la'l*, meaning the colour red, instead of the "ruby" gem; *i.e.*, "ruby" wine, reinforced by "tulip-coloured."

2. L. for "pure" ends the line like the first, *āi sāki*.

3. L. for "pure" in this line uses the common word *pāk*,[2] and ends the line as before, *āi sāki*.

154.

I do not find this quatrain in any of the texts under consideration. We find in it the idea of F. v. 72, quoted *sub* q. 134 (*q. v.*), which contains the inspiration for the remainder of F.'s quatrain. Compare q. 41.

1. *kazā*, fate, fatality.

(1) مزارگاه (2) پاك

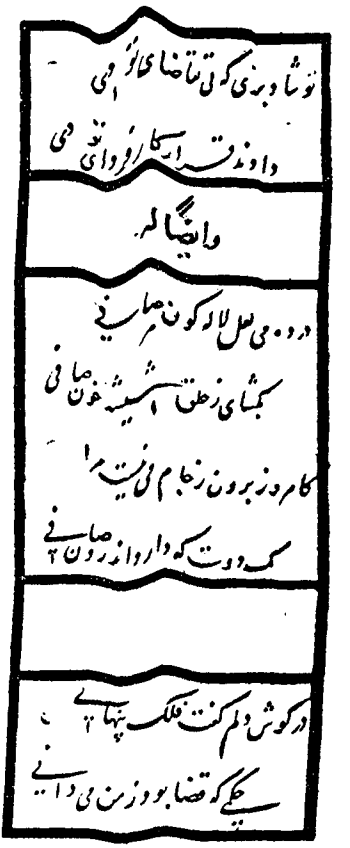
تو شاد بزي كه بي تقاضاي تو دي
دادند قرار كار فرداي تو دي

۱۵۳

درده مي لعل لاله گون صافي
بكشاي زحلق شيشه خون صافي
كامروز برون زجام مي نيست مرا
يك دوست كه دارد اندرون صافي

۱۵۴

در گوش دلم گفت فلك پنهاني
حكمي كه قضا بود زمن مي داني



77

live happily, for without any importunity on thy part yesterday, they appointed with certainty what thou wilt do to-morrow,[6]— yesterday!

153.

Pour out the red wine of pure tulip colour,[1]
draw the pure blood[2] from the throat of the jar,
for to-day, beside the wine-cup, there is not, for me,
one friend who possesses a pure[3] heart.

154.

To the ear of my heart Heaven whispered secretly:—
"The commands that are decreed[1] thou mayst learn from me:

2. Compare Gulistān, Introduction:

> Cloud, and wind, and moon, and sun, move in the sky,
> That thou mayst gain bread, and not eat it unconcerned,
> For thee all are revolving and obedient,
> It is against the requirements of justice if thou obeyest not.[1]

155.

This quatrain is C. 474, P. 229, L. 697, S. P. 442, B. 688, N. 448, and W. 479. Compare q. 149, which is identical in sentiment and idea, and with this quatrain gives us the original of F. v. 12, *q. v. sub* q. 149.

1. *dast dādan* = to happen, or, come to pass.

2. L., N., and W. read "two mens of wine."[2] *Vide* q. 77, note 4. *Men* (or *mann*) is a variable measure. The *men-i-tabrizi*[3] equals about 7½ lbs., the *men-i-shāhi*[4] equals 14½-15 lbs., the *men-i-rai*[5] equals 30 lbs., and the *men-i-shāhimi*[6] equals 116 lbs.

3. P., N., and W. read "with a tulip-cheeked one sitting," etc.,[7] and C. and L., "with a moon-faced one."[8]

4. C. reads "That would be a luxury, fit pastime for any sultan."[9] L. reads "It is a luxury the proceeding of any sultan."[10]

156.

This quatrain is C. 469, L. 694, S. P. 441, B. 685, N. 447, and W. 478. Whether by accident or by design, it seems to be connected with the preceding ruba'i, which is rare in a dīwān.

(1) ابر و باد و مه خورشید و فلك درکارانند
تا تو نانی بکف آری و بغفلت نخوری
همه از بهر تو سر گشته فرمان بردار
شرط انصاف نباشد که تو فرمان نبری

(2) از مي دو مني (3) مـن تبريزي (4) مـن شاهي (5) من ري
(6) من حاشمي (7) با لاله رخي (8) ماه رخي (9) عيش باشد دعيش
(10) عيش هست که نيست قدم

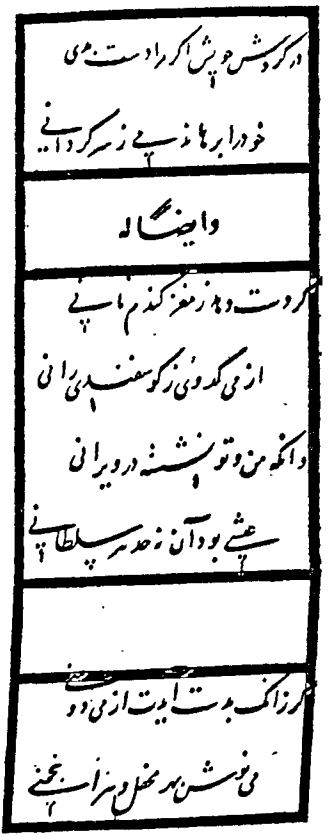
در گردش خویش اگر مرا دست بدي
خودرا برهاند مي زمر گرداني

۱۵۵

گر دست دهد زمغز گندم نانی
از مي کدوي ز گوسفندي راني
وانگه من وتو نشسته در ویراني
عیشي بود آن نه خدّ هر سلطاني

۱۵۶

گر زانك بدست آیدت ازمي دو مني
مي نوش بهر محفل وهر انجمني



78

had I a hand in my own revolutions,[2]
wine would have saved me from giddiness."

155.

If a loaf of wheaten-bread be forthcoming,[1]
a gourd of wine,[2] *and* a thigh-bone of mutton,
and then, *if* thou[3] and I *be* sitting in the wilderness,—
that would be a joy to which no sultan can set bounds.[4]

156.

If henceforth two measures of wine come to thy hand,
drink thou wine in every assembly and congregation,

1. N. and W. read "for he who acts thus,"[1] eliminating the reference to God.

2. Literally, "has freedom from care"—"leisure."

3. A good specimen of oriental imagery. W. translates "from saintly airs like yours, or grief like mine." N. translates "he is spared the unpleasantness of seeing moustaches like yours," etc. *Cf.* M., l. 2955

157.

This quatrain is C. 494, P. 88, L. 732, B. 720, W. 490, and it is No. 30 of E. C.'s examples. N. 450 (S. P. 444) is a paraphrase of it. We recognise in it the sentiment of F. v. 99:

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

The quatrain in N. runs:

If I were free and could use my own volition,
And independent of the griefs of Fate and of good and bad,
It were better that in this hole of depravity
I had neither come, nor gone, nor lived.[2]

Orientalists will recognise here a coarseness, common in oriental literature, but very rare in Omar Khayyām.

1. Literally, "if my coming was by me."

2. *'alim-i-khāk*, the world, or, the human body. C., P., and L. read "in this ruined monastery."[3]

158.

This quatrain (which, ending in *d*, is out of its dīwān order) is W. 218, taken from this MS. P. 190, L. 331, and B. 327 are somewhat similar in sentiment, but may be regarded as only corresponding quatrains.

We have here the germ of the opening and closing verses of F.'s "*Kuza nāmah*" section, with their references to "hunger-stricken Ramazān" (F. v. 82), and F. v. 90:

The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking,
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

1. Ramazān is the ninth month of the Muhammadan year, which is observed as a month of fasting and penance, during which rigid Muslims neither eat, drink, wash, or caress their wives. The first day of Shawwāl is therefore eagerly looked forward to in the East.

2. Literally, "of growing, burgeoning," *i.e.*, Spring.

3. The *kauwāl* is the professional story-teller, or *improvisatore* of the oriental coffee-house.

(1) چنان کرد (2) کر من بمراد و اختیار خودمي
فارغ ز غم قضا و نیك و بد مي
ان به بودي که اندرین کون و فساد
نه آمد مي نه شد مي نه بد مد

(3) دیر خراب

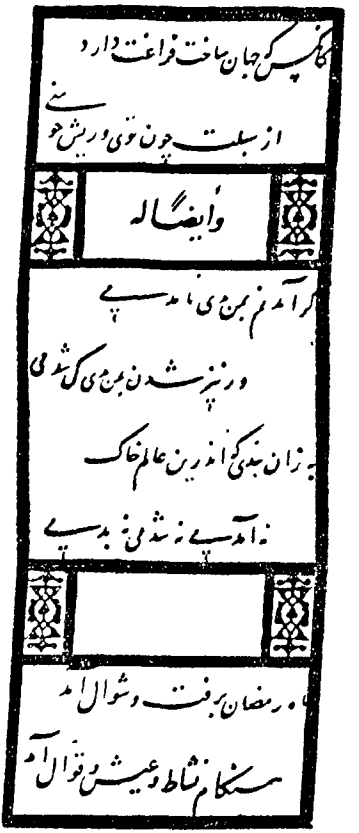
کانکس که جهان ساخت فراغت دارد
از سبلت چون توی و ریش چو منی

۱۵۷

گر آمدنم بمن بدی نامدمی
ورنیز شدن بمن بدی کی شدمی
به زان نبدی که اندرین عالم خاک
نه آمدمی نه شدمی نه بدمی

۱۵۸

ماه رمضان برفت وشوّال آمد
هنگام نشاط عیش وقوّال آمد



79

for He who made the world[1] does not occupy Himself[2] about moustaches like thine, or a beard like mine.[3]

157.

Had I charge of the matter[1] I would not have come,
and likewise could I control my going, where should I go?
were it not better than that, that in this world[2]
I had neither come, nor gone, nor lived?

158.

The month of Ramazan[1] passes and Shawwal comes,
the season of increase,[2] and joy, and story-tellers[3] comes;

4. *pusht* means the back, and also the "knot" upon which porters carry their burdens. W. inclines to read this *pusht bast*,[1] a load, or pack, rather than *pusht pusht*, which he says he does not understand. It is undoubtedly a poetic form of *pushtā pusht*,[2] which means "back to back," as porters help one another to raise their loads.

The final passage, containing the history of this MS., related by the scribe Mahmūd Yerbūdākī, is written in Arabic, as is commonly the case in Persian MSS.

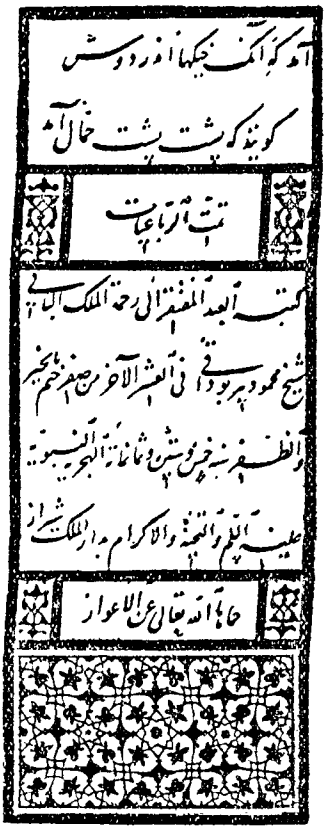
(1) پست بست (2) پشتاپشت

آمد که آنکه خیکها اندر دوش
گویند که پشت پشت حمّال آمد

تمّت الرّباعیات

کتبه العبد المفتقر الي رحمة الملك الباقي
شیخ محمود یربوداقي في العشر الآخر من
صفر ختم باخیر والظفر مسنه خمس وستین و
ثمانمائه الهجریّه النبویّه علیه السّلم والتحیة
الاکرام بدار الملك شیراز.

حماها الله تعالي عن الاعواز



80

now comes that time when "Bottles upon the shoulder!" they say,—for the porters come *and are* back to back.[4]

END OF THE QUATRAINS.

Written by the humble slave Mahmūd Yerbūdākī, who is in need of mercies of Eternal God. Finished with victory in the district of Shīrāz, in the year of the Hijrah, the last decade of Safar, Eight hundred and sixty-five.

May God protect him from evils.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE following Bibliography of the Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyām cannot, and does not pretend to anything like completeness. It is merely a catalogue of the literature of the subject so far as it is in my own possession, or is known to me. For some of the references to MSS. and to American editions, I am indebted to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole.

MSS.

British Museum.

1 Original MSS., No. 330, ff. 109, containing 423 ruba'iyat (18th century).

2 Original MSS., No. 331, ff. 92, containing 540 ruba'iyat (A.H. 1033, A.D. 1624).

3 Additional MSS., No. 27,261, containing a few ruba'iyat in Section 15 (16th century).

Bodleian Library, Oxford.

4 MS., No. 524, containing 405 ruba'iyat.

5 „ No. 525 (this MS.).

6 „ No. 1210. A collection of Miscellaneous Poems, containing several ruba'iyat on pp. 88-90.

Cambridge University Library.

7 MS., Add. 1055, ff. 222, containing 801 ruba'iyat. Not dated, but its first owner inscribed his name in it in A.H. 1195 (A.D. 1781).

India Office.

8 MS., No. 2420, pp. 212-267, containing 512 ruba'iyat.

9 „ No. 2480, pp. 158-194, „ 362 „

Bengal Asiatic Society's Library, Calcutta.

10 MS., No. 1548, containing 516 ruba'iyat.

Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

10a MS., Supplément Persan 745. A Diwan of Emad dated A.H. 786 (A.D. 1384). One of the owners of this has written 6 ruba'iyat of Omar upon the blank side of fol. 64, in a handwriting of the end of the 9th or beginning of the 10th century, A.H. They are i. = L. 769; ii. – L. 84; iii. = L. 120; iv. = L. 381; v. = L. 545; vi. not in L.; vii. – L. 40. And on the leaf containing the colophon he has written a variant of q. 112 of the Bodleian MS.

10*b* Ancien Fonds 349, ff. 181-210, 213 ruba'iyat, dated A.H. 920 (A.D. 1514).
10*c* Supplément Persan 823, ff. 92-113, 349 ruba'iyat, dated A.H. 934 (A.D. 1527).
10*d* Supplément Persan 826, ff. 391-394, 75 ruba'iyat, dated A.H. 937 (A.D. 1530).
10*e* Supplément Persan 793, f. 104, 6 ruba'iyat in an 11th century (A.H.) handwriting.
10*f* Supplément Persan 833. A MS. of the Atash Kadah, containing 31 ruba'iyat, dated A.H. 1217 (A.D. 1802).

Königliche Bibliothek, Berlin.

11 MS., No. 35, containing 238 ruba'iyat.
12 „ No. 666, „ 65 „
13 „ No. 671, „ a collection of ruba'iyat, many of which appear to be Omar's.
14 MS., No. 673, ditto.
15 „ No. 672, containing 40 ruba'iyat.
16 „ No. 674, „ 380 „
17 „ No. 697, „ 43 „

Herzogliche Bibliothek, Gotha.

18 A MS. and a Turkish version by Daulat Shah.
18*a* The Bankipur MS. This was discovered at Bankipur at the moment that these sheets were leaving the press. It is dated A.H. 961-2 (A.D. 1554), and contains 603 ruba'iyat. It is the largest collection known of so early a date.

LITHOGRAPHS.

19 Calcutta, 1836, containing 492 ruba'iyat.
19*a* Teheran, 1861, „ 460 „
20 Tabriz, 1868, „ 453 „
21 Lucknow, 1868, „ 716 „
22 „ 1878, „ 763 „
23, 24 Other Lucknow editions were issued in 1882 and 1883, but I have not seen them.
25 Lucknow, 1894, containing 770 ruba'iyat.
26 St. Petersburg, 1888, „ 453 „
27 In the Atash Kadah of Azr of Isfahān, Bombay, A.H. 1299 (A.D. 1882), 31 ruba'iyat. (*Vide supra*, 10*f*.)
28 A selection of poems published at Teheran, 1857, containing 230 ruba'iyat of Omar, and other ruba'iyat of Baba Tahri, Abū Sa'id, Attar, etc.
29 I have a similar collection lithographed at Bombay, in A.H. 1297 (A.D. 1880), containing 756 ruba'iyat attributed to Omar.

PRINTED TEXTS.

30 Nicolas, Paris, 1867, containing 464 ruba'iyat. Described elsewhere.
31 Whinfield, London, 1883 „ 500 „ „ „

FOREIGN TRANSLATIONS.

32 J. Von Hammer-Purgstall. Geschichte der Schönen Redekunste Persiens. Vienna, 1818, pp. 80-83, containing 25 quatrains.

33 The fourth part of A. Wolff's "Die Classiker aller Zeiten und Nationen" (Berlin, 1860-77) is entitled "Die National Literatur sämmtliche Völken des Orients," by A. E. Wollheim da Fonseca; pp. 206-209 contain an essay upon Omar, and nineteen of Von Hammer-Purgstall's quatrains, which are stigmatised as inaccurate and badly put together.

34 Garcin de Tassy. Note sur les Ruba'iyat de Omar Khaïyām. Paris, 1857, containing 10 ruba'iyat with prose translations. *Vide* Introduction.

35 A. F. von Schack. Strophen des Omar Chijam. Stuttgart, 1878; contains 336 quatrains.

36 F. Bodenstedt. Die Lieder und Sprüche des Omar Chajjam. Breslau, 1881. 3rd edition, 1882; 4th edition, 1889; contains 467 quatrains.

36*a* J. Pizzi. Storia della Poesia Persiana. Turin, 1894. Translation of 63 ruba'iyat.

36*b* V. Rugarli. Dieci Quartine di Omar Khayyam tradotte dal Persiano. Bologna, 1895.

37 V. Rugarli. "Dodici Quartine di Omar Khayyam tradotte dal Persiano." Bologna, 1895; 12 quatrains translated from Nicolas (77, 83, 85, 94, 138, 152, 235, 269, 346, 370, 396, and another).

38 Bela Harrach [Translation]. Eastern Pearls by the Persian Cynic Poet, Omar Khayyām. Budapest, N.D.; 130 pp., 16mo. (Follows the order of Nicolas.)

EDWARD FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION.

39 1st edition, London, 1859. Quaritch. Containing 75 quatrains.

40 2nd ,, ,, 1868. ,, ,, 110 ,,

41 3rd ,, ,, 1872. ,, ,, 101 ,,

42 4th ,, ,, 1879. ,, ,, 101 ,,

43 5th ,, ,, 1889, Macmillan. In the "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald," edited by W. Aldis Wright.

44 The same, reprinted separately. London, 1890; Macmillan. This has been reprinted as required.

45 An anonymous edition privately printed at Madras (Adiyar), 1862, containing a reprint of the 1859 edition, of Garcin de Tassy's Note (No. 34, *supra*), and Professor Cowell's article (No 69, *infra*), with a translation of a few additional quatrains.

46 A pirated edition, got up by Mr. Quilter and a few friends. London, 1883, J. Campbell; royal 4to.

47 An edition made up from all four Fitzgerald editions, printed on his own private press (the Ashendene Press), 1896, by H. St. John Hornby and his sisters. Fifty copies only; printed for private circulation.

AMERICAN REPRINTS.

48 1st American, from the 3rd London edition. Boston, 1878. (The 23rd edition of this was published in 1894.)

49 Elihu Vedder's Illustrated edition. Boston, 1884; folio.

49*a* A small quarto print of the text alone was issued at the same time as the above, printed on one side only of strips of paper, the fore-edge being left uncut, like a Chinese or Japanese book. It has 45 pages, and no title-page, imprint, or date. A NOTE on page 1 explains that it is printed as an accompaniment to the Vedder illustrations. The quatrains are in the order in which Vedder rearranged them, and Fitzgerald's Introduction and Notes come after the poem, at the end of the book.

50 The same, reduced in size only. Boston, 1886; 4to.

51 „ Popular edition. Boston, 1894; small 4to. With an Introduction, etc., by M. K.

52 The Grolier Club edition. New York, 1885.

53 The Works of Edward Fitzgerald. Boston, 1887. Two vols. Vol. I. contains the Ruba'iyat.

54 The Ruba'iyat, separately printed, with Introduction and M. K.'s Notes. Boston, 1888.

55 Pamphlet edition, issued at 20 cents, in a green paper wrapper. San Francisco, 1891.

56 The Bibelot edition. Portland (Maine), 1893. *Mosher.*

57 The Old World edition. Portland (Maine), 1895. *Mosher.*

58 The St. Paul edition. St. Paul (Minnesota), 1895 and 1897. *Porter.*

59 The Multivariorum Edition of Nathan Haskell Dole, in 2 vols. Boston, 1895. This monumental work is a marvel of careful collation and compilation. In it the fullest references are given to all other translations, and the four editions are minutely compared. All the best magazine literature is included, and most of the poetry inspired by Omar. It is a work that no student of Omar can do without, but I understand that the representatives of Edward Fitzgerald have refused to allow it to be published in England.

There are other American reprints appearing almost daily, which are copied or re-arranged from Messrs. Macmillan's current edition.

OTHER ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

60 E. H. Whinfield. 1st edition, 1882; containing 253 quatrains.

61 „ „ 2nd „ 1883; „ 500 „ and the text.

62 E. H. Whinfield. 3rd edition, 1893; containing 267 quatrains.

63 Anonymous. [E. A. Johnson.] "The Dialogue of the Gulshan i Raz . . ." With Selections from the Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyām. London, 1887.

64 Louisa S. Costello. "The Rose Garden of Persia." London, 1887; pp. 66-76. Omar Khayyám.

65 John L. Garner. "The Strophes of Omar Khayyám." Milwaukee, 1888; 12mo.

66 Justin H. McCarthy. A Prose translation, entirely printed in capital letters. London, 1889.

67 There is an American reprint of this published in the Bibelot Series by *Mosher*, Portland (Maine), 1896, in which the translations are put into ordinary print and numbered.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

To attempt to compile anything like a complete catalogue of these would be to attempt a vain task. The following are articles that I have myself had occasion to consult, and consider to be of sufficient importance to warrant their inclusion in a bibliography of Omar Khayyām:

68 Journal Asiatique (Paris), No. 9, 1857. Garcin de Tassy. "Note sur les Rubā'iyāt de Omar Khaïyám."

69 Calcutta Review, January, 1858. E. B. Cowell. Described elsewhere.

70 Le Moniteur Universel, December 8, 1867. "Les Quatrains d'Omar."

71 North American Review, October, 1869. C. E. Norton. Review of Nicolas's edition and Fitzgerald's 2nd edition.

72 Fraser's Magazine, June, 1870. "Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia."

73 Old and New (Boston, U.S.A.), May, 1872. The Rev. J. W. Chadwick. "The Poems of Omar Khayyám."

74 Canadian Monthly (Toronto). Vol. X. (1876), p. 399. Fidelis [A. M. Machar]. "An Old Persian Poet."

75 Contemporary Review, March, 1876. H. Schütz-Wilson. "The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyám."

76 The Galaxy (New York), September, 1876. J. H. Siddons. "A Persian Poet."

77 Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, No. 46, 1877. P. Whalley and C. S. Muradabad. "Metrical Translations from the Quatrains of 'Umar Khayyam" (with text; 9 quatrains).

78 Atlantic Monthly, April, 1878. Thos. B. Aldrich. "A Persian Poet."

79 Fraser's Magazine, May, 1879. Jessie E. Cadell. "The True Omar Khayyám."

80 Academy, January 17, 1885. Whitley Stokes. "Translation of 18 Ruba'iyat."

81 Saturday Review, January 16, 1886. (J. H. McCarthy).

82 Macmillan's Magazine, November, 1887. H. G. Keene. "Omar Khayyám."

83 The New Englander (New Haven, U.S.A.). Vol. XLIX. (1888), p. 328. W. L. Phelps. "Schopenhauer and Omar Khayyám."

84 Harvard Monthly (Cambridge, Mass.), December, 1885. A. B. Houghton, "A Study in Despair."

85 Fortnightly Review, July, 1889. E. Gosse. "Edward Fitzgerald."

86 Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, November, 1889. F. H. Groome. "Edward Fitzgerald."

87 Cornhill Magazine, December, 1890. "Omar Khayyám's Ruba'iyat." (Translation of 10 Ruba'iyat.)

88 National Review, December, 1890. C. J. Pickering. "'Umar of Naishapur."

89 The Nation, October 26, 1893. Moncure D. Conway. "The Omar Khayyám Cult in England."

90 English Illustrated Magazine, February, 1894. E. Clodd. "Edward Fitzgerald."

91 Calcutta Review, 1895. H. G. Keene. "Loose Stanzas."

92 Il Convito (Rome), June, 1895, pp. 397-415. A. de Bosis. "Note su Omar Khayyám e su Elihu Vedder."

93 Fortnightly Review, December, 1896. J. A. Murray. "Omar Khayyám."

I have purposely avoided Foreign Magazine Articles, except where they are of great importance.

I do not propose to give references to poems in praise or in imitation of Omar. Their name is legion. The most notable will be found among the works of Andrew Lang, Mathilde Blind, Christopher Cranch, Theodore Watts, and Rosamund Marriott Watson. All these find a place in Mr. N. H. Dole's monumental edition.

94 One of the most interesting and at the same time unattainable items in the literature of Omar is the fulfilment of Fitzgerald's idea of putting the quatrains into Latin verse, as follows:

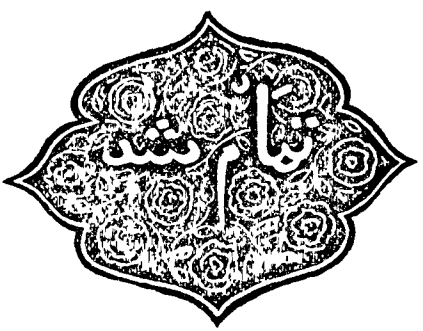
"Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-poet of Persia, rendered into English verse by Edward Fitzgerald, and into Latin verse by Herbert Wilson Greene, M.A., B.C.L., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford." Privately Printed (Oxford), 1893.

95 There remains only to be mentioned Miss Liza Lehmann's Song Cycle, "In a Persian Garden," in which all, or parts of, thirty-one quatrains are arranged for four voices. It was performed for the first time (in public) at St. James's Hall, 14th December, 1896, and is fully described in the "Programme and Analytical Remarks" for that evening (*Chappell*).

تمام شد

شکر که این نامه بعنوان رسید
پیشتر از عمر بپایان رسید

(Gratitude is due that this book is finished
Before my life has reached its termination.)



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